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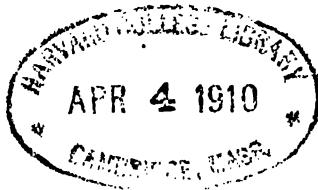
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AUSTRIA  
AND ITS HISTORY

P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages consist of a portion of Mr. Kohl's admirable work on Austria. Should the work meet with the favour that the publishers confidently anticipate, it will be immediately followed by the remaining portion, containing Hungary, Bohemia, the Danube, &c.



# A U S T R I A .

## BOHEMIA.

### FROM DRESDEN TO TEPLITZ.

To travel or not to travel, was once more the question. To wander, to stroll through the world, or to remain and shoot out roots like a tree. Whether 'twas nobler in a man to tend his own little garden, or to arm himself against a sea of troubles, and plough his way round our terrestrial planet? A house, or a tent? A warm room, or a windy seat in a post coach? A shady tree, or a budless staff? One friend, or a thousand friendly faces?

I must own I had heard in a quiet little farm on the banks of the Elbe, the cackling of hens and the crowing of cocks; I had visited the peaceful chambers, and the cozy garden with its circling wall; had seen the contented cattle fattening in their stalls, and the tempter had said to me, "Might not all this be thine?" and mightst thou not find here all that thou seekest in the wide world, and bearest thou not in thy own breast a world that cannot come to a birth for want of repose?"—"Yes, if a wish could command repose, who would fardels bear, and groan and sweat beneath a load of travelling troubles?" I replied to my advising friend, whispered many other things into his ear that were not intended for the crowd, and concluded with these words: "Look, my dear friend, thus it is that necessity makes brave men of us, and enterprises that seem full of great pith and moment, with this respect lose much of the merit ascribed to them." So saying, I once more took leave of him, and stepped into the Saxon *Postwagen* that had been standing for some time ready harnessed in the courtyard of the Diligence office at Dresden. I was about to start for Teplitz, there to consign myself to the keeping of a Bohemian vehicle, by the aid of which I hoped to reach the deep-rolling Danube, where I fully intended to embark on a steamer that should convey me to Vienna. After that I contemplated intrusting my person to a Hungarian *Bauerwagen*, and alternately by land and by water, sometimes with the aid of a living steed, and sometimes by that of a many-horsed power of the unquiet steam-engine, to press forward to the confines of Turkey, and when I had done all this, my purpose was to return quietly to my native land.

Such was my plan, but in the execution of it I was delayed for full five minutes, by a country-

man of the gallant Falconbridge. "A proper man's picture," as Portia says; *i. e.* an Englishman, came rushing into the court-yard, just as the horses were starting. His appearance was striking enough. His collar, I believe, had been bought in Italy, his trousers in France, his cap in Germany, and his manners had been picked up everywhere. It did not rain, nevertheless he carried a huge umbrella to shield him against the sun. He was out of breath, placed himself right before the horses, and having slightly adjusted his cravat and dusted his coat, he began a series of pantomimic demonstrations, addressed by turns to the horses, the postilion, and the conductor. The horses whom he had grasped by the bridle, were the only part of his audience who seemed to understand him; for he spoke neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and not one mortal word of German. We made him out to be a passenger who had overstaid his time, and the diligence was stopped. He ran immediately into the office, where he paid the remainder of his fare, and then again, in mute despair, he rushed through the crowd of spectators, to gaze out into the street. The conductors took him by the arm to lead him back to the carriage, but he broke from them and ran into the street again, where he stood gazing to the right and to the left, in evident anxiety. No one could guess the meaning of all this, and in a little time we should have left him alone with his despair, if at the critical moment a valet-de-place, who came panting into the yard, with a hatbox in his hand, had not afforded a solution to the enigma. My Englishman now took his place by my side, and related to me that he was setting out with a determination to visit and inspect all the provinces of the Austrian empire. He appeared to me like one who had gone forth to till a field, but had forgotten his plough at home. Even in English he was not very talkative. "Who can converse with a dumb show?" as Portia says: so I found I had abundant time to meditate further on the theme with which I started—to travel or not to travel.

All the charming vineyards, and all the comfortable country-boxes that smiled over to us from the other side of the Elbe; all the cheerful Saxon villages of the Dresden plain; all the 80,000 peaceful townfolk of Dresden, whom we were leaving behind us—all seemed to be



reproaching me for leaving them; and every time that a labourer by the roadside looked up at our wandering vehicle, he looked as though he would say to me, "Friend, stay at home, and earn thy bread like an honest man." Perhaps when Napoleon retreated over the same ground, after the battle of Culm, the Saxon villages may have spoken to him in the same strain. He might still be reigning in France, had he known better how to stay at home.

After passing Pirna, indeed all the way from Dresden to Teplitz, you pass over a succession of fields of battle. The War of Liberation, the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, and the Hussite War, have all contributed to make memorable the mountain passes of Bohemia; at Culm, at Pirna, at Maxen, again and again at Culm, up to that battle of Culm which the German king Lothair lost to the Bohemian, Sobieslav, in 1126, when Albert the Bear was taken prisoner by the Bohemians, much in the same way in which Vandamme was taken 700 years later by the Cossacks.

At Peterswalde, we come to the Austrian frontier. This frontier runs, for the most part, along the highest summit of the Erzgebirge; but, strange as it may seem on a frontier of such ancient standing as that between Saxony and Bohemia, there exists to this day a boundary dispute, the existence of which, by the by, was only recently discovered, in consequence of the surveys rendered necessary for the magnificent map of Saxony lately executed. The Saxon surveyors came to a frontier village, which they took to belong to their own country, but the inhabitants declared they were Austrians, and drove the strangers away. In the same way these villagers are said constantly to have repelled the visit of the Austrian tax-collector, by declaring themselves Saxons. Upon the Saxon map the village has, in consequence, been marked by a white spot, and will continue so till the labours of diplomatists have determined under what royal wings these mountaineers are to have a shelter assigned them.

The Erzgebirge must not be supposed to be a series of mountain pyramids placed side by side. It is rather a huge extended mound, sloping away to the north into Saxony, but rising abruptly on the Bohemian side. Seen from Saxony the chain presents nothing very striking, but from the Bohemian side it looks like a huge wall girding the land. In the same way, the views from the summit are tame, looking towards Saxony, but magnificent when the eye wanders over the Eger and Bila valleys of Bohemia.

"Heavens! what beautiful country is that!" exclaimed one of our lady passengers, as we reached the summit; "only look, deep precipices and mountain ravines; a wide plain, with towns and villages scattered over it, while in the distance again, mountains rise to close in the horizon!"—"This portion of our resplendent planet," we replied, "presents itself to the astronomers of the moon as a bright square enclosed by a dark rim, and may be known to those learned personages as the territory of Alpha, or the land of Psi. Perhaps they may inform their students that the said territory is an island, and that the dark frame by which it is bounded is a mass of light absorbing water. Here upon earth we

call the tract Bohemia, and if we knew how to impart it to them we might inform the sages of the moon that the dark circling mass is caused by light absorbing forests, and by yawning ravines. No doubt, in the same way in which we terrestrials often talk of the man in the moon, do the learned there speak of the virgin of the earth. The square piece of surface which we call Bohemia, as it corresponds very nearly with the virgin's girdle, may pass for her buckle; and when the country, covered with clouds and mist, seems darker than on those days when the sunbeams are immediately reflected from the surface, the mooners perhaps say, 'The virgin's buckle looks dull to-day;' or, in the contrary case, 'The virgin has brightened up her buckle this morning.'" Be this as it may, upon one point the Bohemians may fully rely—namely, that the boundaries of their country must be apparent to the very schoolboys in the moon, to whom the limits of Saxony, Prussia, and of other merely politically-bounded countries, must be utterly unknown.

The piece of Bohemia which first becomes visible to the enraptured eye of the traveller, from the heights of Nollendorf, is the valley of the Bila, and so lovely is the view that there presents itself, that every one who sees it for the first time, however he may have been prepared beforehand, will be likely to exclaim with our fair companion, "Heavens! what beautiful country is that!"

Along winding roads the diligence descends gradually into the valley, accompanied the whole way by a troop of children, who, in exchange for raspberries and strawberries, levy a little frontier-tribute on the traveller, and greet him on his entrance into a new country with the pious salutation, "Blessed be Jesus Christ." The three eagles, whose wings upon these heights fluttered so fatally around the French legions, have erected three monuments upon the field of battle, and weather-beaten veterans are stationed there as sentinels. English travellers, on passing the place, are wont to note down very conscientiously how many hundred-weight of metal have gone to the composition of each monument. Our Englishman wrote among his memoranda that the Austrian was large and solid, the Prussian very small, and the Russian remarkable for its elegance.

In Teplitz, not only the inns and public-houses, but even private buildings have each a distinguishing sign. Thus one house is called the Lyre, another the Angel, and a third the Golden Ring. It is, if not more convenient, at all events a much prettier and more picturesque way of marking the houses, than our fashion of numbering them, and prevails through the greater part of Bohemia, and even in some of the adjoining countries.

To become well acquainted with Teplitz, one should endeavour to wander about the place with one of the regular annual visitors. There are certain sufferers from the gout who arrive there at fixed seasons, and may be looked for as confidently as a stork at her last year's nest, or as certain human fixtures may be reckoned on in their accustomed coffee-rooms. Such people gradually conceive for Teplitz almost as much interest as for their own homes,

and when they arrive, can have no rest till they have satisfied themselves that Clary Castle stands where it did, and that all the public walks are in due order. They hasten to the bath-rooms to receive the obsequious salute of each well-remembered attendant, and enter the glass magazines to admire the new colours and fashions; for every year is as certain to bring its new colours into the Bohemian glass manufactories, as to usher in its old ones to the Bohemian meadows.

The invalid who visits the baths of Teplitz passes the first few days at an inn; and, during this time, he abandons himself to the delights of reviewing the old scenes, till he is able to find a private lodging at the Three Cossacks, or at the Paradise, or at the Palm-tree, or at the Prince of Ligne. Then he calls in his physician, and delivers himself over to the prescriptions of the place, rises early, and drinks most scrupulously his allotted portion of sulphur water, which glides through his lips to the enchanting accompaniment of a band of music; he is careful not to miss the promenade at noon in the garden of the Castle of Clary, even though he should not be able to participate in its pleasures otherwise than in a rolling chair; and eats, drinks, sleeps, and reposes, accordingly as his doctor directs him, in whose hands he is even as a watch—wound up, regulated, and made to go.

From the castle hill the view is most beautiful and comprehensive, extending over nearly the whole valley to the sources of the tributary streams. I made a pilgrimage to the summit, in company with some Poles. In a small village, on our way, we met with some Polish Jews, who are frequently to be seen in Bohemia. They carried in their boxes a variety of little ornaments for sale among the peasants; needles, pins, beads, &c. They called such an assortment of merchandise *Spindliki*, a word half Polish and half German; and they told us they had been to Riga, Brody, Warsaw, and Cracow. They spoke Bohemian, Polish, German, and Russian, and were a fair sample of the Jew pedlars that generally wander about the Slavonian countries of Eastern Europe. In Russian Poland, they told us, they used formerly to gain most money, but the government did not allow them to go there any longer.

Like the whole country round Teplitz, the castle hill is evidently of volcanic origin. It is a tolerably regular cone, rising 1600 feet in height from the surrounding plain. A girdle of beautiful oaks encircles the middle, and the summit, an extinct crater, is crowned by the ruins of the castle which was destroyed by fire. From among the oaks may be discovered the most beautiful landscapes, charmingly framed by the spreading branches of the stately trees; but all that the pen can do to convey an idea of pictures such as these is idle and impertinent, and even the pencil may timidly shrink from the task. On fine days the hill is swarming with visitors, who form for themselves a temporary settlement, in the corners, under the porches, and on the terraces of the ruins, and watch the sun as he describes his marvellous course, till he vanishes behind the Carlsbad mountains.

The wondrous effects of the light at sunset, with the endless gradations of its colours, and all the glories of the evening we had spent together, had excited our Poles to such a degree, that, as we passed through the girdle of oaks, the place was made to ring again with the national songs of *Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła* (yet is Poland not forsaken), and *Gdy na wybrzezech*. The latter is one of the most beautiful of all the patriotic melodies of Poland. The words run nearly as follows:—

"When thou seest a ship by the sea-shore, tost about by the storm, and cast upon a treacherous shoal, less by the fury of the waves than by the fault of the pilot; oh, then, deign to shed a tear for that poor ship, for it will remind thee of the fate of unhappy Poland."

"When thou beholdest a volcano, a giant among mountains, pouring forth lava, and emitting smoke, while in its bosom is burning an eternal fire; oh, then, remember, that such is the love of his country that burns in the bosom of the Pole."

The Milleschauer, three thousand feet high, is the loftiest among the Central mountains, the whole of which may be seen at ease from its summit. These central mountains are all extinct volcanoes, and all of a tolerably regular conical form. The Elbe breaks here in quick succession through two chains of mountains, the Central mountains and the Erzgebirge, and it is remarkable that just at this point, where the water forced its way through the hills, the violence of the fire should likewise have been so great. When Bohemia was still a lake, these central mountains must have borne some resemblance to the Lipari islands, a group of volcanoes crowded together, and surrounded by water. The Milleschauer is also called the Donnersberg, or Hill of Thunder. May not this name refer to a remote period, when loud detonations were yet heard within the mountain's womb? Are not many hills that bear the name of Donnersberg extinct volcanoes?

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful prospect than that from the summit of the Milleschauer. The distant blue lines that bound the horizon, belong on one side to the Riesengebirge, or Giant Mountains; on the other, to the nearest hills of the Bohemian forest, while towards the south the plains of central Bohemia lay spread out before you, so that you may yield to the flattering belief of having more than half the kingdom at your feet, and of contemplating at one glance, the scene of the joys and sorrows of several millions of human beings. You behold the vessels that dot the surface of the Elbe, but of whose presence the dwellers by the Eger, whom you comprehend in the same glance, have no suspicion. You see the carriages that roll forth from the little town of Lobositz, unknown to those that dwell in the valley of the Bila. The weather was remarkably favourable when we reached the summit of the Milleschauer, the air was clear and transparent, and the eye roamed unconstrained over the most distant objects. A few clouds indeed were flying about, and a thunder-storm was expending its fury on a distant portion of the landscape. The whole dukedom of Schlan and Munzifax, for instance, was overcast for a while with grey

clouds that menaced with thunder and hail. The fowls there were scudding with ruffled feathers before the storm, the dogs were creeping into their holes, and the men as they barred their doors, and made their houses fast, seemed to say:—"Heaven be merciful to us! Is the last day come?"—"Ye fools of Munzfay," thought we on our Olympian thrones, "be warned by this of the shortness of earthly sufferings!" and then we looked into the county of Teplitz, and into the circles of Leitmeritz and Bunzlau, smiling in the tranquil light of sunshine, and enjoying themselves in the cheerfulness of the atmosphere. Seven thousand human beings dwell there upon every square mile,\* and from every square mile seven thousand voices rise in praise of the beautiful weather. Without umbrellas they walk forth, and in uncovered carriages do they take their diversion! Short-sighted mortals that they are! Oh that they could but see the clouds that are gathering behind the Krkonorski hills, as the Bohemians call the Giant mountains. That mischievous wight Rübezahlf is preparing to blow over towards them a mass of vapour that will spoil their diversion, by pouring down some millions of drops of rain.

On the summit of the most elevated peak of the Donnersberg stands a wooden chair under a roof, said to have been erected for his own convenience by the late King of Prussia. Here he was wont to abandon himself for hours together to the enjoyment of the glorious landscape. It is a throne fit for a king, nay for a god, and I am surprised that the ancient Kings of Bohemia should not have chosen this spot for their coronation instead of the Vissehrad, on the banks of the Moldau. Here on the Donnersberg, within sight of the whole kingdom, while invested with crown and sceptre, they might have received the homage of all their subjects at once. The eye ranges to the eastern mountain frontier, from behind which rises the Bohemian sun, and follows the glorious orb in his course till he sinks again behind the western rampart of the kingdom. Here the nobles, while uttering the oath of allegiance, might have been impressed with the vastness of their fatherland, and the littleness of its minute parts. As Socrates once said to Alcibiades, though he, like the Prince of Schwarzenberg, had his ninety-nine lordships—even so the King of Bohemia, before receiving the homage of his magnates, might have taken them each by the arm, and have said to them:—"Look, magnate, what you see before you is our common fatherland Bohemia, but that little misty point which you see yonder, marks the extent of dirt with the possession of which heaven has blessed you, and of which you are so immoderately proud. You, Duke of Friedland, will find your dukedom hidden in the valley behind yon hill; and you, Imperial Prince, by the grace of God, of Schlan

and Munzfay, we must wait a little before we can find out your principality, for a passing cloud conceals it for the moment. As to you, combative gentlemen of the Beraunerthal, there is your home, a small clear streak beyond the cloud; cut the streak up into little pieces, and each piece will be the territory of one of you, save only two of the pieces that belong to the high wise councilmen of Beraun and Rakonitz. Be advised, gentlemen, and live peaceably together, like good neighbours, instead of cutting each other's throats for a fragment of the streak. And now, honourable gentlemen and councillors, look round upon the whole. Look at the spires of Raubnitz, of Lobositz, of Trebnitz, of Brozan, and of Anscha; and there on those of Bilin, Brux, and Dux; see how cozily the smoke curls up from among yonder cottages, or from among those, or those, or those. See how life nestles in every corner, and how the mountains girdle the whole picture, and how the rivers run sparkling through the landscape. All this is our great and beautiful fatherland. The whole is great, the fragments trivial. Let us then stand faithfully and firmly for the whole, and now, gentlemen, come and set me my crown upon my head."

Should the King of Bohemia then have had the wit to select for the moment of his coronation, the period of a rainbow such as we had the pleasure of greeting, the splendour of the solemnity would be complete. A group of clouds, that seemed to have detached itself from the main army which had been moving over the country the whole day, and that now poured down its abundance close before the summit of the mountain, afforded us the glorious spectacle. The golden pearls were dropping down almost within reach of us, and as the sun had almost set, the rainbow was stretched out right above our heads. Gradually, however, we became more nearly acquainted with the damp materials whereof the bow was constructed, and, moistened by the liquid seven-coloured gems, we were glad to find a shelter among the mossy huts of the Donnersberg, that form about as curious an hotel as a traveller might wish to see. A number of small, low huts, built of stone and draped with moss, form a close circle around a small open space. In the centre is a kind of orchestra for Bohemian musicians, who play every day during the Teplitz season. Some of these mossy huts are refreshment rooms, others are fitted up as sleeping apartments, and in one there is even a museum to illustrate the natural curiosities of the mountain. Each door is decorated by some metrical inscription, from the pen of the poetical host, whose daughter presents to each guest on his departure a neat little nosegay composed of flowers of the mountain.

It had rained heavily while we were sheltered in the mossy cabinets on the mountain, and when we issued forth on our downward journey, our guides told us the peasants near Trzeblitz would be certain to find great quantities of garnets; not that the garnets came down from heaven in the rain, but because, after a rain, they were more easily detected when turned up by the plough. Trzeblitz is a village at the foot of the Central Mountains, where garnets are not merely found thus by accident, but are likewise

\* Whenever a mile is spoken of in the course of the present work, a German mile is understood. The German mile is equal to about 4 2-7th English miles, and consequently a German square mile is equal to rather more than 21 English square miles, or to about 13 5-6 acres.

† Rübezahlf is the name of a goblin supposed to inhabit the Riesengebirge. The legendary lore of Germany is full of tales, in which Rübezahlf plays a part.



carefully dug for. "The corn, however, will have suffered from the rain," added my guide.—"Why so?"—"Because it fell through a rainbow. The rain that falls through a rainbow always breeds a mildew, and if it falls on a newly sown field, it burns the corn away."—"Why this is downright witchcraft," said I—"Ay, ay," resumed the guide, "we have witches and devils enough here. On yonder hill, where you see the ruins, there's a cave called the Devil's Cave, that is full of them." I had to translate this to my French companion, who philosophically exclaimed, "*Partout on parle plus des démons que des anges. En France c'est la même chose.*" And to say truth, it is strange, that throughout Christian Europe, so many beautiful and picturesque objects should be pointed out to us as Devil's Caves and Devil's Bridges, Devil's Rocks and Devil's Leaps. Why does not fancy sometimes attribute the workmanship to angels? The Greeks would at least have talked to us of Bacchus' Caves and Diana's Bridges; and how much more pleasing and cheerful are the images called forth by such names, than by constant allusions to a dirty, ugly, black, lanky-tailed devil! And then, how abominable a superstition must that be, which announces woe to the land over which the lovely Iris has swept with her many-coloured train! From what perverse imagination can such a notion have sprung? Is it that there is something peculiarly gloomy in our northern blood? Does not the Bible itself teach us to hail the rainbow as a heavenly messenger of peace?

Amid such discourse, my Frenchman and I had lost sight of our party, and suddenly found ourselves alone. He became all at once afraid he should have to pass the night on the mountain, and commenced a series of lamentations on the shortness of German beds, and the scanty dimensions of German quilts; on the bad teeth of the German ladies, and on the incapacity of the Germans to prepare so simple an article of food as a *lait au poulet*, which insipid decoction, it seems, is to be had nowhere, save in the "Capital of Civilization." In proportion as the night grew darker, he became more and more eloquent on German superstitions, and on the absurd tales of ghosts and goblins, in which the people believed so firmly. I consoled my companion, however, by assuring him I would lead him the right way; nor did we miss it, but arrived safely at the little village where we had left our carriage prior to our ascent, and where we now found the rest of our party awaiting our arrival.

The following morning was again bright and cheerful, and we omitted not to avail ourselves of it for another excursion to the environs of Teplitz. In addition to that of an esteemed friend, I had the company of two Bohemians from Prague, who told us much of the national efforts now making in Bohemia, of the learned societies at Prague, and of the patriotic balls that had been given there during the preceding winter, when the ball rooms were each time decorated with white and red, the national colours of Bohemia. No German, nothing but Bohemian, was allowed to be spoken at these balls, and the guests were saluted, on their entrance, by the stewards, in the Bohemian dialect,

which, not many years ago, was universally looked upon as a mere peasant's patois. The public announcement of the balls was to have been also made in Bohemian; but to this the police refused their consent, permitting, however, by way of compromise, that the balls should be announced at once in both languages; a plan very generally adopted for other announcements, besides those of patriotic balls.

Our first visit was to the convent of Osseg, one of the most ancient in Bohemia, several portions of the building dating back as far as the year 1196. In the passages and corridors of convents, you may generally meet with a number of pictures, illustrative of the history of the religious order to which the convent belongs. Sometimes a pedigree of all the convents of the order, sometimes pictures of miracles performed by former monks and abbots, and sometimes portraits of the popes that have been members of the order. Here at Osseg, accordingly, I made the acquaintance of the six popes who had belonged to the Cistercian order.

Among the large paintings in this monastery, there were three that particularly interested us. One represented a learned Frenchman, of the name of Alanus, sitting as a shepherd among his sheep, in a solitary part of the wood. This worthy Parisian, the quintessence of all learning and science, had discovered that it was only in the simplest occupations that a man enjoyed real happiness, and impressed with this belief, he had laid aside his doctor's cap and gown, to take up the crook of a philosophical keeper of sheep. The second represented the Abbot Erro of Armentaria, wandering away into the forest, to reflect upon what appeared to him an unintelligible verse in the Bible, that "before the Lord years pass away like moments, and centuries like thoughts." Coming into the wood, a bird rises, and so charms the abbot with its song, that he follows deeper and deeper into the recesses of the forest. When the bird ceases, the abbot, regretting the shortness of the melody, turns again homeward, but is surprised to find his convent in ruins, and a new one erected by its side. The monks, however, who dwell there, are all strangers; and, on inquiry, he learns that he is now in the year 1367, whereas it was in 1167 that he started on his walk, so that he has been listening to a bird for 200 years. Satisfied now of the truth of holy writ, he prays God to take him up into Heaven. On a third picture was another Cistercian of the name of Daniel, who studied and read so indefatigably in his solitude, that the flames of his holy zeal issued forth at his fingers' ends, so that he could hold them, at night, like so many little tallow candles before his book. This allegory is a beautiful one; for no doubt there is within the human breast a self-illuminating power, that enables the possessor to read the mysteries of God without the aid of a teacher; but in the way the painter has placed his subject before us, it loses all dignity, and looks rather as if the artist had designed to turn the matter into ridicule.

In the picture gallery, in the upper rooms of the convent, we were much interested by two portraits of Luther and Melancthon. They are painted on wood, and marked with the initial of Albrecht Dürer. Luther gave them to his sister,



a nun in a Lusatian convent, who remained true to Rome to her end. The Lusatian nunnery was, and still is, a dependency of Osseg, and thus it was that the pictures came hither.

In the beautiful park of the Cisterrians we enjoyed magnificent views of the Bila valley, and, on going to the carp ponds in the garden, a few crumbs of bread brought hundreds of lusty carp to the surface in a minute. The monk who showed us over the place, told us these were only the small reservoirs, to furnish the daily supply; the large fishponds, he said, were farther away. He told us also, that the convent possessed twenty-four villages, besides a separate estate of six villages for the abbot's private use. As soon as we pass the Erzgebirge we find things of which the name only is known farther north. With us these wealthy almsgiving convents are mere things of romance, but here in Bohemia you see them and feel them. The present abbot of Osseg, Mr. Salesius Krüger, is spoken of as a highly distinguished and amiable man. We were sorry not to be able to make any nearer acquaintance with him, than was afforded us by his portrait, painted by Professor Vogel.

The convent of Osseg lies immediately at the foot of the Erzgebirge, whence you drive down into the plain to the Castle of Waldstein, and the small dependent town of Dux. The artistical treasures of this castle are of the highest interest, and may be enjoyed with the greater satisfaction, as they are not arranged with any view to system or completeness like the collections of a German university. The paintings decorate the customary sitting rooms of the owner of the castle, and sofas and ottomans seem to indicate the leisure and comfort with which the pictorial representations are daily enjoyed. The museum of natural history is chiefly illustrative of the natural peculiarities of Bohemia. The *salle d'armes* is connected with the castle, and the library adjoins the owner's cabinet. A beautiful picture in most of our public collections has to me an abandoned and orphanlike look, while the statues and antiques are crowded together without harmony or connection. In a private mansion, on the contrary, every thing seems to have found its own place, and to harmonize with the building, with the men that dwell there, and with the scenes by which they are surrounded.

It is to the portraits of the celebrated Duke of Friedland, by Van Dyk, that our attention is naturally first directed, and should even the host of Netschers, and Dows, and Rubenses, by which they are surrounded, be confounded in the traveller's mind with the Netschers, Dows, and Rubenses, which he has had elsewhere to pass in review, yet never, I am satisfied, will the features of Wallenstein be effaced from his recollection—features which he will nowhere be able to look upon as here. There are two portraits here of the duke. In the one he is painted as a young man; and in the other, as a gray-headed warrior. The comparison between the two pictures is highly interesting. There the youth stands before you, with his light curly hair, of which a lock falls coquettishly upon the forehead, while a small neat moustache is carefully turned up at the end, with an evident view to

effect. The face is a lengthened oval; the nose is handsomely formed, and the eyes, beautifully expressive, are, if I remember rightly, blue. An azure cloudless sky forms the back ground. The same noble features, but hardened and stern, mark the second portrait. The smooth skin is furrowed by innumerable lines that seem to bear testimony to violent passions and conquered fortunes. The hair of the head has grown thin, while the moustache, having lost its graceful curl, is changed into a wilderness of bristles, many of them standing stiffly out, like those with which Retzsch has often known how to give such expressive effect to his outlines. The old weather-beaten countenance looks angrily and imperiously down upon us, like the wrinkled bark of a sturdy old oak. The sword is half drawn, as about to give the signal for battle. Gloomy scattered clouds are sweeping over the back ground remnants of a recent storm, or tokens of fresh levies that are to expend their electricity in new battles. The azure sky of peace that smiled upon the youth never returned for the duke, as it has often done for the aged and retiring warrior when his battles are over; it was among the gloomy agitations of his career that Wallenstein fell. A portion of his skull is preserved at the Castle of Dux, and has been duly examined by phrenologists. The protuberances discovered there have been carefully numbered and ticketed. Among them may be seen No. 6, Firmness; No. 7, Cunning; No. 18, Boldness; No. 19, Reflection; No. 20, Vanity; No. 21, Pride and Love of Glory. The partizan with which he was stabbed is likewise shown, and his embroidered collar, stained with the blood that flowed from the deadly wound. Also a letter written by his own hand, commanding the execution of some citizens who had served against the emperor.

The picture of his first wife hangs by the side of that of the youthful duke. The expression of her face is beautiful. So much so, that the beholder finds it difficult to tear himself from the painting. It is quite a type of Bohemian beauty, and as such ought to be studied and got by heart by every ethnologist. As he advances farther into the country, he will constantly meet with similar large dark eyes, a similar oval head, black hair, and melancholy cast of countenance.

Among the family portraits, our guide called upon us to notice some scenes in the Spanish War of *Sections*, as he very innocently characterized the War of Succession. A remarkably pretty picture was pointed out by him as that of the Princess of Something, who, he said, had "lost herself very much" since it was painted, in saying which, he simply meant to inform us, in his Bohemian-German, that Time had not failed to leave his traces upon the lady's countenance. As we were taking leave, we were advised to seek another opportunity of paying our respects to the present owner of the castle, our guide assuring us that the Count was very "forward" to strangers.

#### FROM TEPLITZ TO PRAGUE.

On leaving Teplitz you have to pass the Mit-

telgebirge, or Central Mountains. A Bohemian bird takes three minutes to do this, a Bohemian coachman three hours. From these hills you descend into the marshy country, in which the Elbe and the Eger unite their waters. Even as the waters mingle here, so also do the elements of population; for there are here three famous Bohemian towns lying close together; Lobositz, Leitmeritz, and Theresienstadt. The first, through which the traveller passes, is a comfortable city of Jews; the second, seen only at a distance, has the appearance of a thriving manufacturing place; the third, examined at greater leisure, is the most important fortress of Bohemia, and the usual breakfasting station for those who start from Teplitz at an early hour.

The building of Theresienstadt was completed, not by Maria Theresa, but by Joseph, in honour of her memory. It is a strong fortress, surrounded by marshes, and still a virgin, though more than sixty years old. She was courted by Napoleon in 1813, and his bridal envoy Vandamme was, it must be admitted, received within the coy lady's walls. It was not, however, as a conqueror, but simply as a prisoner of war. The ancient maiden's wardrobe must have cost a pretty penny in her time, and her maintenance must still be expensive, for every thing about her is of the smartest and the best; and so indeed it ought to be, for at her girdle she carries the key of the whole of northern Bohemia, and the suitor that conquers her scruples, may have all her land with her. Her collection of pearls is of inestimable value. We saw them in huge piles in the public squares, where they looked for all the world like so many bombs and cannon-balls.

Among the prisoners or convicts at Theresienstadt, I remarked the considerate care that had been taken to lighten the weight of their fetters. The thick iron rings which hung loose on the leg, were supported by a broad band of leather strapped round the thigh, so that the iron did not press with its full weight upon the flesh. The arrangement is one that deserves to be imitated, wherever it is felt that a criminal is laden with chains for security's sake, and not merely for the infliction of incessant torture. There are cases enough still in Europe, where no one inquires whether the fetters, resting on the ankles, eat their way into the flesh or not.

The valley of the Eger is the most beautiful part of Bohemia, and also the part best known to the rest of Europe. The population is chiefly German, and our proverb respecting Bohemian villages has no application here, where there are many villages which no one must be ignorant of if he would pass for a travelled man. These are the villages of the circles of Leitmeritz, Saatz, and Elnbogen, bordering on Saxony, and only projecting at their southern extremities into the country of the genuine Bohemians, or *Stockböhmern*. The whole of Bohemia is divided into sixteen circles, of which three border on Saxony, three on Silesia, three on Bavaria, and three on Moravia. Three are central, and border on nobody, and one, the circle of Budweis, borders on Austria. It is only the three central circles, the core of the kingdom, that are *Stockböhmisch*, or thoroughly Bohemian, in all the other circles a large portion of the population

is German. The most populous are the three that border on Silesia. In that of Koeniggrätz there are as many as 6900 inhabitants to the (German) square mile. The least populous is that of Budweis, where there are only 2800 inhabitants to the square mile. The circles in the valley of the Eger have from 4000 to 5000.

The different parts of Bohemia differ quite as much in the quality as in the quantity of their population. In the north and north-east, the Saxon and Silesian circles, the people are industrious, and the country is full of manufactories and commercial establishments of every kind. In the south and south-west there is more of grazing and tillage. How great the difference must be, is shown by the difference in the rate of wages. In the north, in the circle of Leitmeritz, a common labourer earns from five to seven *groschen* a day; in the south, in the circle of Tabor, only from two to four *groschen*.\* These were the current wages when I was there, and people assured me they might be looked on as a fair average of ordinary times.

My coachman was a genuine Bohemian. As we were passing through the gate of Theresienstadt, he told me that we should find no more Germans between that and Prague. "At Koeniggrätz, however, you come to the Germans again, and so you do at Budweis and Pilsen. All round our country the Germans are everywhere peeping over the border." Hereupon I began to turn it over in my own mind, that this land belonged to the German Confederation, and then I began to speculate upon what the people themselves might think of the said confederation. I found it impossible, however, in any language, to make the people understand what I meant, and I believe there are very few of them that have any notion of what sort of thing the Germanic Confederation may be, of which they, nevertheless, form a part. Probably not one Bohemian in a hundred has ever heard the confederation spoken of. I once saw a Bohemian most immoderately angry on reading in a German book this sentence: "Prague is one of the handsomest cities in Germany."

I need not attempt a description of the Bohemian villages through which we passed after leaving Theresienstadt, for though we Germans profess to know so little about them,† yet we are all familiar with the lamentations of those who have made a nearer acquaintance with them. I will not, however, repeat these melancholy ditties about dirt and disorder, for I know of places in Germany, ay of large districts, where the population live in quite as much dirt as the Bohemians do. What attracted my attention most in these villages were the characteristic little booths that we saw erected in every market-place, with their German-Slavonic wares and inscriptions. A booth of this sort is called a *Kranek*, from the German word *Kram*, and in it are usually displayed for sale a pile or two of tasteless pears, a plate of sour cherries, and some wheaten rolls of various forms, among which the *bandoor* and the *rohklitshek* seem to be most popular. A few pots of flowers, by

\* A *grosch* is rather more than an English penny.

† The Germans have a saying: "Dieses ist mir so unbekannt wie die böhmischen Dörfer!" (I know no more about it than I do of the Bohemian villages.)

way of decoration, are seldom wanting, and in the dark background may usually be seen the guardian spirit of the place, in the shape of a little old man sitting silently, like a contemplative philosopher, waiting for customers.

Passing through a dreary and badly cultivated country, in comparison with the neighbourhood of Leitmeritz, we arrived at Weltrus, situated on the Moldau, the chief river of Bohemia. Melnik, at the mouth of the Moldau, we saw only at a distance. Melnik is celebrated for its wine and its hops, but the latter part of its celebrity is probably of the earlier date, for *mel* is the Bohemian word for hops, and the name of Melnik may be translated into the *City of Hops*. The Emperor Charles IV. (the Bohemians call him Charles I.) is said to have first planted the vine here, but this is scarcely credible, for in that case the vine must have been naturalized on the Rhine and Danube, a thousand years before it was known on the Elbe. The red wine of Melnik is the best of all the Elbe wines, but all the wines of the Elbe, in quality as well as in quantity, stand to those of the Rhine and Danube in about the relation of one to ten.

Charles IV. ushered not only Bacchus but the Muses also into Bohemia, for he it was that planted the ancient university in Prague, where the venerable tree still flourishes. "Under him," say the Bohemian historians, "the Tshekhs laid aside their rude manners. They had among them the most learned scholars and the greatest statesmen, and were, in a word, the predominant nation of Europe, so much so, that to have been born a Bohemian was everywhere held to be an honour." If this was so, times have altered strangely since then. For, be it prejudice or not, few people nowadays will make it matter of boast, unless perhaps in Austria, that they are genuine Bohemians; not only in France and England, but even in many parts of Germany, the name is held synonymous with that of gipsy, and even now, our peasants when they hear the gipsy dialect spoken, are very apt to turn away with disgust, and tell you, "the creatures are talking Bohemian."

The lordship of Weltrus belongs to the Count of Chotek, a member of whose family occupies at present the highest post in Bohemia. There was a bridge here formerly, but many years ago it was destroyed by a flood, since when the good people appear to have contented themselves with a ferry or "flying bridge," made fast by a cable fixed to one of the ruined piles of the former stationary one. This transition from standing to flying is any thing but "progressive," and it is really a marvel that on so frequented a road no measure should yet have been taken to repair the defect.

It is no shortening of the road to cross the Moldau at Weltrus; but, on the contrary, a great round. It so happens, however, that more than one-fourth of all the roads to Prague, including that from Dresden, unite at the north-eastern gate, at which there enter more travellers and merchandise, than at all the other seven gates taken together. The reason is, that Prague is of easier access at this than at any other point, and the consequence has been that the quarter of the town which has been most modernized

and improved of late years, is that which lies in the vicinity of the Porzizer Thor, or north-eastern gate.

Attended, accordingly, by all the persons and things that happened to stream together at that point, exactly at 7 P. M., on the 23d of July, 1841, from northern and eastern Bohemia, from Saxony, Prussia, and Scandinavia, from Siberia, Poland, Russia, and Asia, did we, precisely at the time stated, hold our entry into Prague New Town, which having done, and having duly placed ourselves under the protection of the Burgomaster of the Old Town, we consigned ourselves for that night to the welcome repose of bed.

### THE VISSEHRAD.

Every part of Prague is still verdant and blooming with the ruins and monuments of remote countries. The streets, the churches, and the burying grounds are full of eloquent appeals to the history of the land and the people. Palaces and countless steeples are trying to overtop each other in their zeal to talk to you of times gone by. Even on the walls of their taverns, the townsmen may read the names of the first dukes of Bohemia, and thus familiarize themselves with their ancient annals. On the outside of one large house of public entertainment, near the Vissehrad, on the place where formerly the dukes were interred, there may yet be seen six grotesque fresco paintings of the six first Bohemian dukes, with their names very legibly inscribed:—Przemislaus,—Nezamislaus,—Mnata,—Vogen;—Vratislav,—Venzislaus. The features of these redoubtable potentates have even been repaired and beautified within the last few years. Where, I would ask now, is there a place in all Germany, in which the ancient history of the land is made palpable to hand and eye as here? Where is there a town where so much has been done for German, as here for Tshekian history? Where the Germans do as much for their mighty emperors, as is here done for petty dukes?

Bohemia is a piece of land wonderfully separated by nature from the rest of the world. The magic circle which surrounds it, consists of stupendous hieroglyphics, traced by the hands of the primeval Titans, and from this mighty wreath depart a multitude of concentrating rays that join together in a vast central knot. These are the streams that flow from the east, the west, and the south, the life-sustaining arteries of the land. In the middle of this magic circle rise the hills of Prague, where every great event by which the country has been agitated has set its mark, either in the shape of new edifices and enduring monuments, or of gloomy ruins and wide-spread desolation. The central point of a country sharply cut off from the rest of the world, and witness constantly to new modifications of its political life, Prague has become full of ruins and palaces, that will secure to the city an enduring interest for centuries to come; and while the hills are singing sweetly to us the traditions of past ages, let it not be supposed that the whispers of futurity are not likewise murmuring mysteriously around them.



The hill first spoken of in Bohemian chronicles, and upon which resided the first dukes of Bohemia, is the Vissehrad, whence the Prophetess Libussa announced to Prague her future glory, declaring that the city would one day become a sun among cities. The old chroniclers hence call their city often the daughter of Libussa, exclaiming in their rapture: *O ter magna triurbs, triturbis erigens, o orbis caput, et decus Bohemiae! Pulchrae filia pulchrior Libussae!* Such were the words with which the venerable Hammerschmidt apostrophized the glorious city on her thousandth anniversary, in 1723, in his *Prodromus Glorise Pragenae*, the city of which Charles IV. was so enamoured, that he declared her *hortem deliciarum, in qua reges deliciaerentur*.

The Vissehrad is a hill, abrupt on every side, but flat on the summit, presenting a plateau of some extent, convenient to build on, and easy of defence. The Hradshin is indeed more elevated, and has a more picturesque situation, but is commanded by other hills near it, and offered, on many accounts, fewer inducements to the early rulers than the Vissehrad, to choose it as their place of residence. The steepest side of the Vissehrad is towards the river Moldau, which seems to be compressed between the hill and the opposite meadows, rushing over its bed with greater rapidity here than in any other part of its course. Here, probably, were the rapids or *poragi*, to which the city is supposed to have been indebted for its name. If we may believe what the historians and chroniclers of Bohemia relate to us of the former condition of the Vissehrad, the pomp and magnificence that once dwelt there offer a strange contrast to the dust and rubbish that have usurped their place. This, once the centre of a bustling city, is now the most remote point of the town; and the most wretched quarters are grouped about the humbled Vissehrad, whose chief glories now live only in the imagination of the Bohemian antiquary.

On the northern side of this Acropolis—for such the Vissehrad may well be called—flows the little brook Botitz, now a dirty piece of water, but memorable in the songs of ancient bards, and witness to numberless bold deeds and hard-fought battles. On the extreme point of the little peninsula formed by the Botitz and Moldau, whence the finest view may be obtained of Prague, of the valley of the Moldau, and of its enclosing the hills, there we may suppose the bard to have stood, as he composed the favourite old national ditty, *Kde domů můj, of which the following is nearly a literal translation:*

Where is my house? where is my home?  
Streams among the meadows creeping,  
Brooks from rock to rock are leaping,  
Everywhere bloom spring and flowers,  
Within this paradise of ours;  
There, 'tis there, the beautiful land!  
Bohemia, my fatherland!

Where is my house? where is my home?  
Know it thou the country loved of God.  
Where noble souls in well shaped forms reside?  
Where the free glance crushes the fiend's pride?  
There wilt thou find of Tshakhs the honour'd race,  
Among the Tshakhs be, ay, my dwelling place.

For my own part I was twice on the Acropolis of Prague. Once with an honoured friend, a

professor at the university, whose antiquarian lore enabled him to point out to me every fragment of the ruins, to which any historical associations attached. The second time I was there in the company of a couple of humble originals, who, equally learned in their way, found means, by the mingled simplicity and zeal of their narrative, to breathe life into every bush and stone about the place. These were old Joseph Tshak, who has been for 52 years attached to the service of the church on the Vissehrad, and his daughter, herself past the meridian of life. I had made a kind of acquaintance with this pair of living curiosities, on the occasion of my first visit, when I promised them if they would stop at home the following Sunday I would visit them again. Now, though I must own that I derived myself quite as much pleasure from the society of my esteemed and learned friend, yet I am inclined to believe that my reader may prefer seeing me in the company of old Joseph and his daughter, and, to say truth, they were certainly the most original guides by whom it has ever been my fate to be attended.

Joseph Tshak was originally *pullesant*, i. e. bell-ringer, to the church on the Vissehrad. In course of time he obtained preferment to some more exalted office on the ecclesiastical establishment, and since then, somewhat about the close of the last century, he has been invested, as a mark of his present dignity, with a red coat, now faded and almost as gray as his once auburn locks. His daughter, since her mother's death, has succeeded to the appointment of laundress to the eight venerable canons of the church, in addition to which she washes, starches, and irons the lace and linen of the altar, and of all the "blessed saints" that dwell within the holy edifice. The father and daughter live together in a little house perched upon the summit of the hill, where they have ample elbow-room, dwelling in complete solitude on a spot which, 500 years ago, was animated by the bustle of a populous city. Here, amid relics of the olden time, the daughter was born and has grown old; while the father has for more than half a century been the attendant cicerone of all the great and little people, from emperors and kings downward, who in the meantime have honoured the Vissehrad with their visits. The ruins of the place are the only objects with which the worthy pair have ever occupied themselves, and with these they have so completely identified themselves, that they have become in their own persons almost as interesting to a stranger, as the scenes among which they dwell. The "Bohemian Chronicle" of Hajek, Hammerschmidt's "Glory of Prague," and a few other books of the same character, they may almost be said to have learned by heart. In addition to the learning thus acquired, they have caught up and treasured in their minds every little tradition or anecdote about the Vissehrad that they happen to have heard from the priests of the church, or from the strangers that visit it, and all this they have embellished and connected here and there by the helping hand of their own imagination. In short, they have pursued the course usually followed by our own professors of history, and have retailed their medley tales to all the numerous listeners they



have had around them during the last half-century. Their lectures have not indeed been taken down in shorthand, yet have their instructions extended far and wide, and not only the citizens of Prague, but simples and gentles from the farthest lands have carried away with them the tales and legends of old Tshak, and would be ready on occasion to stake their own honour on the old sexton's veracity.

"Gracious me, your honour, and there you are indeed!" exclaimed Joseph's daughter, as I presented myself at their little dwelling on the promised Sunday. The day happened to be the festival of St. Anne, and all Prague was making merry in the taverns, at the public dancing-houses, and on the islands of the Moldau. The Vissehrad, as was its wont, lay solitary and forgotten. Upon its naked and desolate brow, sported a moist breeze, and scattered clouds were sweeping over it, attended by sundry flights of ravens, who were winging their flight towards the city; for even they have abandoned the old hill, and fixed their quarters in less elevated regions.

"And there you are indeed, sir! Father and I were just sitting together, and this being St. Anne's day, we were thinking of my mother, whose name was also Anne. I was weeping a tear or two, and looking out of the window. There father's eye caught the steeple of St. Jacob's, and said, 'Thou shalt go down to St. Jacob's to-morrow, and have a mass read for Mother, Anne.' 'Ay,' said I, and then I thought to myself, 'Mother is dead; father and she lived forty-five years up here together; Father, too, is old now. Friends we have none in the world. If he dies, thou'lt be alone.' So, thought I, I'll have a prayer read for father, too, and I'll pray God to spare him to me for many years. Not true, your honour, 'twill be well so! And look, just as I was thinking so, you come and climb up all this weary way to us. Gracious! you must be tired; pray sit down."

I did so with pleasure, for I was struck by the little domestic arrangements of the venerable sexton. The furniture was all of great antiquity, and the walls were hung with maps and pictures, one of which represented the Vissehrad, as it may be supposed to have looked in the days of its glory, when it must have had somewhat of the same appearance as the Kremlin at Moscow. A bible was lying on the table, and I expressed my pleasure at seeing the book there. "Ay, ay," said the daughter, "we set great store by the book. A Jew once offered us two florins for it, but father said he would not give it him. Henry, my brother's son, has children, they may use it one day, when we can read it no more. Is it not so, father?" "Ay, ay," answered the old man, "I wouldn't part with the book." I commended them for their good resolution, and we proceeded, all three, to go over the curiosities of the Vissehrad, which I longed to see, not only in its own form, but as modified through the medium of the fancy of my guides.

"There is but little left of what was once here," began the old man, "and of that little there is much of which we know the meaning no longer. Even old Hammerschmidt, in his time, could only tell us, that this was *supposed* to be,

and that was *said* to be, and we are not likely to know as much now as was known then; but we will show your honour nothing but what is certain. First of all, then, we come to the church itself, formerly consecrated to St. Vitus, and afterwards to St. Peter. The warriors that broke down the rest of the brickwork, had some respect for God's house, I suppose, and so it has remained standing somewhat longer."

The trembling hands of the old man, as the keys clattered in his grasp, worked away for a few moments at the crazy gates, before we obtained access to the interior of the church. The place has been sacred to religion from a very remote antiquity. Before the introduction of Christendom, there stood on the same spot a temple dedicated to Svantovid, the god of war of the Slavonians. The emblem of this heathen divinity was a cock, and this bird was likewise the chosen bird of St. Vitus. This similarity of taste, and perhaps the similarity of their names, (Svantovid and Sanct Vit) may have facilitated the transfer of the property from the heathen to the saint. The church was built by Vratislav, the first king of Bohemia, and was finished in 1088. It was afterwards rebuilt, having been destroyed by the Hussites, who seem to have dealt even more hardly by the sacred edifice than the devil himself, for his Satanic majesty, in his rage, contented himself with knocking a hole in the roof, which it was long found impossible to repair. The memorable tale was told me in the following words, by my conductress:

"Once upon a time a poor man went into the forest. There he met a smart, jovial-looking huntsman; at least so he supposed, but in truth it was no huntsman, but the devil in disguise. Now the huntsman spoke to the sorrowful man, and said, 'Art poor, old boy?'—'Ay, miserably poor, sir, and full of care,' replied the other.—'How many children hast thou?'—'Six, noble sir,' answered the poor man.—'Give me for ever that child of thine that thou hast never seen, and I'll give thee thy fill of money.'—'Willingly, sir,' was the silly father's reply. 'Then come, and we'll sign and seal on the bargain.'—The old man did so, and received countless heaps of money. When he got home, however, to his own house, to his surprise he found he had seven children, for his wife had in the mean time brought the seventh into the world. Hereupon, the father began to feel very uncomfortable, and to suspect that the devil had talked him out of his child. In his anxiety, he called his new-born son Peter, and dedicated him to the apostle; praying St. Peter to take the boy under his protection, and shield him against the devil's arts. Peter, who appeared to the old man in a dream, promised to do what he was asked, provided the boy were brought up to the church; so, of course, the lad was given to God's service, that he might be a priest when he grew up. Peter turned out a good, pious, and learned young man. When he was twenty-four years old, and had been installed as a priest at the church on the Vissehrad, the devil came one day to put in his claim to his reverence; but the holy apostle St. Peter interfered, and declared the deed which the devil produced was a forgery. The devil and the saint came to high words at this; while the poor priest, frightened

out of his wits, ran into the church, and betook himself to reading the mass. Now, as they could no way come to an understanding, St. Peter, by way of a compromise, proposed a new bargain. 'Do you fly to Rome,' said he to the devil, 'and bring me one of the twelve columns of St. Peter's church, and if you're back with it before my priest has read to the end of the mass, he shall be yours; but else, mine.' The devil, who thought he should have plenty of time, accepted the proposal with pleasure; and in a few seconds, Peter saw him flying up full speed with one of the columns. The devil would have won, there's no doubt, if St. Peter had not quickly gone to meet him, and begun to belabour him with a horsewhip. The devil, in his fright, dropped the huge pillar, which fell plump to the bottom of the Mediterranean sea. He lost but little time in diving for it, and bringing it up again; but he lost quite enough, for when he arrived at the church, the priest had just said his *Ita missa est*, and so his mass was at an end. St. Peter laughed heartily; and the devil was so vexed, that in his rage, he flung down the big column, which went through the roof of the church, and fell upon the floor, where it was broken into three pieces. Many attempts were made to repair the hole in the roof, but they could never make the work hold, for it always fell in, and so at last they gave it up; and there the hole remained for many hundred years, leaving a free way for rain and wind. The Emperor Joseph, however, insisted upon having the roof repaired, so they carved the two keys of St. Peter in the centre stone of the vault, and since then the work has held."

The cross-keys still remain, but I am inclined to think it was the priests and not the emperor, who ordered them to be placed there, and that they did so to save appearances. If they are now asked how the masonry comes to hold, they have their answer ready, attributing every thing to the virtue of Peter's keys.

As long as the hole continued in the roof, the fragments of the broken column remained on the floor of the church; but, according to the old sexton's account, "the Emperor Joseph said, people should pray to God in the church, and not gossip about the devil and his wicked works. Those were his very words," continued the old man, "for I heard them from his majesty's own mouth, as I was showing him about the place, when he was here and looked closely at every thing. And for my own part, I don't know that it would be a serious sin, if a man should not happen to believe the story."

Since Joseph's time, a large painting representing St. Peter horse-whipping the Prince of Darkness, and the Mediterranean rolling its waves beneath them, has, I am sorry to say, found its way back into the church. The broken column, in three fragments, lies on the grass in front of the church. "The stone," said my old guide's daughter, "is put together out of seven sorts of stones. One is very precious, one very hard, and one stinks detestably. When his majesty the blessed Emperor Francis was here, and my father told him the story, his majesty Francis said, 'the stone stinks, I suppose the devil has left something sticking to it.' Down below, you may see the stone is somewhat worn

away, for that's where father knocks off bits for strangers to carry away as a remembrance. The soldiers also grind bits of the stone into powder, and have found it good for all sorts of complaints."

In addition to the painted and belaboured devil, I found a little miniature of his Satanic majesty, neatly cut in wood, and led by a chain, which was held by a St. Procopius, likewise carved in wood. Two celebrated men of this name figure in the history of Bohemia; one a distinguished leader of the Hussites, the other the first herald of Christianity in the country. The latter of these was the saint, and wherever he is represented in a Bohemian church, he never fails to have a few devils in chains, like so many greyhounds in a leash. He was a great exorciser of devils, and there is still a hole in the mountains near Prague, into which he fastened a vast number of them, where they fly about by hundreds to the present day.

There is in this church another relic of great celebrity in Bohemian christendom, namely the stone coffin of St. Longinus. This man, according to the legend, was a Roman centurion, and was present at the Crucifixion. He was blind, but some of our Saviour's blood having fallen upon him, he recovered his sight, and immediately began praising the Redeemer, crying out, "This is Christ the Anointed!" The soldiers seized him and stoned him, and put him into a stone coffin, which they threw into the sea. The coffin, however, would not sink, but floated on the surface till it arrived at some Christian city, and in due time found its way to Bohemia. The Hussites threw him again into the water, namely, into the river Moldau, and for a long time nobody knew where to look for the saint. One day, however, when the Hussite disturbances were at an end, some fishermen saw a flame burning on the surface of the water. They tried to extinguish the flame, but they could not, and it always continued precisely at the same spot. A miracle was immediately presumed to be on the eve of birth. An ecclesiastical commission was appointed, and lo, before their eyes, the stone coffin of St. Longinus rose up from among the waves, and was carried back with due honours to the Vissehrad.

"Who knows whether it's all quite true or not?" observed my talkative conductress; "but one thing's certain. An arm of St. Longinus lies still in the coffin. When their majesties the blessed Emperor Francis, the Russian emperor Alexander, and the Prussian king Frederick William, were up here, they were all alone with father and me. Only one soldier-like servant had they with them. Well, they made us show them this coffin most particularly, and we had to take two candlesticks from the altar, that they might see the better. The Russian emperor's majesty was most anxious of all to know about it, and he crept in as far as he could, to feel after the saint's arm, and when the emperor's majesty came out again, he was all covered with cobwebs and dust. 'Oh, your majesty,' said I, 'you've made yourself quite dirty,' and with that I knocked the dust off his back with my hand. 'That'll do, child, that'll do,' says he to me, and I was quite surprised to hear him speak such good German."

In the year 1187 there lived in Bohemia a duke of the name of Frederick, who involved himself into a quarrel with the clergy, in consequence of having applied to his own use the revenues of the village of Czernovitz, then the property of some convent or chapter. The priests imposed heavy penance upon him for this offence, and one of them seems to have had the audacity to subject the duke to a scourging. Gregory VII., who kept a German emperor waiting like a beggar in a courtyard, had not yet been dead a hundred years. The memory of this scourging, the priests sought to preserve by a picture, in which the duke is represented receiving punishment from the hand of St. Peter. This picture, which still hangs in the church, bears the inscription, *Flagellatus Fredericus, Dux Bohemiae, a S. Petro ob Pagum nomine Czernovitz abalienatum*, 1187. Frederick, who died in 1190, was reconciled to the clergy before his death, for, it seems, he authorized the canons of the church on the Vissehrad, to adopt the said flagellation as their coat of arms, and the reverend gentlemen still preserve it, representing the saint belabouring the duke with a cat-o'-nine-tails of most awful dimensions.

"When we showed this picture to his majesty Joseph the Second," my old sexton continued,—"I believe it was in '84, and the emperor was up here with Laudon, Lascy, and other great gentlemen, I was a young *pullesant* then, and had to stand modestly aside, but I saw and heard every thing for all that. The fine Hungarian guard was drawn up on the Vissehrad, and the carriages and servants waited below. Now when we showed his majesty the picture, he looked vexed, and shook his head, saying, 'It was not civil for Peter to scourge a prince in that way, no, it was very uncivil.' Then he looked down for a moment, as if he was considering to himself, and after that he said, 'but the thing is old, so it may stop there.' Laudon was standing by, and smiled."

Another object that interested me in the church, was the tomb of a Utraquist or Calixtine. The ruling idea with those people was the wine-cup. They bore it as an emblem on their banners, and after death had it carved on their tombs. Before these wild zealots drove Sigismund's troops from the Vissehrad, no less than thirteen churches stood there. Only one now remains, and the fragment of what was once the wall of another, and which seemed to me like a few odd lines of a lost poem. "Oh! it must have been sad work here," said my old sexton; "the Hussites had no mercy at all, but brought dogs and eagles with them, to fight against Christian men."

Behind the church lies a newly-erected arsenal, and several barracks for soldiers, for the Vissehrad still preserves its character as a kind of citadel. On the edge of the rock, that overhangs the Moldau, may be traced some ruined walls of great antiquity. These, according to tradition, belonged to the fortress of Libussa, and one part of the ruin is still pointed out as having been Libussa's bath-room. "But all that is mere vulgar talk," resumed my conductress, "for nothing is known for certain. That Queen Libussa did once live up here in a fine palace, among these rocks and shrubs,—

oh, that's certain enough. She was a heathen to be sure, but she was Queen of Bohemia, and a very good woman for all that. She had two sisters, Kasha and Theka. Kasha helped her to govern the land, but Theka was an apothecary, and knew all about plants, and the nobles came from far and wide to be cured by her. She also used to give medicines to the sick peasants, and she could prophecy, and give good advice to her sisters. Of course things changed when Libussa married Przemysl, who as king had a right to have his own way. Now, Libussa had a waiting-woman called Vlasta, a very beautiful maiden; and when the queen was dead, Vlasta thought Przemysl would marry her, and make her Queen of Bohemia. He did not do so, however, which so enraged Vlasta, that she vowed vengeance, and resolved to make herself Queen of Bohemia without his aid. She went over the Moldau,—there was a bridge here then,—and she set up her kingdom right opposite the Vissehrad. She got together four hundred Bohemian maids and wives, who were at feud with their husbands and lovers. There, beyond the meadow, in the corner between the hills, your honour may still see the spot where Vlasta's castle stood. It was called Divin, and thence she used to sally with her maidens, and wage a cruel war against all the Bohemian men. She cut the right thumb off of all the boys that fell into her hands, that they might not be able to draw a bow, and from all girls she cut off the right breast, that it might not hinder their archery. She might not herself have been able to do what she did, but she had a sorceress in her service, who used to say to her, 'My gentle lady, when you go into battle, I will fly on before you. Observe my flight and my signals. I'll show you the ambush of your enemies, and advise you what you must do.' So, when she sallied forth, the old witch always flew before her, and all the Amazons rushed on, crying, 'Yaya, yaya! baba, baba!' Not true, father, that was their cry!" "Ay, ay, child, that was their cry."—"And then they lured the knights into their power, and cut off their noses and ears, or threw them from the rocks, and captured all their castles hereabout. Up there, on that high hill, lay the castle of the Knight Modol, a true friend of Przemysl's. That they captured too. Vlasta, with her own hand, cut Modol's head off, and then (mad wench that she was) she got upon the wall, and blew her trumpet, that Przemysl might hear her triumph here on the Vissehrad. She had her silver armour on, and her beautiful hair fell down to her elbows, and in her left hand she carried her banner. When Przemysl saw her and heard her trumpet, I warrant you he was vexed enough to think he had not made her his wife at once, and spared all this turmoil. He made one more trial, however, and sent out his general Prostrad, who went over with a countless number of knights, and took back Modol's castle, and killed Vlasta, and brought back her beautiful round head. The rest of her women fled to Divin Castle, and defended themselves for a while, but they were all taken at last, and all their heads were cut off. Not true, father!"—"Ay, girl, all their heads were cut off."

Amid these and many other legends of the



same kind, evening crept on, and I could no longer distinguish the distant objects to which my talkative conductress directed my attention. Her eloquence and animation invested her in the sober twilight, almost with the air of an ancient sibyl, or Druid prophetess, nor did her flow of words cease when I prepared to take my departure. On the contrary, still conversing of the antiquities of the place, she accompanied me down the hill to the French Gate, where the countrywomen and the *Devi Slovanski* (Slavonian maidens) were entering heavily laden with vegetables and other provisions for the market, at which they meditated to display their wares at an early hour on the following morning. For more than a thousand years has such been the accustomed evening-scene at that gate, and for a thousand years perhaps have the same old Tshelchian ditties been nightly sung by the fair rustics that have meanwhile provided for the pantries of the townspeople.

#### THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH ON THE HRADSHIN.

Even in the time of the last dukes, much of the glory of the Vissehrad was transferred to the rival hill, the Hradshin, which became the residence of the sovereign in time of peace, while the Vissehrad was only an occasional retreat in summer, or when the city was pressed by an enemy. At present, much of the Vissehrad, that was once covered with houses, has been converted into arable land, or pasturage for cattle, while at the foot of the hill dwell the most wretched portion of the population of Prague. "They are poorer even than those behind the Hradshin," said a Prague friend to me one day. Thus to each of the castle crags has poverty clung, to shame the luxury of wealth by the contrast of misery.

High upon the Hradshin stands the glorious cathedral, the metropolitan church of Prague, dedicated to St. Vitus, and which, during the wars by which Bohemia has successively been desolated, has alternately suffered from the sacrilegious violations of Hussites, Catholics, and Protestants, Swedes, Germans, and Hungarians. The Hussites, on one occasion, stripped the church of nearly every thing in the shape of ornament. The Swedes, who, towards the close of the Thirty Years' War, made themselves masters of the Hradshin by stratagem, plundered the church to such a degree, that they were able to send whole shiploads of valuables down the Elbe to Stockholm, where they may still be seen among the public collections. Frederick the Great, too, when he besieged Prague, in 1757, seems to have set his heart on the destruction of the cathedral, against which the fire of his artillery was peculiarly directed. What his motive was, it would be difficult to say. He could scarcely think that the garrison of 50,000 men would surrender to him, for the sake of saving the cathedral. It could not be zeal for Protestantism that impelled Frederick to vow the destruction of an ancient Catholic church, without regard to its beauty, its antiquity, and the numberless objects of art which it contained. I should like to know whether Frederick, in any

of his works, has attempted to justify himself for this barbarous treatment of the Hradshin church, or whether any one has ever cited him before the tribunal of public opinion on account of it. The impartial Bohemian historian, Pelzel, gives a very detailed enumeration of all the balls, bombs, and shells, that were hurled against this admirable specimen of ancient architecture, by the merciless order of Frederick. On the 5th of June the building served as a target for 537 bombs, 989 cannon-balls, and 17 carcasses, of which, however, it must not be supposed, that all, or indeed any thing like half of them, hit the mark they were fired at. On the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, the town was complimented with 7144 bombs, 14,821 balls, and 111 carcasses, of which the majority were aimed at the cathedral. During those four days the building was thirty times on fire, and each time it was saved from entire destruction by the vigilance and exertions of the canon, John Kaiser. The roof was perforated by no less than 215 balls, and when, after the cannonade, the church was cleared of the rubbish that had meanwhile accumulated there, no less than 770 balls were collected from different parts of the edifice. Napoleon, when he entered Moscow, sent a guard to protect the children in the great Foundling Hospital. Why did not Frederick, when he fired his first gun against Prague, grant a similar protection to the cathedral on the Hradshin, by ordering his artillerymen rather to fire on any object than that? Perhaps it was fortunate for Frederick that he did not succeed in entering the city. He, the friend and patron of the arts, would have grieved in very bitterness of soul, had he witnessed the destruction his own artillery had effected. The Gothic ornaments cast down, the graceful columns shattered, and the beautiful statues mutilated in every imaginable way.

Scarcely one of the many splendid tombs remained uninjured. Neither the beautiful marble monument, executed by Kolin of Nuremberg, and erected in 1589, by Rudolph II., to the memory of Maximilian II., Ferdinand I., and Anne, his wife; nor the venerable statues, stretched on their sarcophagi, of the old Bohemian dukes Spitzneuv and Brzetislav; nor the chapel of the tombs of the archbishops; nor the other chapel that contains the monuments of twenty-four of the noblest families of Bohemia; indeed the monument of Vratisslaus von Barenstein, the Chancellor of Maximilian II., is almost the only one that escaped unscathed.

Few churches in Germany surpass this cathedral in beauty, richness, and in the interest of its historical associations. There is none to which it seems to bear more affinity than to the metropolitan church of Cracow, in which it poses the dust of all the Polish kings. In both may be traced a similarity of architecture, and a similarity of fortunes. It is astonishing how much there is about each to remind one of the other. Even the legend of Nepomuk has its companion at Cracow, so closely resembling it in all its details, that one cannot help wondering at the occurrence at places so remote from each other, of two series of events so perfectly alike.

Nothing is there that a stranger in Bohemia is doomed to have more frequently related to him than the history of St. Nepomuk, and next

in importance and frequency of repetition come the adventures of the two imperial counsellors, Slavata and Martinitz, to whom it happened, in 1618, to be one day tossed out of a window. These two narratives may literally be said to persecute a stranger from the day of his arrival till that of his departure. However well you may have prepared yourself by historical studies with a knowledge of all the details of the Thirty Years' War, whose commencement, as your professors at Bonn or Gottingen will have told you, is to be dated from the day on which the two above-named personages were tumbled upon the dunghill under the Hradshin; yet rest assured that in the first diligence you travel in, there will be some learned gentleman or other who will find or make an occasion to tell the story over again for your especial benefit. And by the time your learned gentleman has got to the end of his first story, it will go hard, but at the next bridge you cross there will be a chapel, or an image dedicated to St. Nepomucene, and, if so, you may rest equally assured that you will have related to you, with all its accompanying incidents, the whole legend of the saint, which, it is odds but you have heard and forgotten again sundry times before you set foot on Bohemian ground. By the time the story is at an end, you are probably at the next bridge, where, of course, your attention is called to another effigy of the bridge-protecting saint, when your charitable informant will be likely to open again with "There, look there, sir; there you have the holy Nepomuk again; he is the same as the one I was telling you of, whom King Venzeslaus, &c.," and how far the *et cetera* may extend will depend on your patience under the infliction. Well, in due time the hills of Prague present themselves to your view, the Hradshin towering proudly above the rest. Immediately your travelling companion will open again upon you with "There, look there, sir; there you may see the castle from the windows of which the two imperial counsellors, Slavata and Martinitz, &c."—The next morning you are tempted to walk abroad, but if you come to the Prague bridge, beware how you stop to look at five golden stars that are erected there. If you neglect my caution, rely upon it your quality of stranger will be discovered, and some kind self-elected cicerone will approach and tell you, "This, sir, is the very spot from which St. Nepomuk was thrown into the water. He was a pious man, but King Venzeslaus, &c." Animated, no doubt, by this time, with a salutary dread of the saint, you probably cut your interlocutor short, by praying him not to inflict upon you a legend which you have learned by heart during the few days you have been in the country. You fly to a neighbouring coffee-house, the windows of which, to your sorrow, look upon the Hradshin. You order a cup of bouillon perhaps, and while you sit sipping it, your host comes simpering up to you. In your unguarded innocence you may allow some such question to escape you, as "What's the news?" If so, you have sealed your fate. "Your honour were looking out of the window. Have your honour already had the condescension to go to the top of the hill! But you have from here a very good view of the two windows—look, your

honour, there they are, at which many years ago a very remarkable event occurred."—"What, some romantic love-story?"—"No, sir; from those windows it was that the two counsellors of the Emperor Matthias—their names were Slavata and Martinitz—" "Oh, heavens!" you exclaim. Your very bouillon turns to bitterness, and you snatch up hat and stick, and run to St. Vitus's church, in the hope that if any volunteer informant take you in hand again, he may make the patron of the edifice the topic of his discourse. Idle hope! Of St. Vitus no one deems it necessary to say a word, but one of the attendants of the church will be sure to come up to you, with a face all radiant with the hope of a *douceur*, and thus his oration will begin: "The most remarkable object in our church, is this rich monument of silver, which contains no less than twenty-seven hundred-weight of that metal. It was erected in honour of St. Nepomuk, whom the Emperor Venzeslaus, &c." My poor stranger! this is one of the discomforts of travel that thou must not hope to escape, and the sanctity of the place forbids thee the relief of a good set oath. Nay, wouldst thou even save thyself by sudden flight, the chances are that thy retreat is cut off by some venerable priest, who takes up the story at the point that thy humbler attendant had just reached. In that case, patience is thy only resource. Listen with resignation, and thou hast a chance that the story will come all the sooner to an end. So, now having prepared thee for the infliction, hear and attend.

Nepomuk, or more properly, Johanko von Nepomuk, was born about the middle of the fourteenth century, in the little Bohemian town of Nepomuk. At his birth, it is said, bright rays of glory were seen to shine around his mother's house. He became a preacher in the ancient city of Prague, where his fame spread so rapidly, that he was raised to the office of almoner to the king, and became the queen's confessor. Now the king (Venzeslaus IV., the celebrated German emperor, the son of Charles IV., who had also in his time been King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany),—the king, I say, was desirous of knowing what the queen, who had often manifested great dejection of spirits, might have confided to her confessor. Venzeslaus wished to know whether she made his own rude behaviour the subject of complaint, or whether perhaps her melancholy were occasioned by a secret love-affair. Johanko, however, could never be prevailed on to betray a syllable of what he had learned in the confessional. Sometime afterward it so chanced that there was brought up to the royal table a very fine capon, but which, on being carved, was found to be very much underdone. The king was hereupon in such a rage that he ordered the cook to be spitted alive and roasted to death. Nepomuk did not fail to rate his majesty roundly for so atrocious an act of barbarism, but the holy man took nothing by his motion but a few days' solitary confinement, where he would probably have been permitted to indulge for some time longer in his pious meditations, had not the king still hoped to draw from him some of the queen's secrets. Nepomuk remained firm, though he appears to have had some foreboding



of what the consequence would be, for he prophesied one day that he would shortly die a violent death, and so saying took an affectionate leave of his friends. The following morning, as he was passing by the castle, the king called him in, and renewed his former solicitations. Johanko was inflexible, whereupon the king had him seized, bound hand and foot, and had him thrown that very evening from the bridge into the Moldau. The king thought nobody would have known any thing about the matter; but there he was mistaken, for not only were bright rays of glory seen to shine over the spot where the body lay, but for three whole days the bed of the river was dry, no water flowing over it. Miracles without number were performed at the saint's grave, and people observed that if any man happened to express a doubt of the holy man's beatitude, or to step slightly or scornfully upon his tomb, the day never passed over without some disgrace or calamity to the sceptic. In due time the saint was beatified by Pope Clement XI., and canonized by Benedict XIII.

Since then, the veneration for St. Nepomucene has spread with marvellous rapidity through Bohemia, Moravia, and a part of Poland and Austria. In all these countries he is esteemed the patron saint of bridges, and the usual oraison addressed to him by his devotees is this: "O holy St. Nepomucene, grant that no such misfortune befall us on this bridge as once befall thee."

By the side of the silver monument of the saint, over which sundry silver angels are seen to hover, there hangs a golden lamp of immense value. This lamp has been stolen on three several occasions, and now, to protect this and the other valuables of the church, a large fierce dog is nightly shut up there as a guard to the gems and relics of the holy place. It is well that the Turks but seldom visit the Hradshin, or this dog in charge of a churchful of saints would be added to the already formidable catalogue of atrocities laid to the charge of the Christians. So unclean is this animal in the eyes of a Mahometan, that he would greatly prefer to have a whole legion of devils shut up in his mosque.

With the varying versions that have obtained currency of the saint's adventures, I will not now detain the reader, that I may the sooner have done with the other great national bore of Bohemia, which, as he is now accompanying me through the country, he is bound to endure, as I have done many a time before him. So here goes for Slavata and Martinitz, and if we are to have the story, we could have it nowhere more opportunely than in this very church, in which we may at the same time admire the monument erected to the memory of Counsellor Martinitz himself. *Allons! Courage!*

Frightened by the daily increasing spread of Protestantism in Bohemia, a Catholic nobleman and a Catholic abbot had found means, in 1618, to shut up and destroy two newly-erected Protestant churches, alleging that they did so by order of the Emperor Matthias. All the Protestants and Utraquists of Bohemia, among whom were many of the first men in the country, were greatly excited, and held meetings, at

which it was logically demonstrated that such treatment was in direct violation of the royal Letters of Grace that had been granted them. A deputation was sent to Vienna to remonstrate. The Emperor, meanwhile, had taken serious offence at the stormy meetings of the Protestants and Utraquists, to whom he sent a menacing epistle, which the states of the kingdom were summoned to the Hradshin to hear read. They assembled, listened to the formidable threats of the emperor, and promised to return an answer on the following day. They assembled again, accordingly, at the time appointed, attended by bodies of armed men, when they found the royal governors, Slavata, Martinitz, Adam von Sternberg, and Diepold von Lobkowitz, waiting to receive them. Of these four men, the two last were generally popular; but the two first, bigoted Catholics, and tyrannical rulers, were universally detested, and there were many among the states who were of opinion, that religious freedom could never be firmly established in Bohemia, so long as those men continued in power, and that therefore the best thing they could do, would be to get rid of them as soon as possible. Some opposed these violent counsels, but the majority applauded them, and crowded from the Green Chamber, where they had been consulting together, into the Government Hall, where they addressed bitter reproaches to the governors, for attempting to deprive the Utraquists of their Letters of Grace. The *Oberstburggraf*, Adam von Sternberg, addressed the tumultuous assembly in a conciliatory tone, and warned them against the commission of any act of violence. Kolon von Fels thereupon stepped forward, and said that they meant no harm to the *Oberstburggraf*, nor to his Lordship of Lobkowitz, with whom they were very well contented, but they were in no way satisfied with Messrs. Slavata and Martinitz, who were always seeking occasion to oppress the Utraquists.\* Venzeslaus von Rapowa exclaimed, that the best thing they could do, would be to throw them out of the window, according to the good old Bohemian fashion (*po starotshesku*). Some of the party now went up to Sternberg and Lobkowitz, took them by the

\* To some of our English readers it may not be superfluous to explain that the Utraquists or Calixtines received their name in consequence of their demand that the calix or winecup should be given to laymen as well as priests in the communion. Their demands were complied with by the Council of Basil in 1433, and after their victory at Břimischbrod, in 1434, over the Emperor Sigismund, they obtained liberty of conscience, and after the Reformation manifested on various occasions their sympathy for the Protestants. Their refusal to serve against the Protestants in the Smalkaldic war, drew upon them, at first, severe persecutions, but after 1555, Ferdinand I., who was not ill-disposed towards them, allowed them to share in the advantages conceded to his evangelical subjects. Maximilian II. granted to the Utraquists a complete freedom of religious exercise. Under Rudolph II., their situation was less favourable, and they had considerable difficulty in obtaining from him the *Majestatsbrief*, or Letter of Grace, alluded to above, which was granted on the 9th of July, 1609, and by which the Bohemian confession, handed in conjointly by the Utraquists, the Bohemian brethren, and the Evangelicals, was publicly recognized, and their ecclesiastical ordinances, by which their schools and churches were regulated, and by virtue of which they had their own Consistorium at Prague, were confirmed. The repeated violations of the *Majestatsbrief* by Matthias, led to the tumultuous scenes at the Hradshin, which are described in the text, and which are generally looked on as forming the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War.—Tr.

arm, and led them civilly out of the room. Slavata and Martinitz began to be seriously frightened, made great protestations of their innocence, and demanded, if they had done any thing wrong, that they might be allowed a fair trial. The incensed feelings of the assembly could not, however, be appeased. William von Lobkowitz stepped up to Martinitz, and seized him by both his hands. This may be said to have been the revolutionary act of the Bohemian insurrection. Could William of Lobkowitz have foreseen the unspeakable misery that was about to overtake his country, he would probably have shrunk back and have cried, "I will not be the man to raise the first stone to that frightful avalanche." Not that it can be shown that the horrors of the Thirty Years' War would have been averted if William of Lobkowitz had kept his hands off Martinitz, or if the Calixtine States had been more moderate, and had tried to gain their ends by fair means, for great events are like streams fed by hundreds of sources, and the historian who argues that if this or that incident had not occurred, some great political development would not have followed, is like a certain Austrian, who fancied if he could stop the source of the Danube with his foot, he should be able to prevent the Danube itself from reaching Vienna.

Be this, however, as it may, William of Lobkowitz did not stop to make any such reflections. He seized Martinitz by both his hands. Four other nobles lifted the trembling governor from the ground, bore him to the nearest window, and without ceremony, pitched him out. It is said, that the assembly stood for several moments in dead silence, terrified apparently by what they had themselves done. A similar interval of silence is said to have occurred in the Roman capitol, after the conspirators had struck Cæsar to the ground.

The first to interrupt this silence was the Count of Thurn. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "there's another of them," pointing at the same time to Slavata; who was immediately seized, and dealt with in the same way as his colleague. Master Philip Platter, the private secretary, was also ejected in the same unceremonious way as his masters. No record is left us of what was said after the outrage, by those who remained in the room; nor how they looked at one another. They soon appear to have found the air of the place too close for them. In a little while we see them, particularly the Count of Thurn, riding down into the city, to appease the fears of the people, whom they told to be under no uneasiness, for that the entire responsibility of what had been done, would rest upon those who had done it. It was not till the third day after the scene of violence at the Hradshin, that the states met again. They then entered into a covenant, and elected thirty men, who, on the resignation of the royal governors, were to take upon themselves the administration of public affairs. The Bohemian revolution was now proclaimed, that was to terminate, only two years later, by a counter-revolution, terrible in its consequences, and carried through with a cruel consistency. It was the last time that the Bohemians can be said to have manifested a consciousness of their old Tshekian political

usages, for never since then have they again had an opportunity of exercising the *po do-rotshesku*.

Not the least remarkable part of this little political drama was the fact, that not one of the three gentlemen, who so unwillingly showed their agility, suffered any serious inconvenience from the compulsory leap, though the window through which they made their exit, was at least sixty feet from the ground. Master Philip was the first to get upon his legs again, whence it may be inferred, that the occupation of a secretary tends less to the promotion of obesity than that of a royal governor; and the inference will generally be found to apply to the secretaries and governors of other countries as well as to those of Bohemia. Platter, as soon as he had scrambled out of the castle-ditch, into which he had fallen, ran as fast as he could into Vienna, where he told the emperor what had taken place. How happy Platter must have felt, to have thus the first telling of a story, in the repetition of which so many thousands continue, even to this day, to take such unspeakable delight!

Martinitz and Slavata found some kind Samaritans in the street, who helped them into the house of the Chancellor Zdenik von Lobkowitz, where they found succour and protection. Count Thurn, indeed, at the head of a riotous multitude, appeared before the house, and demanded the delivery of the two obnoxious governors; but the lady of the mansion, Polyxena von Lobkowitz, pacified the count with fair words, and assured him that both her guests were lying in bed in a miserable condition. Slavata had indeed a wound on his head, that obliged him to remain her guest for some time longer; but Martinitz was able to leave the city in disguise. He went to Munich, where he died about six years afterwards.

I trust the reader will not have forgotten, while we have been thus discoursing of tales of the olden time, that we are still in the metropolitan church of the Hradshin, where we have a multitude of curiosities to pass in review. In the chapel of Venzeslaus I was curious to know the precise spot where the Bohemian regalia were preserved. My guide told me he dared not give me the required information, the place where they were kept being a profound secret. The entrance, he added, was by an iron door secured by three separate locks, to each of which there was a separate key, and these three keys were committed to the keeping of three of the first officers of state. I pressed him not the less to let me into the secret; telling him that I took especial delight in knowing myself to be in the vicinity of any object of historical interest, because I felt within myself a particular susceptibility for the electrifying impressions emanating from such objects. This, I added, was particularly the case with respect to crowns and sceptres, in whose poetical atmosphere I loved to bathe myself, and of whose influence, I felt assured, I should become conscious, even through the intervening impediment of a wall. Moreover, I told him, no crown could have more interest in my eyes than one that had been worn by so many Bohemian kings and German emperors, a crown for whose sake so many a bloody battle had been fought, a crown which



Joseph II. had carried away with him to Vienna, and which Frederick of the Palatinate (the winter king, as he is called in Bohemia) had carefully packed up when about to take his departure, but which, owing to the precipitancy of his flight, was left standing with various other valuables, in the public market-place of Prague.

It had meanwhile struck one o'clock. A heavy rain was falling without, and detaining me a prisoner within the church. I was alone with my attendant, who imboldened by this circumstance, or moved by my eloquent appeals, manifested symptoms of relenting. He opened the Venzeslaus chapel, and told me that, though he dared not on any account point out the spot to me, yet if I would keep my eye on him, he would slightly nod his head when he came to the picture behind which was concealed the iron door of the shrine where the regalia were kept. We proceeded accordingly to inspect all the curiosities of the chapel. Firstly, the beautiful agates and jaspers with which the walls of the chapel are inlaid. Then the tombs of the first dukes of Bohemia, and lastly, the ring which Duke Venzeslaus grasped when he fell to the ground wounded by his brother. This brother, whose name was Boleslav, coveted the crown, and placed himself at the head of a conspiracy of malcontents, in whose eyes Venzeslaus was too pious, too credulous, and too fond of the priests. Venzeslaus carried his piety so far, that he planted and tended with his own hand the grapes and the corn of which was prepared the bread and the wine used for the communion, cutting, thrashing, and grinding the corn, baking the bread, and pressing the wine. What with these pious exercises, and his constant attention to the churches he was planning and building, he left himself no time to attend to state affairs. One day, having repaired to Bunzlau, to attend the consecration of a church, he became his brother's guest, and this opportunity was looked on by the conspirators as favourable to the execution of their design. On the following morning, the 28th of September, 936, Venzeslaus hastened, as was his custom, to church, in obedience to the matins chime. At the church-door he met his brother, whom he praised for his hospitable entertainment of the preceding day. Boleslav then said, in a bantering tone, "I will entertain thee better to-day," and with that drew his sword and dealt the duke a heavy blow over the head. He did not wound him mortally, and Venzeslaus had strength enough left to disarm his assassin and fling him to the ground. "May God forgive you for this, brother," he cried. Boleslav, meanwhile, having fallen, roared out for help as though he had not been the assailer but the assailed. His servants and several of the conspirators came to his assistance and attacked the duke, who defended himself stoutly while retreating to the church-door, where he fell, pierced by the swords of his enemies. In dying he grasped convulsively the iron ring of the door, and when his body was brought to the Hradshin, to be buried in St. Vitus's church, which he had built there, the ring, also, was brought thither, and has been preserved there ever since, where every traveller may have the pleasure of grasping it in his turn, even though he should feel no avocation

to earn the glory of martyrdom and canonization, after the fashion of Duke Venzeslaus.

We came next to the tomb of Duke Brzetislav II., then viewed some pictures of saints, including those of St. Ludmilla, St. Christopher, and sundry others. I kept a sharp eye on my guide, and did not fail to notice at which picture it was that he nodded, however slight the gesture was. My reader and I are both in the secret as to the meaning of that nod; but at which picture was it? That is a secret, gentle reader, in which I must not let thee participate, lest thou betray it to some designing revolutionist, from whom the crown and sceptre of Bohemia might be exposed to serious peril.

Every Bohemian loves to wander among these monuments of the ancient dukes and saints of the land, rich with a thousand associations with names and things, the memory of which he has learned from infancy to love and venerate; but the cathedral of the Hradshin has also its reverse, for at the opposite side of the church is a series of votive tablets, paintings, and carvings in wood, intended to commemorate the victory on the White Mountain, a victory which, even at the present day, is an object of sorrow to the Bohemians, and which certainly exercised a more permanent influence over the fortunes of the country, than was ever exercised by any other victory in Bohemia, either before or since, for it may be said to have decided the fate of the kingdom for the 220 years that have since elapsed. Rudely carved in wood may be seen a complete representation of the battle; of the entrance of the Duke of Bavaria, the Emperor Ferdinand's general, into Prague; of the poor Winter King's flight; of the tribunal that Ferdinand established. No German, no Austrian, no lover of his kind can withhold his pity when he sees a Bohemian moving mournfully through this gallery. Who, in fact, can withhold a tear when he thinks with what fearful throes Utraquism and the Reformation came into life in Bohemia, and with what frightful reactions, after so painful a birth, they were again annihilated!

Truly gratifying are the pictures presented to us by Bohemian historians of the condition of the country under the mild emperors and kings towards the close of the sixteenth century. The arts and sciences flourished. The churches were adorned with paintings of rare merit; picture-galleries were collected; Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and other eminent spirits of the age, studied, wrote, and taught in the capital of Bohemia. The schools, both in town and country were excellent, and even among the women of the land, there were many distinguished for their learning and information. Poets and orators rose and flourished, and the works then written still serve as classical models of language. The several religious parties, the Utraquists, the Hussites, the Bohemian Brethren, the Catholics, and the Protestants, all lived in harmony with one another, and such was the spirit of toleration, that often in one and the same village, three religious parties, with their three several pastors, lived in peace and friendship together.

The angels in heaven must have rejoiced over such a state of things, but the Jesuits were grieved and offended by it. They held the hearts of the princes in their hands, and never rested

till they had hurled the firebrand into the peaceful house, and when they had succeeded in setting it in a blaze, they sent princes and armies in to quench it, and utterly to destroy the burning edifice. The battle of the White Mountain, where the insurgents under the Winter King, Frederick of the Palatinate, were defeated by Maximilian of Bavaria, decided every thing. The imperial troops occupied Prague, whence they commanded the whole land, and held it like a victim bound to the stake, while Ferdinand II., in obedience to the suggestions of his Jesuits, subjected the country to a series of operations that bore a striking similitude to the ordinances with which Philip II. had afflicted Belgium.

A scaffold was erected at Prague, upon which the leaders of the insurrection suffered in quick succession. The sentence pronounced and executed upon those declared guilty of high treason, was a masterpiece of elaborate criminal adjudication. It was therein minutely determined, who should be executed with the axe and who with the sword, who should lose his right hand *before* and who *after* the execution, and who was to have his tongue torn out. It was also specified how the bodies of such as were already dead were to be disposed of; who were to be cut into four, who into eight pieces, and on what gates these several pieces were to be exposed to the public gaze.

The establishment of this tribunal was followed by the commencement of a systematic counter-revolution. In every house of every Bohemian town, not only the heads of families, but their wives, workpeople, and servants, in short all the inmates of each house, were called on to return a categorical answer to these questions:

Are you by birth a Catholic?

Have you been converted to the Catholic faith?

Do you promise to become a Catholic?

Whoever refuses to embrace Catholicism, was declared incompetent to exercise any corporate trade, and was generally deprived of his property into the bargain, and expelled from the country. So far was the system of persecution carried, that the Protestant poor and sick were turned out of the hospitals, and orders were given that none but Catholics should in future be admitted there.

After this state of things, the details of which are frightful and revolting, had continued for seven years, the emperor came to Prague with his family, and, having summoned a diet, had his son Ferdinand III. crowned as king. A few years before, the question had been gravely discussed by the states, whether it would not be better to erect Bohemia into a republic, like Switzerland or Holland, than to elect Frederick of the Palatinate to the throne; in this new diet, no one even ventured to raise the question whether the crown was elective or hereditary. Ferdinand annulled the Letter of Grace, and all the privileges of the states, commanding at the same time, that the Bohemian language should no longer be used in any of the law tribunals. The nobles readily adopted the German language, and the townspeople were obliged to learn it, for the monks preached only in German. The burghers in the cities began to be

ashamed of speaking Bohemian, though, not long before, even the nobles had prided themselves on their national language, and had not hesitated to speak it at the court of the German emperors. The peasant only continued to speak as his ancestors had spoken, and what had been the language of a nation, came to be considered the dialect of the vulgar. Distinguished as Bohemia had been, under the preceding emperors, for the cultivation of science and art, she now sank rapidly into ignorance and barbarism. That the people might be more readily ruled by being kept in ignorance, the Jesuits went from house to house, as missionaries, and took away what books they could find, and burnt them. So effectually do they appear to have performed their mission, that to speak of a "Bohemian" book, or a "scarce" book, is now esteemed the same. Even the costume of the people was changed, and gradually superseded by that of the conquerors.

"I must remind my hearers," says the historian Pelzel, at the close of his reflections on the consequences of the battle of the White Mountain, "that here the history of Bohemia closes, and the history of other nations in Bohemia commences."

Bohemia now stands like its metropolitan church, incomplete, weather-beaten, and covered with scars, but like its church, also restored to peace and order. We must read the resolutions of the Bohemian diet if we wish to know, to what extent, and according to what plans, the Bohemians meant to have constructed their state edifice; but the original plan of St. Vitus's church may more easily be studied, for all the drawings are still preserved in a small room over the vault of one of the chapels. In its present condition the church is evidently a mere commencement of the architect's design; if completed, the building would have been more than three times its present size.

The treasury of the church is rich in a multitude of curious and valuable objects. In one cabinet I counted no less than 32 golden mitres. I took several of them in my hand, and observed to my guide that I thought them heavy. "And yet, sir," said the man, archly, "our gentlemen are so very fond of wearing them!" In various drawers are preserved no less than 368 priestly vestments for the service of the mass, many of them of astonishing richness and splendour. One of them was of a material that might have furnished a mantle, either for a beggar or a prince; it was of common straw, but plaited and worked with such surprising art, that the whole looked like elaborate embroidery. Most of these vestments are gifts from Bohemian nobles, and the history of some of these presents may contribute to illustrate the character of the country. Thus, one vestment has been made up from the bridal dress of a Countess Tshernin, another of the coronation robes of Maria Theresa. One of the richest of all, and which is only displayed on occasions of great solemnity, has been decorated by the Prince of Schwartzenburg, with a number of golden bunches of grapes and vine-leaves, and with all the buttons worn on his wedding coat. Each of these buttons is a jewel of considerable value, fashioned into the form of an animal, and set in gold. What wasteful



profusion! and what a strange whim, to dedicate the wedding dresses of lords and ladies to the service of the church!

One of the vestments was embroidered by the hand of Maria Theresa; but of all the embroideries, the most wonderful is one made in the beginning of the fourteenth century by Anne Queen of Bohemia (*Anna Karolevna Tsheska*). She and her sister Elizabeth were the two last descendants of the ancient princely line of Przemyśl, whom Libussa called to the throne from the village of Staditz near Teplitz. Some of our young ladies, who think they have attained no mean proficiency in the art of embroidering, ought to come to Prague, for the sake of looking at the work of the last princess of the house of Przemyśl. It is a piece of white linen, upon which are worked, with threads of gold, the most beautiful and delicate flowers and arabesques. The pattern is precisely the same on each side, and withal so accurate and yet so fanciful, that one is never tired of admiring it. The pattern, moreover, is constantly varied by the invention of new figures and forms, though the whole piece is thirty-three ells in length. The length of way which the little needle and the dainty finger of the queen must have traced over the linen with golden thread, is estimated at about ten leagues; and to me it seems as if the labour of half a life must have been devoted to the work, which was executed in exile, and sent to the Hradshin, as the parting gift of the last scion of a long race of kings.

Of religious relics the church has also an abundant supply. Among others, a neatly ornamented little hand, said to have belonged to one of the little children killed at Bethlehem, on the occasion of the massacre of the innocents; a piece of the tablecloth that served our Saviour and his disciples on the occasion of the Last Supper; and a nail taken from the real cross, and now shown in a splendid setting of pure gold. A piece of the sponge with which our Saviour's lips were moistened when on the cross, and a thorn from the real crown of thorns, are set in a crucifix, which crucifix, the kings of Bohemia respectfully kiss on the occasion of their coronation. In addition to these, there are several relics brought by Godfrey de Bouillon from the graves of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

In addition to the crown and sceptre, concealed in the secret cabinet of which mention was made several pages back, there are other parts of the regalia respecting which less mystery is made, and upon which, accordingly, I was allowed to feast my eyes. There were, for instance, the four golden statues of the four ancient Bohemian saints: Adalbert, Venzeslaus, Vitus, and Ludmilla. These four statues are always carried in procession before the kings on the occasion of their coronation. I was also shown the sword of state, with which the newly-crowned monarch always imposes the honour of knighthood upon the shoulders of a select number of his subjects. This sword is remarkably light. Some time ago, a little rust was discovered about half way down the blade. That it might not, however, be said, Bohemia's sword of state had grown rusty, the offending spot was cut or filed away, and the form of a cross was given to the hole thus formed. The said hole

I saw with my own eyes; its cause and origin I can only give upon the authority of my informant.

## PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND CONVENTS.

The royal library is contained in the Great College Building (*Collegiumsgebäude*) as it is called. My visit to the 100,000 volumes happened on a noiseless holiday afternoon. The reading rooms that in the morning had been occupied by the studious, were now still and untenanted, like a deserted bee-hive. It was an unaccustomed time for a visit to the library; but the good-natured librarian made an exception on my account, and did not grudge the trouble to which I put him. When the last heavy lock closed behind us, and I was able to let my eye wander through the long halls, I experienced that feeling of mingled awe and enjoyment, which I always experience on entering a large library, where the boards are so richly decked with the produce of human intellect. Thick walls and stout bolts shut out the rest of the world from us, and we wandered, like hermits in a solitude, but a solitude where nearly all the fruits of mental speculation hung invitingly around us. I thought of Ulysses in the Cyclops' cave, examining the bright bowls full of rich milk, and the packages of cheese and butter, and the casks of honey, all filled to the brim. The difference was, that Ulysses had been locked in by his Cyclops, whereas we had just locked out our Cyclops, the great, noisy, busy, bustling world.

At a time when, according to the exaggerated accounts of some, 60,000 students were assembled in Prague from all parts of Germany,\* these rooms must have literally swarmed like a bee-hive; but if those times were to return again, the halls and reading-rooms of the library would still be found sufficiently spacious. Of the sixty-six deans, who were then at the head of what was called the nations, only twelve were Bohemians. The Germans were by far the most numerous. Even then there appears to have existed something of the jealousy that still prevails between German and Bohemian. Huss was a zealous adherent to the Bohemian party. To destroy the influence exercised by the Germans, he recommended that in all university affairs the Bohemian nation should have two votes, and all the other nations together only one. This measure led, in 1409, to the departure of the German students, and to the rapid decline of the university. Thus did the people of Prague strike a severe blow at the prosperity of their city, and even in Bohemia there was at the time no lack of ridicule cast upon the Bohemian party; but the incensed German students and professors, it is still believed in Prague, addressed bitter remonstrances to the emperor and

\* The most moderate accounts say 20,000, a number still abundantly large, when we consider that even at the present day, all the German universities together do not contain a larger number. And yet there were then other universities in Germany, and many German students went to Italy. Besides, Germany is at present much more populous, and must contain a great many more people than it did then, who occupy themselves with learned pursuits.



clergy; and the vindictive charges thus brought against Huss, are supposed to have done more in exciting the pope and emperor against the reformer, and to have contributed more to bring about his melancholy fate, than any apprehension that was ever entertained on account of his doctrines.

Unless the University of Prague had at that time more books than it has now, the whole library must have been exhausted if only each student occupied one work at a time. On the 26th of July, 1841, the number of volumes was 99,888, and the catalogues are so arranged, that the sum total may every day be known with the greatest precision.

Although much that was interesting has been removed to Vienna, there are still books in the Prague library quite as well deserving of description as any other curiosity, either in the town or its vicinity. One of the most curious is, perhaps, a Hussite hymn-book, which is written and illuminated with singular splendour. The book, which must have cost many thousands of florins, was the joint production of a large portion of the inhabitants of Prague. Every guild and corporation of the city had a few hymns written, and pictures painted to accompany them, and several noble families did the same, each family or corporation placing its arms or crest before its own portion of the book. In most of the other cities of Bohemia similar hymn-books were composed during the ascendancy of Utraquism, and I doubt whether of all the Christian sects that have at various times protested against the pope, there ever was one that produced hymn-books of such surpassing splendour. All the pictures in that of Prague are of a superior order, and executed in a masterly style. Most of them represent incidents from biblical history, or from the life of Huss, as for instance, his dispute with a popish priest, and his death at the stake. Bloating priests and monks, pope and emperor, are represented grouped around the funeral pile of Huss, whom angels are comforting in his agony.

Poor Huss raised a flame in which he himself was burnt, as well as many that came after him, but from that flame posterity has derived neither light nor warmth. The history of the Calixtines of Bohemia is a sadder one than of any other religious sect, for no doctrine ever made its way amid acts of greater violence, and none was ever annihilated by a more ruthless reaction. Lutheranism was also cradled amid fearful storms, but the tempests have spent themselves, and millions have become peaceful participators in the blessings at which Lutheranism aimed. The Hussites raised a mighty conflagration, of which the Austrians succeeded in treading out the last spark; the Lutherans lighted a roaring fire on their own hearths, and their homes, in spite of pope and emperor, have been warned by its genial influence ever since. Yet Huss, despite of his heresy, lives in the affections of his countrymen. I have often observed in them a strange struggle, on this score, between religion and nationality. As Bohemians they love to take credit for all the great things that the Hussites did, though as Catholics they cannot, of course, approve of them.

*Utraquism preceded the art of painting; hence*

the profuse adornment of the hymn-books I have described. The Hussites afterwards caused a multitude of books to be printed in Bohemia, and when this could no longer be done in the country itself, their bibles were printed abroad, in Venice, for instance, whose printing-presses in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were at the disposal of almost every religious sect. In the Prague library are several bibles in the Bohemian language, that were printed at Venice. In one of the year 1506, is a picture of hell, in which the devil is treading down a whole host of monks and popes; to this some zealous commentator has affixed a manuscript annotation, to inform us that the picture represents "Pope Julius II. in Hell."

The best bible, however, in the Tshekhan language was of a much later date (1579—1593) when a Moravian nobleman called together a number of learned Bohemians to his castle of Kralitz, where the sacred volume was translated anew from the original text. This translation is said to be the best; the Bohemians even maintain its superiority to any translation that has ever appeared in any language, a point which very few scholars are in a condition to dispute. This translation is known under the title of *Biblia Czeška Bratrska* (i. e. the Tshekhan Brother Bible), and is still occasionally printed at Berlin for the use of the Moravian brethren.

In the Prague library I found a copy of the first book ever printed in Bohemia. Its date is 1462. These old Bohemian books are well printed, and upon solid lasting paper, like our old German and Dutch editions, which look nothing the worse for the three or four centuries that have passed over their heads. Our modern paper is mere tinder in comparison. I took up a new book that had come from the binder's only a few days before, and while I was turning over the leaves several of the corners broke off. If we go on *improving* the manufacture of our paper, as we have done of late years, there will be nothing left in our public libraries, five hundred years hence, but the solid old incunabulae and parchment manuscripts.

In the halls of the library may be seen the portraits of several Jesuits of Prague, and of other distinguished men. Among them are Campianus, the Jesuit, who was executed in England under Elizabeth, and Collin, the friend of the late Palälogus, who was burnt in Rome by order of the inquisition. There is also a picture of Georg Plachy, who, at the head of the students of Prague, defended the city bridge so gloriously against the Swedes. The most interesting of all these worthies, to me, was a marble bust of Mozart, the greatest musical genius that Germany ever produced. This bust stands in a room, the shelves of which are filled only with the works of the great master.

Mozart is one of the very few Germans for whom even the Bohemian patriots express their respect without any *arrière pensée*; but then they usually remind you, that though Mozart was born in Germany, they consider him to have been a Bohemian in all but the place of his birth. In the first place, they will tell you, he wrote all his best works, his "Don Juan," "Figaro," and a few others, in Prague, in the

atmosphere of Bohemian song. Then they will add, that nowhere out of Bohemia is Mozart properly understood. In Vienna the people were at first quite unable to estimate him, and Mozart himself, they will assure you, would often say, that he had nowhere been comprehended but in Prague. "My father," said a Bohemian once to me, "was one day looking for Mozart's grave in the cemetery at Vienna, but the gravedigger was a long time before he could make out whom my father meant by the divine Mozart. At length the man suddenly cried out, 'Oh, perhaps your honour means the musician that was drowned!'" I thought the anecdote much more characteristic of the place where it was told me, than of that to which it referred.

The Bohemians in thus claiming Mozart because he lived among them, reverse the conduct of the Poles, who would rob us even of Copernicus, because he was born in a city subject to Poland, though his parents were Germans, though he received a German education, and resided the greater part of his life in Germany. The Slavonians are apt to appropriate every German who comes among them, and assimilates himself to their spirit. On the other hand, however, we are often disposed to look upon many a Slavonian author as a German, merely because he has chosen the German language as the vehicle for giving his ideas to the world, in the same way that many a German, because he happened to write in French, is always set down in France for a Frenchman. We often look upon all the Western Slavonians as so many Germans, perhaps because we consider that those countries owe their education and enlightenment to Germany, but the Slavonians themselves are much more exact in these matters. For instance, before I came to Bohemia, I never dreamt of looking on Huss but as a German. In Bohemia I was soon corrected on this point, and learnt that Huss (the h must be pronounced with a strong guttural intonation) is a genuine Tshekhian plebeian patronymic, and means neither more nor less than *goose*. Huss himself was born in a Tshekhian village, and was the son of Slavonian peasants, and in proportion as I became acquainted more intimately with his history, among his native hills, I was made gradually aware that the Hussite wars were not merely religious wars, but were in reality, a struggle on the part of the Bohemians to shake off the domination of the Germans; the emperor and his priests were hateful rather as foreign rulers than on account of their theological errors.

If I am not mistaken, I have heard it asserted at Prague that the first inventor of gunpowder was likewise a Bohemian; that we owe the art of printing, not to a German, but a Slavonian of Bohemia, has lately been repeatedly maintained, and many imagine they have demonstrated it in the most incontrovertible manner. The Bohemian version of the story is this. There lived in the early part of the fifteenth century, in a Bohemian town called Gutfenberg, or Kutfenberg, a man of the name of Joseph Tshastni. He was a learned man, and after the fashion of the learned men of his time, he translated his Bohemian name into Latin, and called himself Faustus, for *tshastni* is the Tshekhian word for

happy. At the same time, according to a practice that also then prevailed among learned men, he added to his own name that of the place of his birth, and called himself Joannes Faustus Kutfenbergensis. In 1421, about the commencement of the Hussite wars, he was driven from his country, and arrived as a fugitive at Strasburg, where he dropped the name of Faustus, and called himself simply Johann Gutfenberg. There is an ancient manuscript to which reference is made in support of this claim, and in which the following sentence occurs:—"*Posteaquam artem librorum imprimendorum, isdem Joannes Kutfenbergensis Boemus, patria Kutfenbergensis, prius Joannes Faustus nominatus, qui circa annum 1421, bella Hussitica fugiens in Germaniam abiit Strassburgi se Kutfenbergium a patria (ex more ejus temporis et simul ut patriam suam ab inventione Typographiae commendaret) appellavit.*"

The house is still shown in Prague in which this Mr. Faustus is said to have lived. He must have been in comfortable circumstances, for the house is a large one, and has since been fitted up for the reception of a public institution, that of the Deaf and Dumb School, which I visited, partly for Faustus's sake, and partly for the sake of the pupils instructed there. There were forty-one pupils residing in the house, besides twelve children who came merely as day scholars. Very few among them, I found, were completely deaf. The sound of the German *u* (like the English *oo* in proof) they could always distinguish, and when we spoke very slowly and distinctly, the children could understand the greater part of what we said by closely observing the movement of our lips; but, of course, they understand their own language of signs much more fluently. Many of their signs were of their own invention. The sign for God and heaven was always accompanied with a pious look upward. I tried to tell them something about a *tower*, and in doing so, endeavoured to imitate the sign which the teacher had taught me as representing the word; but I saw evidently that they misunderstood me, and when the teacher came to my assistance, it turned out that they had imagined I was telling them something about the pope, whom they picture to themselves as a kind of moral tower rising far above the rest of human kind.

One of the most important public institutions of Prague is the Lunatic Asylum, which, though it may not "fulfil all that, at the present day, is expected from such an establishment," as one of the physicians belonging to the house expresses himself, must yet be considered among the best of its kind, as I think my readers will themselves be ready to infer from the particulars I am about to relate of it.

The average number of patients usually in the hospital is 100, of whom about one half are dismissed cured. The number of patients usually in the hospital is 190. The gardens are handsome and spacious, and distributed into different sections for the several gradations of madness. Those who are not considered dangerous meet every Sunday in the principal garden, on which occasion a band of music is always provided. The labour in the kitchen garden is always performed by the patients, and beyond these gardens

there are some fields of considerable extent, which are ploughed, sowed, and reaped by the inmates of the house. A piece of hop-ground even is attached to the establishment, that those patients who come from the circle of Bunzlau, where this species of cultivation prevails to a great extent, may find themselves engaged in their accustomed occupation. Constant occupation is looked upon as contributing more than any other means to a cure. We saw no less than forty or fifty poor lunatics engaged in mowing, digging, weeding, watering, planting, &c.

With the exception of the straight-jacket, no species of corporal punishment is ever resorted to. Nearly all the work in the interior of the house is likewise performed by the patients,—such as cleaning the rooms, making the beds, chopping wood, cooking, carrying water, and the like. For my own part, I experienced sincere satisfaction, as I wandered about among the busy multitude, and thought of the principles by which such institutions were governed only 30 or 40 years ago, of the scenes which were then daily witnessed there, of human beings laden with chains, or strapped to benches, and frequently scourged with revolting cruelty. A lunatic asylum in those days was a place in which madmen were shut up that they might not inconvenience the rest of the world; now the object kept in view is to restore them to society.

It is characteristic of music-loving Bohemia, that in the lunatic asylum of its capital, music should be considered one of the chief instruments for the improvement of the patients. In addition to the garden concerts, in which all assist who can, there are quartettes every morning and evening in the wards, and a musical director is appointed for the express purpose of superintending this part of the domestic arrangements.

Among the patients there was none who excited my interest more than a gentleman of the name of Sieber, an accomplished scholar, who had spent some time in the East, had written several works of acknowledged merit, and had, at one time, been looked upon as a man of great natural abilities, as well as of varied acquirements. On first entering the house, he continued for some time to devote himself to his accustomed avocations, but gradually he fell into a brooding melancholy, and thence into a state of sullen madness whence no man had been able to rouse him. I saw him lying in his bed, quite motionless, with his eyes closed, and his arms crossed over his breast, more like a statue on a tomb than a human being. In this position, I was told, he lay almost always, no word ever issuing from his lips. His friends occasionally visit him and weep around his bed, but he seems unconscious of their presence. I was afterwards sorry to hear that this gentleman's presence in the madhouse stood in some connection with his political opinions, which he had, perhaps, the imprudence to proclaim somewhat too freely.\*

\* This expression might lead Mr Kohl's readers to suppose the orientalist Sieber, to have been a political victim of the Austrian government, whereas in point of fact, during his stay in Paris, in 1830, he manifested such evident symptoms of insanity, as left his friends little hope of being able to preserve him to society much longer. Francis William Sieber was born at Prague, in 1783. At his own

I was allowed to see the lists of the patients treated during several preceding years, from which I deduced two or three statistical inferences that may not be without value when compared with the results obtained at other establishments of a similar character. Among 517 patients, I found there had been 206 women and 311 men; so that the men were in the proportion to the women of more than three to two. Wedlock seemed in some measure to be a preservative against madness, for of the 517 patients, 293 had been unmarried, and 224 had been in the holy estate; the proportion, therefore, of the single to the wedded patients had been as 4 to 3. The middle stage of life would appear to be most liable to attacks of insanity, for of the 517 inmates there were 156 in whom mental alienation had manifested itself between the ages of 30 and 40.

Of the 311 men, 148 had been servants and day labourers. Of agricultural labourers and gardeners there were only 4. Among the 206 women there had been 11 sempstresses. Among the men, I also observed, as a remarkable fact, that there had been 8 schoolmasters, or 2½ per cent. of the whole.

The blind-schooll is, comparatively speaking, unimportant, affording accommodation to only sixteen children, and remarkable only on account of the religious ladies (the Grey Sisters) under whose superintendence the house is placed. For this purpose four young ladies were sent from Prague to Nancy, to pass their noviciate in the house of the Sœurs Grises, and prepare themselves for the charitable office of tending the sick. These four ladies on their return, with a French abbess at their head, founded the institution, to which has already been added, an asylum for the sick blind, in which I found twenty-eight patients. It is gene-

expense he travelled, in 1817, by way of Vienna and Trieste, to the Archipelago, where he made the island of Candia the immediate object of his researches, and collected materials for a work which he published in 1822, under the title of *Reise nach der Insel Kreta*, which is accompanied by a number of valuable engravings executed from his own drawings. In 1818 he visited Egypt, ascended the Nile to Thebes, and afterwards travelled through Palestine and Syria, and during this journey his collections were so extensive and valuable, that, when on his return they were exhibited in Vienna the public refused for a long time to believe that one man could have collected so much in so short a time. His collection of Egyptian antiquities was afterwards purchased by the Academy of Sciences in Munich. In 1822, Sieber sailed from Marseilles on a voyage round the world, during which he visited the Isle of France, the Cape of Good Hope, New Holland, New Zealand, Cape Horn, and arrived in London in July, 1824. His collections in the department of natural history, during this voyage, were astonishingly extensive, and were exhibited to the public in Dresden in 1824. Here already symptoms of insanity began to manifest themselves. He was haunted by a belief that an eminent Austrian statesman aimed at his life, and this notion continued to enervate him more and more. He imagined he had discovered an arcanum for the cure of hydrophobia, and offered to sell his secret to the Emperor of Austria for a large sum of money. Neither the Austrian, however, nor any other government manifested a willingness to pay Sieber's price, which induced him to go to Paris, where in 1830 he published a *Prospectus d'un nouveau système de la nature*, a work which betrays in every page sufficient proof of the melancholy condition into which his author had sunk, to say nothing of a remarkable signature affixed to the book: "*Francis Guillaume Sieber, le plus grand col du monde, le bête de l'Apocalypse*." Among his other works may be mentioned the following: On the Radical Cure of Hydrophobia, Munich, 1820; On the Mummies of Egypt, their Origin, Object, &c., Vienna, 1830; A Journey from Cairo to Jerusalem and back, Prague, 1823.—77.



rally said that the sick are much better tended by these ladies, who devote themselves to the cause from a motive of religious zeal, than by hired nurses, who can seldom be influenced except by the fear of losing their places. We visited the French abbess, and found in her a stirring, bustling lady. She was writing at her table when we entered, and left her papers and account books to receive us. She told us we must look upon the institution as only in its infancy, but that it would gradually grow and become more extensive. I asked her whether she felt herself comfortable in a foreign country. At first, she answered, she had pined after home, and one day, as she was sitting alone in her room, brooding over the many inconveniences of a foreign residence, somebody knocked at her door. An elderly gentleman came in, who introduced himself as a landed proprietor, and began to inquire after the circumstances and prospects of the institution. "Ma chère mère," he said, "you are a stranger here, and must have many difficulties to contend with. Your undertaking is still a young one, but it deserves universal sympathy. Allow me to hand you this parcel as a trifling contribution to the comforts of those under your charge." Before she could thank him, the stranger was gone, and had left a package containing a considerable sum of money in her hands. About three years afterwards she received a letter from a Prince L., who expressed a wish to establish a branch institution for the poor blind at Melnik. After some preliminary correspondence, she proceeded to Melnik, to superintend the formation of the new asylum, when in Prince L. she discovered the benevolent stranger, who had contributed so much by his benevolence, to dissipate the melancholy of the early part of her residence in Prague.

She told me she often received visits from Protestants, like myself, out of Northern Germany, on which occasions she always enjoyed, in secret, the timid embarrassment, with which they entered a conventual house, their minds evidently full of prejudice and wicked thoughts. She never allowed herself, she said, to be at all put out of her way by this, but spoke with them unreservedly, and seldom failed to have the pleasure of observing that her guests were gradually inspired with confidence, and departed with better thoughts than those with which they came. And I must own, it went so, in some measure, with me. Some of the Protestant scales fell from my eyes, when two of the sisters entered the room and presented themselves to me, not as pale, withered, hollow-eyed nuns, but active, healthy, busy housekeepers. One of them, in particular, was full of life and bustle, as she stirred about in the kitchen among the helpless inmates of the house. She could hardly be said to have retired from the world, she said, for she rose early, and was hard at work all day long.

The order of the Sisters and Brothers of Mercy—the grey, the brown, the black, the green, the blue, and the red—fill so important a blank in the system of public charity in Catholic countries, that every one must wish for their continuance until a better organization is substituted. In striking contrast, however, with these, is an order that has not known so well

how to combine the *labora* with the *ora*, and was therefore abolished by Joseph II. as useless, but has been restored since his death: I allude to the order of Carmelite nuns, who claim for their sisterhood the distinction of being more ancient than any other in Christendom—Mary, Anne, Magdalen, and all the other holy women of the New Testament having belonged to it. The Carmelite monks assert that their order was originally founded by the prophet Elias on Mount Carmel, in Palestine, and that all the prophets and holy men, from Elias to Christ, had belonged to the order. In the proud feeling of a piety ennobled by such unsurpassed antiquity, and by their connection with so many saints and prophets, the Carmelites seclude themselves with greater strictness than any other order from the profane world; subject themselves to severer rules, and hold themselves to be entirely dispensed from the duty of doing any thing for the benefit of the rest of their fellow-creatures. Joseph II. closed the convents belonging to this order in Prague and in other parts of his dominions, and sent the Carmelite nuns back into the world. The nuns, however, even after leaving their convents, continued, as well as they could, to observe the rules of their order, lodged generally two or three together, held little or no intercourse with the world, and lived on alms and on the work of their hands. When the Emperor Leopold heard this, he was moved by the tale, and made over to them the Barnabite convent on the Hradshin, where the Carmelite nuns have immured themselves, and shut out the rest of the world, according to their ancient fashion.

These Carmelite nuns never allow any but the meagrest food to pass their lips; they pray night and day, and sleep but little. They never sleep on any other bed but naked boards, and their only pillow is a stone. They wear a hair-cloth garment next the skin, and sometimes an iron chain, by way of girdle, with sharp prongs, that run into their flesh. Into the interior of their convent no living creature of the male sex is allowed to penetrate, and yet there are among them many delicate and young girls. Such was the account I generally heard of them at Prague, together with a multitude of marvellous and mysterious particulars. My curiosity was therefore excited, and I determined to penetrate, as far as I could, into the mysterious recesses of the community, and to obtain for myself some authentic information on the subject. It was a monk of the convent of Strahoff who lent me his aid and advice. He described to me a door of the nunnery where I might knock, and to the woman who came to inquire what I wanted, he bade me say, I was a stranger who wished to see the holy Mary Electa. This Mary Electa, it seems, is the weak point of the Carmelites, who are very proud of having her among them, and seldom refuse a stranger the favour of paying his devotions to her. "But, reverend father," I replied, "I am a Protestant, so I hope I shall not be called on to kiss the hands or feet of the saint, or to affect to pray at her shrine." "You will be asked no questions about your religion; but as I tell you, there is no other way by which you can obtain admittance."

I went accordingly, found the door to which



I had been directed, and knocked. The door was opened, and in a small vestibule I saw an elderly woman, who belonged to the domestic attendants of the convent, and who asked me what it was I wanted. I replied, as I had been taught, that I was a stranger, and wished to see the holy mother, Maria Electa.

In the wall, opposite to the door, was a small opening, and in this opening was a kind of perpendicular valve, that turned round, and through which small matters might be passed in and out of the convent. Here the attendant knocked, and shortly afterwards, a low voice was heard to inquire what was wanted. "It is a stranger, venerable sister, who wishes to see our holy mother, Maria Electa, and requests the keys of the chapel." "Yes, yes," was the reply, and in a few minutes a heavy bunch of keys fell into one of the compartments of the perpendicular valve, the old woman who acted as my guide, took the keys, and we proceeded to the chapel. I saw nothing very remarkable in the chapel, on entering, except an iron railing near the altar, behind which railing some black object appeared to be moving about. "What is that?" I asked. "Behind that railing," answered my guide, "sits our mother, Maria Electa, and one of our venerable sisters is now opening the shrine, that you may see it the better. Wait here a moment, and—" But I did not wait. On the contrary, I hastened up to the railing, which consisted of thick iron bars, and in the gloom behind them, I saw a nun closely veiled, who was kneeling before an old, brown, dried up mummy, kissing its hands and feet, and repeating one prayer after another. The mummy was the Maria Electa whom I was supposed to come in search of. She sat upon a richly ornamented throne, and was adorned with a profusion of lace and tinsel. She was surrounded by a glass case, which the nun had opened, that I might see the better. The holy sister had been somewhat long over her work, or I had been somewhat quick; but at all events, I found, in spite of the severe rules of the Carmelite order, that it was very possible for a young man to find himself tête-à-tête with a nun, and to converse with her with even less reserve than is often imposed by the etiquette of the great world.

"Excuse me, venerable sister," said I, addressing her; "Is that the Maria Electa?"

"Praise be to Jesus Christ!" she replied, after a few moments, and after she had completed her prescribed number of kisses and prayers; "Yes, this is our dear, holy, revered mother, Maria Electa!"

The nun was now standing upright before me, and though she was wrapped in a thick woollen garment, and her face was covered with a close black woollen veil, yet her form appeared to me handsome and graceful. Her voice was remarkably soft; indeed, she seemed to breathe and lisp, rather than to speak. This was at first pleasing, till I afterwards observed that all the Carmelites have the same soft, lisping, melting voice, with a kind of sentimental whine while speaking, the effect of a habit acquired from their constant praying.

In this softly breathing voice the nun told me the whole history of Maria Electa. "She was the principal of our order two hundred years

ago, and her pious and holy life will never allow us to forget her. Heaven has miraculously preserved for us her cherished frame, which continues uncorrupted. She is just as she was when living. Her hands, arms, and fingers are still quite pliant. Our holy father the Pope will therefore probably canonize her, which has not yet been done."

"You wish that he should do so, I suppose?"

"Oh certainly, we wish it very much; and indeed the business has already been taken in hand. Should we succeed, it would be to the honour and to the profit of our convent. We have printed the history of Maria, and I will give you a copy of the book."

With that she handed me a little book, which I squeezed with some difficulty between the bars, and observed at the same time that her hand was exquisitely white and delicate. My imagination immediately pictured to me a countenance equally pleasing, and in harmony with the softness and melody of her voice. I began to relate of the other saints and churches that I had seen, and of my own erratic manner of life. She listened to me with evident interest, and I indulged her the more willingly, that I might have a right, in my turn, to question her a little about her customary way of living.

"Oh, our life," said she, "is glorious, for it is devoted to praying to God. I have been here now for five years. I was born in Styria, and when I declared my determination to enter a convent, my parents wished me to choose one of the less severe orders. But I preferred the Carmelites to every other, for only those who renounce the world altogether, can belong altogether to Heaven. I readily submitted to the strict noviciate of three years, to which all must submit who wish to be received as sisters of our order. During this time we must pass through several ordeals, one of which is to abstain for a whole year from all speech, save to God and his saints. Even our sisters, during this year, speak to us only by signs, and that as seldom as possible. Those who, during these three years, have not constantly manifested a joyful devotion to their severe task, are not received into the order. Those who, before the expiration of the time, feel their resolution fail them, may retire, for we wish to have none for our sisters but such as freely and zealously long to renounce the world, that they may devote themselves to prayer, and to a communion with the saints. Nor is any allowed to take the vows before her 24th year, for when the vows have once been taken, all return to the world is impossible."

From these premises, I calculated the age of my informant to be under thirty. A pretty age! thought I, and a marvellously long way off from that total benumbing of the flesh, which I observed in the third personage to our interview, the Mother Electa, who sat enthroned in her glass case. I inquired whether there were any novices at present in the house.

"Yes, four; and there are sixteen sisters of us."

Sixteen marvellous, romantic, and very melancholy perversions of mind, thought I; a state of things, of whose existence, at this time of day, many of our cold Northerners will find it hard to form a very clear conception.

"As sisters too," she resumed, "we lead a life of constant self-denial, such as to you, no doubt, will seem very hard. Seven hours a day we invariably spend in prayer, besides which, on certain holidays, we have prayers and masses to chaunt at midnight. During the day we seldom speak to one another, and only in the morning and evening we have one hour of recreation. During these two hours we visit each other, and converse together. We make and mend our own clothes, and attend to other work in the convent, endeavouring to do as much of it as possible with our own hands.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you wear nothing but this coarse garment of wool or hair?"

"This is the only garment we wear, and our food is equally simple. Meat we never touch, but only vegetables, and fish, dressed either with oil or butter, and water is our only drink; but we are cheerful and contented, and it never occurs to us to covet any thing beyond that. We sleep on straw, and a sack of straw serves us for a pillow. Some of us, however, impose, at times, additional hardships on themselves. They will sleep, for instance, on the naked boards, or will save a portion of their scanty meals, and send it out to the poor in the world, or they will pass whole nights in prayer. In these exercises we often emulate each other, and think we cannot carry them too far; for, indeed, how can we hope sufficiently to chastise and mortify our sinful flesh?"

Good God! thought I; and these sacrifices, these ordeals, are imposed in a house surrounded by sumptuous palaces, and in the very centre of a populous luxurious city. Almost unconsciously I exclaimed—"But why do you not rather choose to live in some remote solitude, in some gloomy forest, or on some black heath?"

"It would indeed be better," resumed my nun, with her accustomed sweetness of voice, "and we would much prefer it, but we cannot remove the convent that has been assigned to us, and are not rich enough to build one in a more suitable place. Besides, we may live here as elsewhere, free from all commerce with the world, happy and cheerful, in perfect concord, and devoted to God, and to friendship for each other." At this moment there arose before my mind's eye, one of those crooked little black things that ask questions, and I began to think, that before my informant persuaded me of the cheerfulness and perfect concord of her little community, it would be necessary for her to admit me a little more behind the curtain. "And you were right in your doubts," said a friend to me afterwards; "the concord, I am sorry to say, is not such as might be expected to prevail among beings devoted to such constant exercises of piety. Intrigues and cabals are of constant occurrence in this little state within the state, particularly on the occasion of electing their principal, who is chosen anew every third year."

My gentle Carmelite, however, unconscious of my doubts, continued in the same strain. "Oh, you cannot imagine how happily, how blissfully, we live here, without a wish or a want to gratify. It is only rules so severe as ours that make it possible to enjoy heaven already upon earth." Thus saying, she closed the glass case of Maria

Electa, after she had once more kissed the hand of the withered mummy, and praying God to have me in his keeping, she withdrew into the interior of the convent. Through the open door I discerned a long passage, and at the end of it a small piece of ground planted with trees, the only place whence these poor creatures are ever able to gaze upon God's heaven. God be with thee, poor girl, thought I, as the end of her garment vanished round the corner, how grievous makest thou life to thyself! and yet has not the Lord himself said—"My yoke is soft and my burden is light!" and then I thought of the many faithful, pious mothers that I had known without the convent walls, living a life of godliness, and of daily usefulness to their fellow-creatures.

The great charm which convents, particularly nunneries, have for us, lies in the nature of the vows taken by those who retire there, and partly in the unusualness of character and fortune which we presume in the inmates. Another cause of the great interest we take in these institutions, is the mystery which surrounds them. This charm, so irresistible to a sober Protestant, attracted me once more to the Carmelites, but this time in company with a lady of rank of Prague, who went to pay a visit to the principal or *Oberin* Aloysia. We were received in the parlour, which is separated into two divisions by a double grating, such as is placed in all Carmelite convents before every window or opening through which the profane world might look into the dwelling of the holy sisters. Behind this grating hung a dark curtain which was rolled up, and presented to us the principal, and another nun, who had preceded her in office. Both were closely veiled, and my imagination was left at liberty to embellish them with endless charms, of the existence of which I was not allowed to obtain any more satisfactory evidence. My companion offered indeed to ask the principal to unveil, and expressed a conviction that the request would be complied with; but I prayed her, on no account to do so, for I feared, I scarce know why, the dissipation of those agreeable illusions in which I had been indulging.

My two visits convinced me, at all events, that the Carmelites did not live in such complete seclusion from the world as I have been told. The principal keeps up friendly relations with many ladies in Prague, receives visits from them, and accepts trifling presents. Nor do I believe, in spite of the assurances of my first informant, that they would at all like to remove into a wilderness. They do not see the world, indeed, but it is something to know that the world is about them, and though they imagine they have renounced every feeling of vanity, still it is necessary to them to know themselves admired for their self-denial. They place their solitude among the princely palaces of the Hradshin, as Diogenes placed his tub opposite to the palaces of the Athenians. The palaces that he despised were as necessary to his self-importance as to the pomp of Pericles and Alcibiades. Had the Athenians all taken to living in tubs, Diogenes would have soon found his way back into a decent house; and in the same way, I am convinced, the Carmelites would not be

long in knocking away their gratings, if they were to hear one fine morning that all the fine ladies in Prague had immured themselves.

In Vienna, the Carmelite nuns have not been able to re-establish themselves since the days of Joseph, any more than the Jesuits. The latter, however, are tolerated in several of the provincial cities of Austria. Prague has, indeed, far more convents and religious orders than Vienna, or than any other city in the Emperor's dominions. It would be much more easy to enumerate the orders that are not to be found in the Bohemian capital, than to count all the varieties of religious habits and uniforms that one encounters in every street.

It would be an interesting thing perhaps to observe all these monks in their cells, but we satisfied ourselves with a visit to the most important of them, the white Premonstrants of the monastery of Strahof, which contains one of the most celebrated libraries in Bohemia. This convent, whose real name is Strasha, which the Germans have corrupted into Strahof, was founded in 1140, or only twenty years after an angel had shown to St. Norbert, near Coucy in France, the field on which he was to build the first convent of the order. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the order possessed two thousand monasteries. At present the number does not exceed one hundred, of which that of Strahof is probably by far the most wealthy.

Like all the *Prachtkloster*, or convents on a large scale in Austria, Strahof is only partially finished. The church is in a ruinous condition, and offers a painful contrast to the magnificence of the interior of the library. The beneficial effects of this library must be inestimable, if all the pious texts and moral precepts with which its walls and columns are so liberally inscribed, have not only served as architectonic decorations, but have, at the same time, been duly impressed upon the hearts of the monks.

The library contains fifty thousand volumes, arranged with exemplary order and elegance, which would be the more gratifying if there were not so few bees to collect the honey from so fair a garden. The thirty monks of the convent can enjoy but a small portion of the rich sweets consigned to their keeping, and the channels through which their fertilizing influence might be made to flow over a wider space, require the bold hand of another Joseph to open them. Ziska, who preached in the name of Huss, and baptized with fire where Huss had come armed only with water,—Ziska whose name next to that of Joseph II., is oftenest heard in Bohemian monasteries, instead of setting the garnered sweets free for the benefit of mankind, would have stopped them up altogether, for he destroyed the monastery of Strahof as he had destroyed many others before. At present, however, his wild one-eyed countenance hangs in the picture gallery at Strahof, along with a multitude of other historical portraits; indeed I have found the picture of this puller down of castles and convents, occupying a prominent and honourable place in the collections of the many Bohemian convents and castles that I have had occasion to visit; and those who, if he were still living, would move heaven and earth to *bring him to the gallows*, now that he is not

likely to do them any more mischief, appear to be not a little proud of the privilege of counting such a dare-devil among their compatriots.

### THE JEWS' QUARTER.

The Jewish community of Prague, boasts of being the most numerous and most ancient of the Austrian monarchy, and indeed of all Germany. It consists of 10,000 individuals, so that it comprises about one-tenth of the whole population of the city. In the Galician cities only are the Jews sometimes found in a greater proportion. In Vienna, on the contrary, they amount only to one-fifth of the number resident in Prague, and if the greater population of Vienna is taken into account, the Jews of the Bohemian stand in numerical proportion to those of the Austrian capital, as twenty to one. All Bohemia is said to contain about 70,000 Jews; one-seventh of the whole, therefore, have their domiciles in Prague. All Bohemia contains four millions of inhabitants; consequently, every sixtieth man in Bohemia is a Jew, and in the capital every tenth. There are Austrian provinces in which no Jews are to be met with. These are Austria above the Ens, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola. In the last-named province, within a few years, ten Jews have established themselves. In Styria one solitary Israelite is said to hold his residence.

In the whole of the Austrian states there are at present 652,000 Jews; more than one-third of the whole, 265,000, being included within Austrian Poland, and nearly as many, 260,000, in Hungary. About one-sixth, or 110,000, inhabit Bohemia and Moravia, and the remainder are distributed in small portions, over the remaining provinces of the empire. Thus, in Transylvania there are 3,500; in Tyrol, 1,900; in Dalmatia, 500; in Lombardy, 2,000; in Venetian Lombardy, 4,000; in the Military Frontier, 400, &c. Hence it would seem, that in ancient times, the Slavonians and Magyars must have been most tolerant to the Israelites, while the Germans and Italians must always have been less willing to admit them as residents. The purely German provinces of Austria contain only 5,000 Jews, the purely Italian only 7,000; whereas in those provinces in which the Slavonian and Magyar elements of population preponderate, the Jews number no less than 620,000. Moreover, in the German and Italian provinces, the Jews are yearly decreasing in numbers, although the population generally is increasing; in Hungary, on the other hand, the Jews are increasing at a far more rapid ratio than any other class of the population.

The other question, that which refers to the antiquity of the Hebrew community at Prague, will be less easy to solve; indeed, so wide a range is there between different authorities, that there is a difference of no less than a thousand years between the date assigned by one party, and that contended for by those of an opposite opinion. The Jews maintain that their settlement at Prague dates back at least to the year 632 of the Christian era, that date being inscribed upon the most ancient tombstone of their cemetery, while several tombstones are



still to be found inscribed with various dates from the 8th century. The Bohemians, however, refuse to recognise the claim of the Jews, and deny the authenticity of the stone altogether. The Jews, they say, have occupied their present quarter only for a few centuries, having been removed to it, from the opposite side of the river, by the express command of one of the kings of Bohemia, who assigned to them the locality now known under the name of *Judenstadt*, or Jews' Town. One Bohemian antiquary told me that the inscription in question referred probably to the year 1632, and not to 632, it being still usual in many parts of Austria to abridge dates by leaving out the first figure, and to say for instance, 841, in speaking of the year 1841.

If the Jews are correct in their chronology, their community must have existed as early as the reign of the celebrated Slavonian king, Samo, who united Bohemia and Moravia into a powerful Slavonian empire; nor would there be any thing very marvellous in supposing that this mighty sovereign, under whom commerce is known to have been actively carried on, should already have had Jews among his subjects. It is not, however, known in what part of his dominions King Samo held his residence, and it is only his successors Krok and Libussa to whom credit is given for having founded Prague. Nevertheless, according to Ptolomæus, there is very little doubt that Marobudum, the ancient capital of the mighty Marbod and his Markomans, stood on the same spot on which Prague was afterwards built, in which case it is very likely that Samo ruled over the whole land from the banks of the Moldau. There would be nothing absurd therefore in supposing that the Jews may have dwelt for 1200 years where Prague now stands, even though we may not feel disposed to receive their tombstones as authentic evidence of the fact. Nay, it is quite possible, that Marbod himself, the cotemporary of Augustus, as he adopted so many things from the Romans, may, among other importations from Italy, have received a consignment of Jews for the supply of his city of Marobudum. A Hebrew colony may even have existed here at a still earlier period, when, previously to the Christian era, and before the invasion of the country by the Markomans, the Celtic sovereigns held their court in their antique capital Bubi-num, which must also have been situated very near to where Prague now stands, and probably on the spot now occupied by the village of Bubenetz. In this way the Jews may have dwelt in the country even before it was ruled either by Germans or Slavonians.

Whether or no there be any foundation for these speculations, it is not the less certain that the said Jewish cemetery has all the outward appearance of great antiquity, and belongs, as well as several of the synagogues, to the most interesting objects that a traveller can expect to look upon.

The cemetery lies in the very heart of the *Judenstadt*, where it is encircled by buildings and narrow lanes. Its form is very irregular winding, now broad and then narrow, amid the houses that overtop its lofty wall. This very irregularity of form seems to speak in favour of the high antiquity of the place, to which, through

succeeding centuries, a fragment seems now to have been added here, and now there. In the central part of the enclosed space, the tombstones are crowded together in a manner I never saw equalled anywhere else. Close to the wall, on the inside, is a footpath, and a man must walk tolerably fast to be able to make the round in a quarter of an hour. The Jews do not, as we do, inter fresh corpses in graves whose former tenants have mouldered into dust, but always place their dead either over or by the side of each other. This practice occasions the astonishing accumulation of tombstones, of which I am sure there are several hundred thousand in this cemetery. They have all a family resemblance, being four-cornered tablets with neatly-executed inscriptions. They stand literally as closely together as ears in a cornfield. All are carefully preserved, though some have sunk more or less into the ground, so much so, that here and there you see a stone, of which only a small portion is still visible. The whole is overgrown with elder bushes, that stretch their knotty and confused branches from stone to stone. These elders are the only trees that grow there, and some of them seem to be nearly as old as the stones which they overshadow. The presence of the eldertree in burying-grounds is not, however, peculiar to this place, but prevails very generally throughout Bohemia.

Here and there a small path winds among the thicket of tombstones and elder trees, and on following it you come to small elevated spaces of ground, that have been left unoccupied, and are now overgrown with grass. If I were a painter, and wished to paint a picture of the Resurrection, I must confess, I should choose one of these little grass-grown knolls in the Jewish cemetery of Prague for the scene, in preference to any other. I can imagine no more picturesque spot from which to contemplate so vast a spectacle, and I wonder, when we have so many pictures of the celebrated burying-ground at Constantinople, that our artists should not also have taken that of the Jews at Prague as a subject for their pencils.

The inscriptions are nearly all in Hebrew. Nowhere did I see a Bohemian inscription, and only here and there, on a stone of comparatively modern date, has the German language been used. The year is always at the top. The tombs of those of Aaron's race are distinguished by two hands graven into the stone, and those of the Levites by a pitcher, to mark the office of the latter to pour water on the hands of the former, when performing their ablutions in the temple.

The descendants of Aaron never visit the cemetery during their lives. Any contact with, or even a near approach to, a dead body, is a pollution for them. They may not, therefore, remain in a house in which a dead body is lying. There is but one exception made to this law, namely, when the father of an Aaronite dies, in which case the son may come within three ells of the body, and follow it to the burying-ground, till within three ells of a grave. The Jewish laws even prescribe the distance at which an Aaronite must keep when passing a burying-ground, which distance, however, is not calculated from the outer wall, but from the nearest

grave. Now, in Prague, it happens that one street passes close to this wall, and that just in this spot the graves not only reach up to the very wall, but that some are even supposed to lie under the pavement of the street. This would, consequently, be a forbidden road to every Aaronite, had not particular arrangements been made to provide a remedy. This has been done by undermining that part of the street, and the empty vaulted space thus obtained, protects the Aaronite against pollution, for, according to the law, one hundred ells of vaulted space, are deemed equal to one thousand filled with solid earth.

Here, as in every other Jewish cemetery, a piece of ground has been set apart for the interment of children stillborn, or of premature birth. In the course of time, this portion of the cemetery has grown into a hill or mound, eighty paces long, ten paces broad, and twelve feet high. *Ephel* is the Hebrew word for a child whose life does not extend beyond the fourth week, and *Ephel* is the name given by the Jews to this mound formed of infantine remains. Close to this *Ephel* are situated some old houses that seem to be on the point of falling in. They are propped up by beams resting on the *Ephel*; thus the mouldering bones of deceased infants lend their support, perhaps, to the tottering dwelling-places of their living parents.

When, some sixty years ago, the Emperor Joseph prohibited all future interments within the walls of the city, the Jews had purchased a small piece of land, and consecrated it as an addition to their cemetery. Having once been consecrated, though not one body has been interred there, the ground has become holy, and may not be sold again; but though it may not be sold, it may be let for hire, and accordingly a dealer in wood has become the tenant, and uses the place as a depot for his merchandise. The whole cemetery, since Joseph's time, has been only an interesting piece of antiquity, still no portion of it can be sold or built upon.

The Hebrew community of Prague enjoys a high reputation among all the Jews of Central Europe, and many celebrated Hebrew scholars, many distinguished women, and many eminent merchants and bankers, rest within its cemetery. The community of Prague may even be looked on as the parent hive, whence many an enterprising swarm departed for the colonization of Poland and Hungary, and I had subsequent opportunities of satisfying myself of the influence which a Jew from Prague is able, even at the present day, to exercise among his co-religionaries of Hungary.

In the cemetery of Prague, many a grave is pointed out to the stranger as that of a man high in renown among those of his own nation. Among others, I was called on to admire the beautifully-sculptured monument of a fair Jewess, who had risen to be a lady of high rank, the wife of a wealthy Polish Count. There were several tombs which, I was told, belonged to Levites and Rabbis of high fame and distinction, and to one my attention was directed, as that of a youth who died some centuries ago, at the early age of eighteen. This youth had been, even in childhood, they told me, a miracle of learning, wisdom, beauty, and virtue. God had endowed him with the most pleasing qualities,

and Jehovah's spirit hovered unceasingly over the boy's head. He was too virtuous, however, for this world, and his Creator therefore called him away in his eighteenth year. At his death there were signs and miracles, and the heavens were obscured. The King of Bohemia who then reigned, observing this, sent over to the other side of the river to demand of the wise men among the Jews, the cause of this sudden darkness, and was informed, in reply to his interrogatories, that an angelic soul had just departed from the earth.

One tomb, erected early in the last century, was pointed out to me as that of a wealthy and benevolent Israelite of the name of Meissel. He had inherited nothing from his father, and continued, till death, to be a dealer in old iron. He lived in the same modest and parsimonious manner as the majority of his nation; but with the money that he was thus able to save, he built the Jewish council-house at Prague, and four synagogues. Six streets were paved at his expense, and sixty poor people were weekly fed by him. No one knew whence his money came, or where he concealed it, but it was supposed that he had found a quantity of gold among some old iron that he had accidentally purchased.

At present, the Jewish cemetery, like most old ruins or deserted places, serves as a refuge to a number of thieves and deserters, who are often able to conceal themselves for a long time among the bushes and tombs. Among the immediately adjacent houses are an asylum for young children, an infirmary, and an hospital. For the accommodation of the children a doorway has been broken through the wall, and a small unoccupied space of the cemetery has been assigned to them as a playground, where a shed with benches and tables has been erected for their use. I own, when I saw the little creatures sporting about in their little corner of a church-yard, and frolicking among the closely-crowded gravestones, I could not help asking myself what influence such a playground was likely to exercise over the future development of their minds. They were plucking wild flowers from the graves, and wreathing them into garlands. There were many pale, meagre, helpless little creatures among them; and, as I looked on them, I could not but think of the different fate of the little favourites of fortune, whose first tottering steps are made among flowery parterres, or over the lawn of a park. A singular contrast to this scene presented itself when I visited the infirmary, where I found a number of aged creatures of both sexes, who had completely sunk into the helplessness of a second infancy. Among them was a Jewess more than a hundred years old, who had been bedridden for years. She lay crooked, blind, and almost motionless, more like a vegetable than an animated being, and the only sign of life manifested by her, was an occasional whining sound. About forty old men and women were coughing, hobbling, and groaning around us. I was accompanied by a man of some consideration in the community. He was saluted by the inmates of the house in a completely oriental style. They came tottering up to him, kissed his garment, addressed him over and over again by the title of "Gracious Master," and wished him long



health, and the blessing of God. Many of the poor people had nothing in this institution but a rude couch in a very uninviting corner of the room; yet they were unceasing in their professions of gratitude, for the mercies vouchsafed them, though there seemed to me to be little at the house deserving of commendation except the fact of its existence. I shuddered as I thought how wretched must be the dens, rescued from which, was calculated to elicit forth such warm expressions of thankfulness. In fact, I believe, that in the Jews' quarter of Prague, many a human being breathes forth a spirit among scenes of such heart-rending wretchedness that even an infirmity, such as I was now visiting, may still deserve to be called a beneficent institution, entitling its leaders and supporters to the thanks and esteem of every truly benevolent mind. Would they were more powerfully seconded in their humane endeavours, that they might receive a larger share from the floods of misery which the Judenstadt of Prague is at present overflowing!

That a vast extent of moral desolation there still exist in this city, was made evident to me by the case of a human being whom I found in this infirmity. He was a boy that had been found wandering about the streets of Prague. He appeared to me to be between ten and twelve years old. He was taken up by the police in the streets, a wild little creature, and unable to speak or understand any language. He was handed over to the Jewish magistrates, who placed him in the infirmity, after having vainly endeavoured to find a clue to the child's name. The name of Lebel Kremsier was given.

We found him crouching in a corner beneath a window and a large chest. "He is wild and ungovernable," said the superintendent of the house; "and though I have beaten him for his misdeeds, he will sometimes jump like a cat from the window, and go hiding among the trees and gravestones yonder. His delight is in the cats, and if he catches them he kills them. His limbs are powerful, and his teeth remarkably strong and sharp. So saying, the superintendent pulled open the boy's mouth, and showed his teeth, much in the same way that a showman at a fair would have exposed the tusks of a wild animal. "He will eat as much as grown men," continued the superintendent, "he is not at all dainty, swallowing indifferently every kind of food offered him. Sometimes

he is more than usually wild, and then he is ferocious, biting and scratching all who come near him; me, however, he never ventures to touch. He says nothing, and if any one speaks to him, he merely repeats the words, like an incoherent echo." The countenance of the child was regularly formed, and his eyes were full of intelligence. I said to him, "What is your name?" He replied only by imperfectly articulating the last words, "your name." "Why have you no trousers on?" said I. "No—trous—on," he echoed that answered to my interrogatory, "Lebel Kremsier, are you not cold?" "Cold," he answered with which he replied. While he was repeating my words, his face was disfigured by a kind of smile or grin that seemed to

tremble over his features. I attributed this to embarrassment; but my guide told me it was the effect of mere terror, and then, for the first time, I observed that the whole body of the child was trembling. After I had passed on, I looked back, and saw that he still sat cowering, trembling, and grinning.

In desolate places, among forests or marshes, such wild abandoned beings have sometimes been found; but how it was possible for a wretched creature like Lebel Kremsier to grow up in a populous city, is a riddle I am unable to solve.

There are no less than twenty Jewish *Besses Medreshes*, or houses of instruction, besides eight temples, the greater part of which are in the immediate vicinity of the cemetery. The oldest and most interesting is that called the *Altneuschule*, whose internal arrangements interested me the more, as the ancient style of the architecture, and the order of divine service still observed there, afforded me an opportunity of instituting a comparison with the reformed system of worship which is making rapid way among the modern Jews, and has already taken firm root at Prague, where it threatens to drive the old synagogues and the old schools completely out of the field. I scarcely believe that there is any thing like the *Altneuschule* of Prague to be found, at the present day, in any other part of Germany.

The outside of this synagogue looks like one of those old warehouses that may still be seen in some of our German cities, that have undergone but little change since the middle ages. Within, the dust, dirt, gloom, and smokiness of the whole place, remind one of a catacomb. From the ceiling hangs a large flag, so large indeed, that it extends the whole length of the synagogue. This flag was given to the Jews by Ferdinand III., after the termination of the thirty years' war, for the patriotism and gallantry they had displayed when Prague was besieged by the Swedes in the last year of the war. During this siege, all the citizens of Prague, even the students, the Jesuits, and the monks, had fought bravely on the walls, and had even made several sorties to attack the besiegers. In reward for their gallant behaviour, the emperor conferred the honour of knighthood on a number of the citizens, including all the city councillors, in addition to which, various honours and immunities were conferred on several of the corporations and convents.

The *Esoras Nashim* (that portion of the synagogue set apart for the women) is partitioned off from the body of the temple by a wall a foot and a half in thickness. A narrow staircase, such as may be seen behind the scenes of a low theatre, serves as the only means of access for the women. In the narrow passages surrounded by walls, they have their chairs. At regular intervals there are in the walls certain rents or apertures, about an ell in length and an inch in breadth, and through these narrow holes comes all that the female members of the congregation are allowed to hear of the word of God. Here they crowd together, looking and listening down into the temple, through an opening that would be abundantly small for one of them, if she had it all to herself. "They will hear but little ~~there~~,"



I observed to the Israelite who conducted me down the stairs. "Oh, quite enough for women," was his ungallant reply.

On the tribune, in the centre of the synagogue, stood an old rabbi and preached. His listeners crowded around the tribune, and some had even intruded upon the tribune itself. Close before the preacher sat a white-haired old man, who appeared to be hard of hearing, and stretched forth his ear in the effort to catch the words of the speaker. Near him was a crowd of boys. The preacher was not, as with us, confined within the limited space of a pulpit, but moved freely about from one side of the stage to the other. There was much in this that would have been highly indecorous to our Protestant notions. As far as grouping and outward form are concerned, a highly interesting daguerreotype picture might have been furnished by the assembled congregation; but, however loudly the preacher vociferated, the spirit that should have given warmth and life to his discourse was altogether wanting. His discourse was the strangest medley of German and Hebrew that I had ever heard. Every text from the Bible was first given in Hebrew, and then translated into German. At one moment the speaker would be commenting upon Nebuchadnezzar, then upon the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; then again he would enlarge upon the false lights of modern times, to elucidate which he would skip up the whole ladder of history to the days of Adam.

The changes introduced into their temples of late years by the more enlightened Israelites, have altered none of the essential parts of divine service, which, in spirit and form, remains precisely such as it is prescribed by the ancient law. It is only the innovations, that had crept in during the course of time, that have been reformed; and in complying with the letter of the law, they have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possible, whatever is calculated to offend the enlightenment of modern times. Thus, in the reformed Jewish temples, the women still continue to be separated from the men; but by open railings, and not by thick walls. The ancient hymns have been retained: but they are more carefully performed, and a suitable choir of singers is maintained for the purpose. The doctrine of the sermon may be also little altered; but some oratorical ability is looked for in the preacher, who is expected to cultivate a purer style, and to refrain from a perpetual repetition of Hebrew quotations.

It was in Berlin and Hamburg that the first associations were formed among the Jews, with a view to bring about these reforms, and the example was soon followed in every part of Germany. In Prague, about a hundred men joined together, built a new synagogue, and sent a deputation to Berlin and Hamburg, to obtain more complete information respecting the reformed mode of worship, and to select a preacher of learning, piety, and oratorical ability. The first selection was not a fortunate one; for the new teacher obtained but little favour in the eyes of his flock. The second, Mr. Sax, who, like his predecessor, came from Berlin, has, however, become so popular, that even Protestants and Catholics will often go to hear him preach. I went to hear him on the

day kept in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; but, unfortunately, I arrived too late, the sermon being just over. The women, like the men, were sitting in the lower space of the temple, with this difference only, that the men occupied the centre, and the women the side aisles. The choir was composed of a number of young men and boys, in a black costume, with small black velvet caps. As they sung, they were accompanied by a small organ, and the psalms had been rendered into a pure and well-written German version.

The reform in the Jewish temple took root in Vienna somewhat sooner than in Prague, and is now extending its influence from these two centres to all the Hebrew communities of the Austrian empire. Schools, hospitals, and other institutions connected more or less with religion will not fail to be beneficially affected by the movement; which, indeed, they already feel, as I had subsequently more than one occasion to remark. The Austrian government has tolerated and even encouraged these reforms; the more readily, as they have not hitherto led to any religious cabals and dissensions. These indeed, the friends of reform and progress, are sedulous to avoid, and for that very reason they always protest against their being called or treated as a separate party. Nevertheless, something like a feeling of aversion shows itself between those of the old faith and the new. The Old Jews look upon their innovating brethren, however cautious these may be, as violators of the law, and murmur at their proceedings accordingly; but if the reformers continue to observe the same moderation, they will carry their whole nation with them in time. "Our chief rabbi, Rappoport, is an enlightened man," said one of the reformers to me, "and in his heart he is certainly on our side; but he must not quarrel with either side, and therefore does not choose to pronounce himself too openly against the old ones."

This Mr. Rappoport is at present one of the most eminent and most highly-considered men in the whole community of Prague, though it is but lately that he arrived there, and that from Poland, a country in which no one can say that enlightenment has as yet made any great progress among the Jews. He resided formerly at Tarnopol, in Galicia, but his reputation for learning and liberality spread far and wide, and caused him, a few years ago, to be promoted to the post which he now holds. I went to pay my respects to him, and found him surrounded by a circle of learned scribes.

The rabbis in this part of the world—I mean in Bohemia, Poland, and Hungary—continue to live after the fashion of the wise men of the East. They allow the light of their wisdom to shine upon the world in a very different way from our learned philosophers of Europe, who, unless when addressing a respectfully listening auditory from the rostrum, are seldom accessible to the multitude that stand so much in need of their instructions. Here the rabbis sit upon the open market-place, like the kings and judges in eastern lands, and in their houses they sit with open doors, ready to receive and answer all who come for consolation or advice. This is particularly the case on the solemn festivals,

when the rabbis receive all who come to them, their dwellings being looked upon, apparently, on those occasions, less as private houses, than as places of assembly for the whole congregation. The wife and daughters are generally found in an ante-room, where they receive the guest, and usher him into the inner apartment, into the presence of the rabbi, who, arrayed in his pontificals, generally sits at the end of a long table, encircled by a numerous assemblage of visitors, strangers, and friends.

It was thus that I found the chief rabbi, Rapoport, whose acquaintance I was desirous to make. He had not yet laid aside the costume of the Jews of Eastern Europe, and sat in his arm-chair in a black silk caftan and a high furred cap. Israelites from Magdeburg, from Hamburg, from Warsaw, and from Amsterdam, were sitting around him, and other visitors were constantly arriving and departing. Mr. Rapoport is an Aaronite, a distinction that carries with it privileges far more burdensome than profitable. Of one of these I have already spoken. Another is, that every newly-born child is brought to an Aaronite that he may bless it. There are also some Levites at Prague, but they are less numerous than the Aaronites. The same is observed to be the case in all the other Jewish communities of Europe: and this, I was told, was because Cyrus, when he re-established Jerusalem, brought back to Palestine a greater number of Aaronites than of Levites.

Mr. Rapoport told us that the Jewish Caraites of the Crimea and Turkey, had lately found a stone, from the inscriptions on which they sought to show the very remote antiquity of their sect; but that he had lately written an epistle to them to show that the stone could not be genuine, as it professed to be dated from the creation of the world, at a time when that was not the era by which the Israelites reckoned. In his letter he said, he had proved to the Caraites, that the era from which the Jews originally reckoned was the flight from Egypt, with which their political history commenced. This system of chronology they retained for about one thousand years, when they adopted the era of the Seleucidae, which prevailed among the Chaldeans, the Syrians, the Persians, and among most of the oriental nations. This system of computation was retained by the Jews till about five hundred years ago, when the creation of the world was adopted.

Religion among the Jews forms naturally a subject of constant and familiar conversation, as having been the element in which their political and moral relations have at all times been developed. We were led to speak of the subject by an allusion to the cherub wings lately placed by the Israelites of Prague, over the holy shrine of the tablets of the law. I observed that these wings appeared to me very incomplete without the bodies of the angels. This they told me, one and all, was a remark that none but a Christian would have thought of making; that to them such figures of angels would be an abomination, and that whenever they entered a Christian church, with its pictures and statues, they felt much as their forefathers must have felt when they entered the temples of the heathens.

From the rabbi's house my Jewish friends conducted me to their council-house, erected by the Israelite Meissel, of whom I have already spoken. In this building is preserved the ancient charter of the community, which has been signed and confirmed by each of the emperors and empresses of Austria. This charter is preserved as an invaluable treasure, and yet I believe the only privileges granted by it are such as peaceful subjects ought to enjoy, without requiring the security of the sign manual of their sovereigns—namely, the toleration of their religion, and the permission to exist. From the turret of this council-house the whole *Judenstadt* may be surveyed, bounded on one side by water, and on the other by a row of Christian churches. From this turret may be seen all the Jewish streets, swarming with beggars, and all the wretched roofs under which so many forms of wretchedness creep for shelter. As I gazed on what I knew to be the scene of so much suffering, the words of the prophet Baruch came into my mind:

1 Therefore the Lord hath made good his word, which he pronounced against us, and against our judges that judged Israel, and against our kings, and against our princes, and against the men of Israel and Judah,

2 To bring upon us great plagues, such as never happened under the whole heaven, as it came to pass in Jerusalem, according to the things that were written in the law of Moses;

3 That a man should eat the flesh of his own son, and the flesh of his own daughter.

4 Moreover he hath delivered them to be in subjection to all the kingdoms that are round about us, to be as a reproach and desolation among all the people round about, where the Lord hath scattered them.

5 Thus we were cast down, and not exalted, because we have sinned against the Lord our God, and have not been obedient unto his voice.

BARUCH, chap. II.

It is melancholy to think that this description has continued true through centuries, and applies even at the present day to the condition of the Israelites in every hemisphere and in every land.

#### POPULAR SCENES IN PRAGUE.

The Austrians say of the Bohemians (that is to say, of the genuine Tshekhshs), that they are incapable of abandoning themselves to any thing like a frank, cheerful gaiety, their temper being naturally gloomy and reserved, with a tendency towards melancholy. This judgment respecting the Bohemians is so universally adopted by the Austrians, that there must be some foundation for it, for there is always some truth in the sentence which one nation passes on another. We will not at present inquire how the Austrians came to adopt such an opinion, for our business is at present rather with facts than speculations; and as far as the city of Prague is concerned, the manners of the people have been so decidedly Germanized, or rather Austrianized, that the provincial distinctions at which I have hinted are not likely to appear very evident to a stranger. A German arriving at Prague feels himself in an Austrian city; he hears everywhere the Austro-German dialect; meets at every turn some specimen of Austrian goodhumour; and in the popular scenes that present themselves to his notice, he will re-



I observed to the Israelite who conducted me down the stairs. "Oh, quite enough for women," was his ungallant reply.

On the tribune, in the centre of the synagogue, stood an old rabbi and preached. His listeners crowded around the tribune, and some had even intruded upon the tribune itself. Close before the preacher sat a white-haired old man, who appeared to be hard of hearing, and stretched forth his ear in the effort to catch the words of the speaker. Near him was a crowd of boys. The preacher was not, as with us, confined within the limited space of a pulpit, but moved freely about from one side of the stage to the other. There was much in this that would have been highly indecorous to our Protestant notions. As far as grouping and outward form are concerned, a highly interesting daguerreotype picture might have been furnished by the assembled congregation; but, however loudly the preacher vociferated, the spirit that should have given warmth and life to his discourse was altogether wanting. His discourse was the strangest medley of German and Hebrew that I had ever heard. Every text from the Bible was first given in Hebrew, and then translated into German. At one moment the speaker would be commenting upon Nebuchadnezzar, then upon the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; then again he would enlarge upon the false lights of modern times, to elucidate which he would skip up the whole ladder of history to the days of Adam.

The changes introduced into their temples of late years by the more enlightened Israelites, have altered none of the essential parts of divine service, which, in spirit and form, remains precisely such as it is prescribed by the ancient law. It is only the innovations, that had crept in during the course of time, that have been reformed; and in complying with the letter of the law, they have endeavoured to avoid, as much as possible, whatever is calculated to offend the enlightenment of modern times. Thus, in the reformed Jewish temples, the women still continue to be separated from the men; but by open railings, and not by thick walls. The ancient hymns have been retained: but they are more carefully performed, and a suitable choir of singers is maintained for the purpose. The doctrine of the sermon may be also little altered; but some oratorical ability is looked for in the preacher, who is expected to cultivate a purer style, and to refrain from a perpetual repetition of Hebrew quotations.

It was in Berlin and Hamburg that the first associations were formed among the Jews, with a view to bring about these reforms, and the example was soon followed in every part of Germany. In Prague, about a hundred men joined together, built a new synagogue, and sent a deputation to Berlin and Hamburg, to obtain more complete information respecting the reformed mode of worship, and to select a preacher of learning, piety, and oratorical ability. The first selection was not a success; for the new teacher obtained but little favour in the eyes of his flock. Then Mr. Sax, who, like his predecessor, had been in Berlin, has, however, become so popular, that even Protestants and Catholics will hear him preach. I went to hear

day kept in commemoration of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; but, unfortunately, I arrived too late, the sermon being just over. The women, like the men, were sitting in the lower space of the temple, with this difference only, that the men occupied the centre, and the women the side aisles. The choir was composed of a number of young men and boys, in a black costume, with small black velvet caps. As they sung, they were accompanied by a small organ, and the psalms had been rendered into a pure and well-written German version.

The reform in the Jewish temple took root in Vienna somewhat sooner than in Prague, and is now extending its influence from these two centres to all the Hebrew communities of the Austrian empire. Schools, hospitals, and other institutions connected more or less with religion will not fail to be beneficially affected by the movement; which, indeed, they already feel, as I had subsequently more than one occasion to remark. The Austrian government has tolerated and even encouraged these reforms; the more readily, as they have not hitherto led to any religious cabals and dissensions. These indeed, the friends of reform and progress, are sedulous to avoid, and for that very reason they always protest against their being called or treated as a separate party. Nevertheless, something like a feeling of aversion shows itself between those of the old faith and the new. The Old Jews look upon their innovating brethren, however cautious these may be, as violators of the law, and murmur at their proceedings accordingly; but if the reformers continue to observe the same moderation, they will carry their whole nation with them in time. "Our chief rabbi, Rappoport, is an enlightened man," said one of the reformers to me, "and in his heart he is certainly on our side; but he must not quarrel with either side, and therefore does not choose to pronounce himself too openly against the old ones."

This Mr. Rappoport is at present one of the most eminent and most highly-considered in the whole community of Prague, though but lately that he arrived there, and that Poland, a country in which no one can be enlightened without yet made any progress among the Jews. He resided for some years in Tarnopol, where his reputation for learning and piety had far and wide caused him to be promoted to be promoter of the post which he now holds. I went to my respects to him, and found him surrounded by a circle of his friends.

The rabbis in the world—  
in Bohemia, Poland, &c.—  
live after the fashion of the  
East. Their wives and families  
are all Jews.



—it seems strange to me, I say, that none of our modern painters should have attempted more poetical and characteristic scenes than are of daily occurrence in one of these houses of Prague. Imagine the crowded interior, the singer forming the central figure, the guests joining in chorus, waiters with their mugs of beer snatching a fragment of the song as they hasten from customer to another; the jolly well-fed host sitting with dignity through his little world; just we forget the stalls at the door for the sale of bread and sausages, for the vender of supplies not these, he ministers only to the needs of his visitors, and those who would satisfy their hunger must bring their viands with them. In the coffee-houses, which are numberless in Prague, whereas in Dresden there are none, many peculiarities; but they are all fashionable Austrian models, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. I, coming from the north, was struck by the brilliant manner in which these places were lighted. I could not first persuade myself that the rooms were illuminated with gas. The fact is, the people here understand the management of oil much better than in any other part of Germany. Nothing of this, I believe, is owing to the superior quality of the oil.

Now we're to be bored about lamp-trim-ming," methinks I hear some of my fair readers say. "Pretty company you take us into! you introduce us to girls that go dancing in the streets, heaven knows why; then to beer-bibbers of the cattle-market, to the toffs of the coffee-houses, and—" No matter, my fair censor, pray. Does your name begin with A? To be Anna, or Annette, or Annchen, or Nancy, Nannette, Nannerl, or Nettschen! So far as the Austrian eagle stretches its wings over the fair sex, these names all pass for the same and the same. If any one of these names belongs to you, I congratulate you, for in case you are most pressing and kindly invited to the festival of St. Anne, celebrated every year in the charming Moldauninsel, and there I shall be my agreeable duty to introduce you to every well-bred and agreeable company, in which you will find all the pretty Annes of the fair sex, a crowd worthy of all admiration, and in which you will find the popular manners of the fair presented to you in a totally different point of view.

St. Anne's day is one of the most distinguished of our festivals in all parts of the Austrian empire, but nowhere are the Annes more numerous than in Prague. This holiday falls on the 12th of July, and on the preceding evening the street-corner is tapestried with urgent invitations to festivities of every description. The inn-keepers and other masters of the revels are zealous in their descriptions of the brilliant entertainments made by them for the entertainment of all the pretty Annes in Prague. One presses himself simply to the "beautiful Annes," another to the "charming Annes of the Bohemian capital," a third heads his placard with an invocation to the "highly respected Annettes." Accordingly, when, on the all-important day, the rising sun sheds his illuminating rays on the corners of the streets of

Prague, those pretty maidens for whom their godmothers have taken the necessary care, may behold their fated name made glorious in yellow, blue, and red letters, in Latin, Gothic, and German characters, and may see themselves invited to such a countless number of dinners, suppers, breakfasts, rural excursions, balls, and illuminations, that it must sadly puzzle them to determine to which of so many kindly soliciting admirers they will extend their approving smiles.

The beautiful *Färberinsel* is always the chief point of attraction on this day. This island, perhaps one of the most beautiful places of public resort in all Germany, is not large, of an oval form, about 150 fathoms long, and 100 fathoms broad, is surrounded by the rapid waters of the Moldau, and presents its visitors with a complete Panorama of Prague and its hills. To the right you see from the *Färberinsel* the old city, to the left the Hradshin and the *Kleinseite*, behind rises the Vissehrad, and in front lies the old Moldau bridge. In the centre of the island are some elegant buildings, which stand open all day long for the entertainment of strangers. In the rear of these buildings, he who feels himself disposed for sedentary enjoyment, will find abundance of benches and tables laid out under the canopy of huge spreading trees, and a tribune erected for the accommodation of an orchestra will seldom be found unoccupied. On both sides are paths, which wind off among grassplots and bushes, and on St. Anne's day, every place is hung with wreaths and garlands, with here and there triumphant arches, illuminated at night, and decorated with colossal A's and N's.

Early in the morning the host who farms the bridge that leads to this charming little island, has already taken a more considerable toll than is received during the whole twenty-four hours on any other day in the year; for the music, on St. Anne's day, begins at sunrise, and closes not till the moon has vanished on the following night. The greatest throng is between five and seven in the afternoon, but the more aristocratic of the Annes generally retire on the first appearance of the moon and lamplight.

The afternoon on which I found myself in the *Färberinsel*, in honour of the distinguished day, was favoured by the most delightful weather. The fair sex were in a majority of two to one, owing, no doubt, to the great number of Annes with whom Prague has from time immemorial been blessed. The place was small and the crowd great, so great that the visitors could do little else than move in slow procession along the broad walk which encircles the island.

"I can confidently say that I am not what is generally called an enthusiast," said a friend who accompanied me, as we plunged from the little bridge over the Moldau, into this stream of life and beauty, "but it does seem to me as if in the whole course of my life I had never been surrounded by so many angels' heads, by so many graceful forms, or by so many beautiful faces."—"It is truly a bewitching spectacle," was my answer. We now proceeded to stem the current, that we might admire the fair promenaders at greater leisure, and without making use of the slightest hyperbole, I was obliged to own that never in my life had I seen so magnificent a display of beauty. One lovely face

followed another in quick succession, and even I, dull and unexcitable as I have often been obliged to deem myself, could not resist the influence of the scene, and the enthusiasm with which I felt myself inspired, was to me the best proof that the spectacle was one of unusual beauty. Like Xerxes at the Hellespont, when contemplating his numerous array of soldiers, I could have shed a tear at the thought, that all the loveliness before me was destined to be the prey of Time and Death.

That the little ugly, squalling, red-faced creatures (for all newly-born babies are alike) should grow up in Prague into such remarkably beautiful girls, is one of those phenomena of nature which I cannot take upon myself to explain. Some have attributed the fact to the mingling of German with Slavonian blood, but this the Slavonians protest against most loudly, telling you that in the villages of the interior, where no such mixture of the races has taken place, much finer specimens of female beauty are to be found, than in any of the frontier districts. The members of the Bohemian Patriotic Association boast, moreover, that by far the richest display of beauty is to be seen at their balls, where nothing but Bohemian is ever spoken, and where, consequently, the bulk of the company must be genuine Slavonian; nay, even the far-famed beauty of the Hungarian ladies is attributed by these zealous patriots to the mixture of Slavonian blood with that of the original races. The theory is not one that I would at once reject as absurd. On the contrary, I often fancied, in the course of my subsequent wanderings, that I saw reason to believe there was some ground for it. Be this, however, as it may, Prague is decidedly a very garden of beauty. For the young ladies of 1841, I am ready to give my testimony most unreservedly, and many an enraptured traveller has left us his books as living witnesses to the loveliness of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation. The old chronicler, Hammerschmidt, and his contemporaries, dwell with equal pleasure on the sweet faces that smiled upon them in their days, and the picture gallery of many a Bohemian castle is there to testify to the truth of their statements. One witness there is to the fact, whose right few will question to decide on such a point. Titian, who studied the faces of lovely women for ninety-six years, and who, while at the court of Charles V., spent five years in Germany, tells us, it was among the ladies of Prague, that he found his *ideal* of a beautiful female head. If we go back beyond the times of Titian, we have the declaration of Charles IV. that Prague was a *hortus deliciarum*, and whoever has read the life of that emperor, will scarcely doubt that beautiful women must have been included in the delights of a capital so apostrophized. Nay, the time-honoured nobility of the beauty of Prague, may be said to go back even to the earliest tradition, where we find it celebrated in the legends of Libussa and Vlasta, and the countless songs composed in honour of the *Devij Slavynake* or Tshekhan damsels.

I own I am still at a loss to conceive how it was possible for Petrarch to reject the overtures of his fair Bohemians, and how he could find it

in his heart to wage against them the barbarous war that has since become so famous in history. I am not at all surprised that his first enterprises against them should have been marked by such singular failure. I am sure that if the two thousand Nancies and Nannettes whom I saw assembled on the *Färberinsel* had taken it suddenly into their heads to get up an insurrection, and intrench themselves within their little island, any army that the Emperor could have sent against them, would have been much more likely to surrender at discretion to the besieged, than to turn their murderous artillery against such a garden of loveliness, or to flesh their bright swords among the Vienna shawls and French silks that were paraded so bewitchingly before my eyes.

By the time that, stemming this tide of beauty, we had made the round of the island some three or four times, night had stolen upon us, though to do him justice, Helios was in no hurry to run away from so fair a scene, but seemed to linger long, unwilling to depart, before he could make up his mind to consign himself to the accustomed embraces of Thetis. The fireworks had to wait long before it was sufficiently dark for the proper display of the rockets and Chinese fire that were intended to blaze in honour of the day, and when they were let off, they turned out to be very little worthy of being waited for; but the music of the Bohemian *polkas* and *redouks* compensated for the failure of the fireworks. The whole festivity closed with a "splendid supper," at which I found it impossible, either for money or fair words, to obtain the slightest particle of any thing to eat or drink.

From the delightful promenade of the *Färberinsel*, I went to one of the popular balls, given at the twelve dancing-rooms at Prague. These rooms are never closed on Sundays or holidays, but on this day they had recommended themselves to public favour with even more than wonted assiduity. I extended my patronage to an establishment of which the host recommended himself by a feeling of "Veneration for all Nannettes." The classes represented in this ball-room belonged to the humbler section of the middle orders, and I am sorry to be obliged to own that I found neither the Bohemian beauty nor the Austrian merriment that I had looked for. There is something repulsive in the impression produced by an assemblage in which we find the costume of the cultivated classes copied with great precision, but from which the manners and conversation of refined life are entirely excluded. In proportion as the fashions and habits of the great are imitated by the little world, will all originality, cheerfulness, and fun, be extirpated from among us.

#### THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT AMONG THE BOHEMIANS.

One of my first walks in Prague was to a Tshekhan bookshop, and to the Museum of the Patriotic Association. I was anxious to see what new blossoms the Bohemian tree had shot forth, and what ancient fruits it had garnered up. The shop in which the literary novelties of Bohemia are offered to a patronizing public,



is situated in a narrow gloomy lane, and the man who owns the shop, and is the chief publisher of modern Bohemian literature, is a German. His shop is small, but is often visited by the young patriots,—the advocates, the students, and the literati,—who go there to turn over his Bohemian, Illyrian, Polish, and Russian books, and sometimes to buy them. All these Slavonian languages are at present studied with great zeal by the Bohemian patriots; and it is a singular coincidence, that in Russia, also, there is at present quite a rage for the study of Bohemian, Polish, and Illyrian. For Russian books, I was told, there was a frequent demand, but they were difficult to obtain. It has long been customary among the young men at Prague to study Russian, which they acquire with little trouble, and which many find of great advantage, numbers of young Bohemian physicians emigrating yearly to Russia, where their familiarity with the Slavonian languages facilitates their advancement.\*

Bohemian literature works for the enlightenment of four countries: Bohemia, Moravia, a part of Silesia, and the country of the Slovaks in Hungary. For this reason the Bohemian journals (the *Vlastimil* for instance) point to the four corners of the world, or more properly to the four corners of the paper, with the four words: *Slezan*,—*Czech*,—*Slovak*,—*Moravian*,—(the Silesian,—the Bohemian,—the Slovak,—and the Moravian).

Among the new publications of 1841, I was shown the *Semski Sud*, or the Old Law of Bohemia. The Austrian censors were long before they could be induced to accord the *Inprimatur* to this work, on account of some severe articles which it contains against the Germans, but the censorship is becoming more indulgent now, and, with a few omissions, the book has been allowed to walk forth into the world. The Bohemians, therefore, may again sing in the words of the famous old poem, the Judgment of Libussa:—

Shameful 'twere from Germans' laws to borrow,  
Laws we have ourselves of holy statute  
Brought in days of yore by our good fathers  
To this land of blessing †

Twenty years ago, nay, fifteen years ago, the literature, that is the *living* literature of Bohemia, was perfectly insignificant. At that time little was spoken or heard of the Slavonians living under German domination. Some of our travellers of the last century carried their simplicity so far, as to express surprise in their printed books, at finding the country people of Bohemia speaking a dialect altogether unintelligible to a German. Some very learned people had only an indistinct notion, that in some parts

of Germany the population was of Slavonian origin. Bohemian literature, in the mean time, had sunk to a level about as low as that of the Lettes and Esthonians in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and was confined almost exclusively to popular ballads. Things have changed since then, and the Bohemians go so far now as to take it very much amiss when they read in a German book, that "Prague is one of the most interesting towns in Germany." The cuckoo, they say, might just as well call the nest his own, from which he has just expelled the linner, as the Germans call Prague a German city, seeing it was built by the Tshekhs; but here I would humbly remark, that the cuckoo would play a less odious part in our books on natural history, if after taking possession of another bird's nest, he were to embellish and beautify it as the Germans have done by Prague. The fact is, the whole of Bohemia is still a disputed territory between the Germans and the Slavonians. The Germans maintain it was originally a German land, or, at least, that it was inhabited by the Germans four hundred years before the Tshekhs came into the country; but the Tshekhs (see Palazky's History of Bohemia) say—"You Germans took the country from the Boyers, and held it by no other right than that of the sword. By the sword you won it, and by the sword you lost it again, and for eight hundred years we held it against you." To this we Germans may reply—"But we have again won the mastery of the land from you with the sword, and we have triumphed over you yet more by the energy of our civilization. Here are two swords for one, and as ancient and modern lords we have the most perfect right on our side; so we shall continue to call Bohemia a German land, in right of our sword, our civilization, and our industry,—a German land, in which the intruding Tshekhs are condemned to plough our fields."\*

Till very lately, there had existed no good Bohemian dictionary; but this want has now been supplied by Mr. Jungmann, who, though a German by name, is said to be a very zealous Bohemian patriot. His dictionary was the work of several years, and has been published at his own expense. He is even said to have sold a vineyard, to defray the cost of his undertaking. The publication commenced in 1836, and is now complete. I was not so much surprised at the sacrifices made by the patriot scholar, as at the backwardness of other patriots, to assist him in his undertaking. One might almost be led from this to believe what a Bohemian once said to me, in speaking of the great movement and excitement among the Bohemian patriots.

"It is a kind of luxury," said he, "in which a few idle young men indulge, and in which they are encouraged by the professors and antiquaries; but it is no movement originating in the wants, or emanating from the wishes, of the people. All that is eminent with us is German.

\* The various Slavonian dialects (Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Illyrian, &c.) bear so strong a resemblance to each other, that the peasants of one of these countries can usually make himself understood to those of all the rest. The grammatical requirement of the Russian language must, therefore, be an easy task to a well educated Bohemian.—*Tr.*

† Bohemian poetry, like that of most of the Slavonian languages, is destitute of rhyme, a deficiency the less felt on account of the distinct measure of time which prevails in the Bohemian words, and which makes it more easy to adapt the Roman and Greek rhythm to the versification of this than of any other modern language.—*Tr.*

\* Bohemia can scarcely be said to owe much civilization to Germany. When the country passed under the domination of the house of Austria, there was no other country that stood higher in point of civilization. If the Bohemians have since fallen into the rear of the "march of improvement," Austrian oppression, and particularly the unrelenting barbarity with which the Protestant religion was extirpated, must bear the blame.—*Tr.*



Our men of education read Schiller and Goethe, in preference to any other writers; every official man, down to the humblest clerk, writes and speaks German; and as every Bohemian feels that he cannot get on in the world without a knowledge of German, he seeks to learn it himself, and teach it to his children, and has no time to trouble himself about the fantastic visions of the Tshekian patriots. Besides, the German language is taught, *ex-officio*, in every school, and many of our gentry do not even understand the patois of the country. With all these mighty agents at work, what avail the efforts of a few enthusiasts? The government, meanwhile, feels itself strong enough to let the Tshekian party go their own way. Foreigners, moreover, are deceived, if they attribute to politics all that is done here in the way of Slavonian investigation. The inquiring spirit of the time, the revived fondness of every thing that tends to the illustration of antiquity, has led to similar efforts in other countries, as well as in those inhabited by Slavonians. Every province in Europe has been burnishing up its recollections; every city has been turning over the leaves of its chronicles, and repairing its cathedral or its town-house. Not only the Slavonian provinces, but all the provinces of Austria, have been collecting their antiquities, dusting their records, and new binding their chronicles. The same has been done in the provinces of Prussia, and indeed in the provinces of almost every European country. We have seen Ossian's literature rescued from its tomb in Scotland, and in Germany we have seen Voss writing poems in *Platt Deutsch*; we have seen Westphalian, Saxon, and Brandenburg Associations, not to speak of hundreds of other provincial societies; and thus the fashion has reached Bohemia at last. It is not any inclination on the part of the Western Slavonians to accept the fraternization offered them from the East, that has led to all these Slavonian journals, grammars, dictionaries, and poetical anthologies. In England, and even in France, books and newspapers have been printed in the local dialects, and so in Russia have works been of late published in Lettish and Esthonian, languages of which, some years ago, no cultivated man made use, unless perhaps in the pulpit. It is not to be denied that the provincial, literary, and patriotic movements in the Slavonian provinces of Austria, acquire a peculiar character from the spirit of Pan-Slavism, of which so much has been heard of late years. No nation, while yet a breath of life is in it, becomes reconciled to the loss of its independence; and though the Bohemians, the Slovaks, and the other Slavonians, would do better to attach themselves more and more to the mild sceptre of Austria, than to stretch out their hands after the questionable independence which seems to be offered them from the East, yet nations, like individuals, are not exempt from acts of folly, prejudicial to others as to themselves; and for their own sake, therefore, as well as for Austria's, the Bohemians must be watched. The classes, however, which have most influence in the country, are the least disposed to sympathize with Russia. The clergy and the nobility know how little they would be likely to gain by exchanging

the sovereignty of Austria for that of Russia. Recent events in Poland have likewise much contributed to cool the enthusiasm formerly manifested for Russia. The less instructed Bohemians, indeed, look upon much that they hear of Russia as mere German calumnies; but those among us who stand higher, have had opportunities, many of them, of seeing with their own eye. In short, should it ever come to a struggle between the Slavonian and German elements, the Tshekhs, in spite of their sympathies and antipathies, will be found fighting on the side of the Germans, and it will be for their own advantage to do so."

In the museum of the Bohemian Patriotic Association, on the Hradshin, whither I went in company with a learned and highly esteemed Bohemian, nothing interested me more than the collection of coins. Though not so complete as the Bohemian antiquaries wish, it is by far the richest Bohemian collection in existence, and consists exclusively of national coins, those merely put into circulation by the Boyers, the Markomans, and the Romans, being excluded. There are old Tshekian coins of a period far antecedent to the Christian era;—these are rudely fashioned pieces of gold, somewhat in the form of modern buttons. In the early period of Christianity, when it was still uncertain whether Bohemia would be brought within the influence of Byzantine or Roman civilization; the coins of the country seem to have had a decidedly Byzantine character. At a later period, when the Hungarian invasions had cut Bohemia off from the Byzantine world, the coinage assumed an Italian or rather a Florentine character. On the Florentine ducats coined in Bohemia, may be seen the Florentine St. John, with a small Bohemian St. John by his side, in the same way as during their revolution of 1831, the Poles coined Dutch ducats, on which a diminutive Polish eagle appears by the side of the Batavian knight.

As we reach less remote ages we may observe alternate advances and retrogressions in the arts. The cultivated age of Charles IV., and the fanatic century of the art-destroying Hussites, may be distinctly traced in the little glittering denarii and ducats, dollars and bracteati. Coins may likewise be seen here of all the great Bohemian families that, at various times, have enjoyed the privilege. Among these families the most distinguished are the Schlicks, the Rosenbergs, and the Waldsteins, or Wallensteins, as Schiller, for the convenience of his rhythm, has thought proper to call them. Of the Waldstein family, however, none have exercised the right of coinage since the days of their great ancestor, of whom some very beautiful gold coins still exist. The Counts of Schlick exercised the privilege longer than any other of the old Bohemian families. Coins of a very recent date may be seen with their effigy. Their celebrated silver mines at Joachimsherg were so productive, that in the beginning of the 16th century, they coined what were called *Joachimshakr*, which weighed a full ounce, and which may still be found in circulation in Russia, where they are known sometimes by the name of *Thaleri*, and sometimes by that of *Yefimki*.

A peculiar kind of Bohemian coinage are the royal *Rechenpfennige*, or counters. Among the various public departments of the Bohemian government, it seems to have been usual from the earliest period to have employed, for balancing public accounts, a certain coin which may be looked on in the light of a copper representative of a certain amount of gold or silver. These arbitrary coins circulated only from one public department to another. The noble families in Bohemia appear to have adopted this custom, and coined similar copper counters for the convenience of the various departments of government on their estates. The collection of the Patriotic Association is richly provided with various specimens of these royal and lordly counters.

The Bohemian lion, with a crown on his head, with his two tails, and walking erect on his hinder feet, is to be seen on all Bohemian coins, even on most of those struck by the sovereigns of the house of Habsburg. Under Maria Theresa the lion becomes less omnipresent. The latest ducats that bear the effigy of the royal beast are those of 1780. It was on the large silver money that he first resigned his crown. On the smaller silver coins he continued to hold his state throughout the whole of Joseph II.'s reign, but since then the whole coinage has been purely Austrian.

Of all joyful and deplorable events in Bohemian history, there seems to have been a desire to preserve the recollection by means of silver and gold medals. Thus we have medals of Huss, who, as the inscriptions inform us, was burnt at Constance in violation of public faith. Frederick of the Palatinate has also not failed to leave golden and silver monuments of his brief and disastrous sojourn in Bohemia. Close to these, and adorned with ominous inscriptions lie the medals struck by Ferdinand on the occasion of his sanguinary victory on the White Mountain. In honour of the victory, Ferdinand erected on the mountain a church, which he dedicated to the Virgin, and under the foundation-stone a very large gold medal was deposited. At a subsequent period, Joseph demolished this church, and the medal, being found, was sent to Prague, and came, in due time, to the museum of the Patriotic Association. On one side is a view of the conquered city of Prague, over which is seen hovering the image of *Maria de Victoria in albo Monte*, with the inscription *Reddite ergo quæ sunt Caesaris Caesaris, et quæ sunt Dei Deo*. Christ little thought, when he pronounced those words, that they would become one day in the mouth of an imperious victor, a symbol of terror to millions of human beings. Ferdinand, as we are told, saw a vision the night before the battle. Our Saviour, it is said, appeared to him in a dream, and said to him, "Ferdinand, I will not forsake thee." To this vision allusion is made on the reverse of the medal on which is represented a crucifix, whence rays of light shine on the emperor, who kneels before it, and underneath are the words, "*Ferdinande, ego te non deseram*." It seems strange that after he had made so unchristianlike a use of his victory, our Lord did not again appear to him in a vision, and say to him, "*Sed tu, Ferdinande, me et meos deseruisti*."

After the Battle on the White Mountain, Germanism became so impressed on Bohemia, that many Bohemian families Germanized the Slavonian names they had borne till then. Thus the family from which had issued the celebrated St. John of Nepomuk or Nepomucenus, bore originally the Slavonian name Hassil. Nepomuk is a small town in Bohemia, and the bishop, according to the fashion of his day, was called John Hassil of Nepomuk, and sometimes, for greater brevity, John Nepomuk. After the battle of the White Mountain, the Hassils translated their name into German, and called themselves Loeschner. Many of the nobles, however, had Germanized their names long before the catastrophe of the White Mountain. Instances of the kind occurred during the reigns of Charles IV. and his son Venzeslaus. During their reigns, many castles were built on mountains and rocks, according to the German fashion, whereas the ancient Bohemians had been accustomed to build for greater strength among marshes or on the banks of rivers. These castles, built after German fashion, received also German names, ending generally in *berg* or *burg*, and the families began to be called after their castles. In this way the family of Vitkovy came to be the family of Rosenberg, the house of Dipolditz changed into the house of Riesenbourg, Ransko was metamorphosed into Waldstein, and Divis-hovzi into Sternberg, and all these families became much more famous under their German than they had ever been under their Slavonian *firmas*. The Bohemian patriots claim all these families as genuine Slavonians; maintaining that a Slavonian is no more a German because he has taken to speaking German, than the Russian nobles can be said to be Frenchmen because they speak habitually French.

The largest Austrian gold coins have the weight of twenty ducats. Ten ducat pieces, I am told, are still coined, and are occasionally found in circulation. As my readers are all honest people, there can be no harm in my telling them that fifty of these seductive looking lumps of gold are to be seen in the collection at Prague. The largest gold medal in the museum weighs no less than one hundred ducats. The most modern medal is one struck a few years ago, in honour of a visit paid by the Emperor Nicholas to Prague. The inscription is: *Nicholaus I. Cæsarsch Russkii, &c.* (Nicholas I., Russian Emperor, the Illustrious Guest in Prague.)

I also found much that interested me in the library of the Bohemian Association, though I was not so fortunate as to have the learned and esteemed librarian, Professor Hanka, for my guide. The department of Bohemian literature is by no means complete, much having been taken by the Royal Library where a section is set apart for it. The collection on the Hradshin is rich chiefly in Natural History. On the other hand, however, the kindred Slavonian literatures of Russia, Poland, Illyria, Servia, and Carinthia, have each its department. I was told that a Russian grammar for the use of Bohemians would shortly be published, and could not but feel surprised that the relations between the great Russia and the little Bohemia should already have become so active, that the want of such a work should have been felt. It is not

many years that Germany has been in possession of a usable Russian grammar.

Of Bohemian Bibles many are to be seen here, as well the faithful Utraquist version from the original languages, as that arranged for the Catholics from the Vulgate of Hieronymus. At present, Bohemia can be supplied with Tshckian bibles only by contraband. There is not indeed any prohibition against their sale, but they are not allowed to be either printed or imported. The smugglers on the Saxon frontier, however, are very active, and keep the market supplied, though perhaps rather sparingly. The bibles are supposed to come from Berlin and from England. The Bible Society of Dresden, I was assured by the president himself, did not themselves send a single copy into Bohemia, but the free traders of the frontier, in the same way in which they receive orders for coffee and sugar, receive orders probably from time to time for bibles. Two years ago, I was told, several waggon-loads of bibles fell into the hands of the Bohemian custom-house officers, by whom they are kept to the present day under lock and key.

Autographs of men celebrated in the history of Bohemia are likewise to be seen at this museum; among many others, those of Huss and Zizka. The latter usually added the place of his nativity to his signature, and signed—Zizka von T'rotznow. Some of his letters, however, are signed—Jan Zizka z'Kalichu, from a castle which he had built and to which he had given the name of Kalich or the Chalice.

In the cabinet of natural history on the Hradshin is shown what strangers are told was the last bear that ever existed in a state of nature in Bohemia. This animal is said to have been shot in 1817, but I had subsequently an opportunity of satisfying myself that the race of wild bears is not yet extinct in the country, for on the Schwarzenberg estates, near Budweis, I saw at least a dozen of them. Lynxes and wild cats are also to be found in the mountains, and beavers along the banks of the Moldau, and sometimes even in the immediate vicinity of Prague. Their unsuspected presence near the capital led, not long ago, to a singular lawsuit. A farmer who owned a field near the river, observed that some trees and shrubs had several times been cut down and carried away during the night. He brought an action, in consequence, against one of his neighbours. The court appointed persons to visit the place and inspect the stumps that remained. These persons, on viewing the ground, declared immediately that the property had been carried away by fourfooted thieves, and after a close search, a little colony of beavers was discovered, supposed to have come down the river from the neighbourhood of Budweis.

In the mineralogical collection the most celebrated piece is the "accursed burgrave," a meteoric stone weighing upwards of two hundred pounds, to which popular tradition has attached a legend of a tyrannical noble, who, when his soul was taken away to hell, left this black metallic lump behind in the place of his body. Not as a natural curiosity, but as a visible proof of the devil's potency, the stone was for many years preserved at the council-house

of Elnbogen, where miraculous powers were even attributed to it. Whoever lifted the "accursed burgrave," it was said, would be cured of sundry complaints, and many peasants frequently came to Elnbogen to test the healing powers of the stone. I have no doubt its effects were frequently very satisfactory, for a sick man who retained strength enough to lift such a weight, was not likely to be in a desperate condition, and might at the same time hope to derive benefit from a few gymnastic feats. In later times, when science encroached more and more upon the domains of superstition, the Museum at Vienna laid claim to so rare a specimen of aerial mineralogy. The counsellors of Elnbogen fought lustily for their treasure, and at last a compromise was agreed to: the burgrave was sawn in two, and one half went to Vienna, while the other half remained at Elnbogen. The Bohemian Patriotic Association possesses only a model of the whole as it appeared before the ruthless partition was carried into effect.

#### THE BOOK OF LIFE ON THE MOLDAU.

To those who have read the history of Bohemia, it will be no matter of wonder to be informed, that even at the present day there continues to be so much talk at Prague of the *Herren Stände* (My Lords the States), of whom you will one day hear that they have been establishing an agricultural institution, on another that they have directed a suspension-bridge to be built over the Moldau, or that they have advanced money for the construction or repair of some public building. There is as much attributed in Prague to My Lords the States, as there is in Rome to the Pope. In ancient times they elected kings, and regulated the articles of public faith; at present their activity is limited to the less important sphere which I have just indicated. Formerly the cities of Bohemia, particularly Prague and Guttenberg, had considerable weight in the assemblies of the States; at present the few deputies for the towns that are still admitted, are consigned to a single bench—a sort of stool of repentance—in an extreme corner of the hall, where the burgesses are effectually separated from the remainder of the deputies, and that in such a way, that no civic representative, unless of more than ordinary boldness, will be likely to have the assurance to intrude his opinions upon his august colleagues. "My Lords the States," in Bohemia, are at present neither more nor less than the highest order of nobility—namely, "the reigning" counts, princes, and barons. The head of the family being in possession of the estate of the family, is always described as the "reigning" count, &c.

The Bohemian nobility, owing to their great wealth, to the good education most of them receive, and to the distinguished abilities of some among them, occupy a highly important position in the Austrian monarchy, and exercise a far greater influence upon the administration of the empire, than do the nobles of any other province. The highest office in Bohemia, after the king, is that of *Oberstburggraf*, a Bohemian dignity of very remote antiquity. He is assisted



by fourteen counsellors of government or *Gubernialräthe*, and by a vice-president, besides which the country is divided into sixteen circles, each circle having a captain and three commissaries to superintend its affairs. This graduated list of public officers, from the *Oberstburggraf* to the *Kreiscommissar*, or commissary of the circle, is called the government of the country (*die böhmische Landesregierung*), and nearly all these offices are filled by members of the old noble families of Bohemia.

This Bohemian government, like that of Galicia, Moravia, Austria, &c., stands under the control of what is called the United Court Chancery at Vienna. At the head of this central department is a Superior Chancellor, assisted by a Chancellor of the Court, two Vice-Chancellors, and as many Aulic Counsellors as there are provinces or governments subject to this court chancery. Hungary and Transylvania have separate chanceries for the control of their affairs. A singular circumstance connected with this court chancery is, that it enjoys the title of Majesty, being addressed "Your Majesty the Chancery of the Court." This is in some measure characteristic of Austria, where it is a common saying, that it is not the emperor who reigns, but his officers.

Not only over the administration of their own country, but over the whole empire, the Bohemians exercise great influence, owing to the important posts to which they have raised themselves by their ability and official aptitude. In every office in Vienna you are sure to find Bohemians, and they are mostly the favourites of their superiors. In the Polish and Italian provinces it is the same, so that while the Bohemians are grumbling about the state of dependance in which their country is kept on Austria, the other provinces might with more justice complain in their turn that they are subject to Bohemians. Two of the most distinguished members of the Austrian government are at present Bohemians—namely, Count Kolowrat and Count Mitrowski.

To give an account of the picture-galleries, libraries, and museums, collected at the various castles of the Bohemian nobles would, no doubt, be a highly interesting occupation, but would at the same time be found an herculean labour. At Prague, there are many private palaces well deserving the attention of a traveller, but I am sorry to say I was able to visit but few of them. The only private picture-gallery I was myself able to inspect was that of the Nostitz palace, but the palaces of the families of Wallenstein, Czerni, Lobkowitz, Schwarzenberg, and others, are all deserving of attention. What particularly interested me at the Nostitz palace, was the model of a marble monument intended to be erected at Teplitz. It represents the Knight Przemysl labouring at the plough, at the moment when the envoys of Libussa arrive to offer him the crown. On another side is a group in which he is seen as King of Bohemia holding his entrance into the palace of his consort. The Bohemians show quite a passion just now for illustrating the early periods of their history by monuments, and many a name is brought to light, and becomes more famous perhaps in these days, than it ever was during the life of its

owner. There is in the same gallery, a beautiful group by Canova, of Cupid and Psyche. Schidone's Woman taken in Adultery is a charming picture; but there is one by Eyk that is most revolting. Christ is represented under a press, with blood spouting from different parts of his body. A stream of blood gushes from his breast, and is caught by priests, who distribute it among the people. There is an exquisite picture by Von Schalken, of a girl eating a peach. The peach is such a soft, juicy, delicate, velvet-clad fruit, that a painter can choose no more suitable viand on which to make a lovely maiden feast. To bite into an apple, she must make an effort that distorts her features, but a peach may be enjoyed with a kiss.

I spent but little time, however, in the Nostitz Gallery, for there were other objects in Prague that I was more anxious to see. Among others I went to visit the Tein Church, once the chief temple of the Hussites. In their time the pictures and images were all destroyed, but at present the building is again amply provided with them. This church contains a multitude of monuments, but those that most attracted my notice were one of Tycho de Brahe, with a Latin inscription to the effect that neither wealth nor power, but only the works of science are immortal; and secondly, the tomb of a Jewish boy, on which was a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation: "A little Hebrew boy (Hebraeolus) being inspired by God, fled, in the year 1693, to the Clementinum, the College of the Jesuits, that he might be baptized. After a few days he was treacherously taken away from his place of refuge. He was tortured by his parents, who assailed him with caresses, menaces, blows, hunger, and other torments; nevertheless, he remained steadfast in the true faith, till on the 12th of February, 1694, he died, in consequence of the treatment he had received. His body was privately buried, but on the sixth day was dug up again, and, on being inspected by the magistrates, was found free from all offensive smell, of its natural colour, and floating in rosy blood (*roseo sanguine*), whereupon it was carried from the townhouse in solemn procession, followed by an immense multitude of pious people, and was brought to this spot."

It is strange what different answers you will receive in Prague, if you inquire whether there are still any Hussites in the place. Some say positively "yes," and others are quite as positive in saying "no." Several persons assured me there was a Hussite house of prayer in Prague, but one, likely to be well informed, said there had been such a place, but it had since been converted into a warehouse. Most people will tell you, "Oh, in the mountains there are Hussites enough," but then the people of Prague dispose of a multitude of things by turning them over to the mountains. "Yes, there are Hussites," another will add, "but they pretend to be Protestants." In point of fact, there are no Hussites officially recognised as such, but it is probable that many in secret still sympathize with their doctrines. Of Protestants, according to the official census, there were 81,000 in 1839, or about 24 per cent. of the entire population. In Moravia they are more numerous, amounting

to 110,000 souls, or 6 per cent. of the population. Moravia excepted, however, the Protestants form a larger proportion of the population in Bohemia than in any other Austrian province.

Among the princely gardens of Prague, I visited those of Count Salm, and Prince Kinsky. In the count's garden I found twenty gardeners and assistant gardeners employed, with a court gardener (*Hofgärtner*) to superintend them. They told me they had no less than 350 kinds of ericas; and of these, as of the fine collection of Australian plants, there were many that had been brought into Bohemia for the first time that year. A great trade in plants is carried on with the interior of Austria from Prague, where they can be had from England and Holland with tolerable facility over Hamburg. In the Kinsky garden, I was too much taken up with the beauty of the place, to make many inquiries about its statistical details. The garden is arranged on a succession of terraces, that rise from the Moldau up the side of a hill, from the summit of which the eye revels in a panoramic view of Prague and its environs; one of those views on which one dwells with lingering fondness, but of which the pen is powerless to convey a description, and of which all we can say is, that it is *beautiful*.

At my feet lay the isles of the Moldau, and the suspension-bridge. When this bridge and its approaches are finished, the aspect of Prague will be materially improved. There was formerly no quay along the side of the river. This want will now be supplied, a number of old and ill-looking houses having been bought up and pulled down, with a view to the construction of a quay and of some handsome buildings calculated to form a more suitable frame to the stream. Numerous *Schinakels* (an Austrian word for boats) animated the water, along whose banks lay stretched a botanical and several private gardens. On the other side the deserted Visselhrad seemed to mourn his departed glories; and on tracing the upward course of the river, the eye rested at length on the Brannik rock, from whose entrails had been torn the materials that had gone to the making up of the many houses that lay at my feet. The stone obtained from this rock is remarkably fine, and in the time of Charles IV. was known to his Italian architects under the name of *pasta di Praga*. The rock itself has its legend. A valiant knight of the name of Brannik is said to have dwelt there, and to lie buried there with his brave companions. In one of the caverns of the rock, the double-tailed Bohemian lion is said to hold his residence, and watch over the graves of its former tenants. Once a year he comes out and salutes the Moldau valley with a roar, and then, having received no answer, he creeps into his hole again, to take another twelvemonth's repose. Should he, however, one day receive an answer, there will be a mighty struggle in Bohemia, for the ghosts of the deceased heroes rise from their graves, and are to secure the victory to their countrymen. This legend seems to live still in the full confidence of the people; but then in Bohemia there is no end to legends. You fall in with them at the corners of the streets and in the depths of fo-

rests; they abound and thrive amid the crowded thoroughfares of Prague, as in the silent solitudes of the country.

Among the manufactures of Prague we must not forget to speak of the warehouses of glass goods. The workshops are generally at some distance in the country; but the warehouses in Prague, for the greater part, are the property of the manufacturers. These have chemists and artists in their pay, who are constantly tasking their invention to extend the domains of glass, by discovering new articles that may admit of being formed of so brittle a material, and to give new colours and forms to those articles which the glass-cutters have long looked upon as belonging to their legitimate sphere. Of each new discovery or modification a drawing is made, and a copy sent to the manufactory. The drawing and the copy bear corresponding marks and numbers, so that if a sudden demand comes to the warehouse for any particular article, all that is necessary probably is to send an order down to the country, to make up immediately so many dozens of B 288, or whatever else the number may be. I was allowed to look over a number of these drawings, which were neatly bound up in folio volumes, and I was astonished at the immense variety of designs and inventions for coffee, tea, and milk pots; at the endless modifications of form which so simple an article as a glass stopper was made to undergo; and at the prodigality of ingenuity that had been expended on varying the conformation of a thing so unimportant as a lady's smelling-bottle. In the different shades of colour there was almost as much variety as in the form; yet the prevailing taste appears to be always, in the long run, in favour of that which is most simple. The plain, pure, colourless, crystalline glass has always been in favour, and will maintain its supremacy in the end, however taste may sport for a while among the brilliant colours and variegated forms which science has found the means of imparting to this beautiful manufacture. All the bright "Leonore greens" and "Chrysopras" of 1840, and the "Anne green," the "gold glass," the "dead glass," and the "alabaster" of 1841, may hold their place in public favour for a time; but they will have passed away when the pure crystal will be prized as much as ever. Even so man may surrender himself awhile to a chaos of absurdities and fancies; but the pure crystal of good taste, morality, and justice will, ere long, make its worth be felt, and carry away the prize of public favour from all its competitors.

#### FROM PRAGUE TO BUDWEIS.

Various as are the means by which a traveller may cause himself to be conveyed from Prague to Budweis,—by diligence, by mail post, by *Stellwagen*, or with a *Lohnkutscher*, or hired cartilage and horses,—yet none of these means of locomotion can be called excellent in their kind.\* The Bohemian diligences are very in-

\* The railroad at present making from Vienna to Prague, and from Prague to Dresden, and which will probably be finished in 1844 or 1845, will effect a complete revolution in Bohemian travelling. At the time Mr.



ferior to those of northern Germany, and the *Lohnkutschers* are quite as slow in their movements as in any other part of our country. The *Stellwagen* had one powerful recommendation for me, and that was that I had never travelled in one of them before. They are to be met with in all parts of the Austrian dominions, and serve as a means of communication between the several provincial towns, for those who make but few pretensions to gentility. The *Stellwagen*, in consequence, is rarely favoured by foreigners, and therefore all the more to be recommended to those who are desirous of making acquaintance with provincial peculiarities. Accordingly, one morning, as the watchmen of Prague had just announced the important fact that it had struck four o'clock, I was rolling, in one of these humble vehicles, through the Rossthor, and out upon the Budweis road, in company with a goldsmith of Prague, an engraver, a forester, a farmer, and a young mother with a little boy upon her lap.

I had an excellent opportunity here of studying the peculiarities of the Bohemian-German dialect, and I was not a little surprised at the systematic and consistent manner in which the good people modify our grammar and pronunciation to suit their own views. Sometimes Slavonian words are Germanized, and sometimes German words effectually disguised by Slavonian terminations, and at other times the strangest gibberish is produced by the least cultivated classes, who frequently mix up their German and Slavonian in so indiscriminate a manner, as to make their meaning unintelligible to any one not familiar with both languages. These remarks do not, of course, apply to the more educated classes, who claim for themselves the honour of speaking the Austrian-German better and more correctly than the Austrians themselves; a similar claim is set up by the gentry of Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia, in the same way that the Courlanders and Livonians maintain,—and not without reason,—that they speak the North German dialect more purely and correctly than the North Germans themselves.

I spent the whole morning in the study of the various systems of torture to which my mother-tongue was subjected by the Bohemian mouths of my fellow-travellers. We dined at Miltshin, and shortly afterwards we arrived at Tabor, the celebrated stronghold of the Hussites in the fifteenth century. Many have supposed that the Hussites named the town and the hill on which it stands after Mount Tabor in Palestine, but Tabor is a genuine Slavonian word, that occurs in all the Slavonian dialects, and signifies a piece of ground surrounded by a paling, whence it is figuratively used for an intrenched camp.

The usual road passes not through Tabor, but close by the side of it, so that few travellers ever see the inside of the town; we, on our part, however, ventured to deviate from the general rule, and proceeded to take a nearer inspection of so interesting a locality.

The Lásnitza, a tributary of the Moldau, by

describing nearly a circle, has isolated an oblong hill from the surrounding country. On three sides this hill is steep, and surrounded by water; on the fourth side art has come to the aid of nature, to strengthen the place. On this hill, at an early period of the religious disturbances, some of the Hussites were wont to assemble, and to receive the chalice in the communion; but when the royalists began to raise the cry of "heretic, heretic" against the Bohemians, and to burn all that fell into their hands, and when the Hussites, by way of retaliation, clapped their German prisoners into tarred beer-barrels, and set fire to these in the public market-places; in a word, when the Hussite wars broke out, the persecuted race endeavoured to obtain possession of strong places; and as those in royalist hands could not always be had for the asking, it became necessary to build fresh ones. Zizka,\* not the less sharp-sighted for having but one eye, soon saw how well this mountain was suited to be the site of a strong fortress, which he lost no time in erecting there; and from the fortress of Tabor he made his devastating excursions against convents and castles, his adherents, from the place of their residence, being generally called Taborites.

The little city is still most curious to see, bearing even now the most complete stamp of the age in which it was erected. The gates are narrow, and the double walls and bastions, which remain from the days of Zizka, present a striking contrast to the peaceful Catholic cloth-weavers that now shelter behind those formidable works. The streets, as in most of the old Bohemian towns, radiate from an open space in the centre which serves as a market, and many houses of an antique castellated shape, continue standing. In front of one of these, at the corner of the market-place, stands an antique balcony, which is still called Zizka's pulpit, from which he is said frequently to have harangued his warlike scholars. The town-house is the most ancient of all the buildings. Within it are still preserved Zizka's shirt of mail, his arms, and a quantity of old books, but we were unable to obtain a sight of these curiosities, in consequence of the Burgomaster, who had charge of the keys, being from home. Cannon-balls may be seen in the walls of many of the houses, but can hardly belong to the times of the religious wars. In front of the church is a bust in stone of Zizka, and the grim features of the one-eyed hero may likewise be seen on the façade of a private house. Zizka was of a middling stature, rather bulky in shape, with broad shoulders, and a high chest. His head was large, round, and inclining forwards; his beard black and bushy, his mouth large, his nose thick, and his complexion brown. So indelibly have these features impressed themselves upon the Bohemians, that even now, after an interval of four hundred years, the people of Tabor continue to cut portraits of Zizka in wood, as knobs for walkingsticks. I, too, bought one of these Zizka sticks, upon which the Hussite chief is represented with a plain helmet on his

Kohl's work was published, the arrangements between the Austrian and Saxon governments relative to this railroad, had not yet been completed.—Tr.

\* The name should be pronounced Shishka, or rather more softly, the Bohemian z having a sound like the French j in jardin.



head, and a bandage over his right eye, which he had lost early in life. His left eye he lost at the siege of Rabi castle, where, a javelin striking a tree near him, a splinter flew aside and completely blinded him. Nevertheless, he retained his command as general, though he had to be led into battle by a guide; and it was, in fact, after his blindness, that he attained the zenith of his power, when he gained his victory over the people of Prague, who, though Hussites themselves, had gotten into a quarrel with the devastator of their country. Hereupon, he concluded a treaty of friendship and alliance with them, and their elective king, Korybut, and so great was at this time the power of the blind chief, that the Emperor Sigismund offered him the government of the kingdom and the command of its army, if he would consent to recognise the imperial authority. During the negotiations that followed, Zizka, at the height of his power, died suddenly of the plague.

Every thing about the man, even from his birth, appears to have been extraordinary. His mother was suddenly attacked by the pains of child-birth while in a forest, and Zizka was born with no shelter but that of a tree. In his character he was savage and cruel, as much as he was valiant and eloquent. Bohemian writers say that the peculiarities of his style are as difficult to render into German, as are the refinements of Cæsar's eloquence. He rose from a comparatively humble station, to supreme power in his native land, and gained thirteen pitched battles, several of which were fought after the loss of his second eye. The manner of his death was also remarkable, and so is the memory preserved of him to this day by his countrymen. The place of his birth is still pointed out as an unblest spot, and the ground where stood the tent under which he breathed his last, remains uncultivated to the present day. Just as the history of Napoleon is known to all Europe, so is that of Zizka, in all its details, familiar to every Bohemian, and there is scarcely a castle or a convent in the land, in which his portrait is not to be found.

After the death of Zizka, his soldiers called themselves his orphan children, and divided themselves into four parties: the Orphans, the Taborites, the Orebiters, and the Pragueres. Bohemia was denominated the Promised Land, and the surrounding German provinces were declared to be the lands of the Philistines, the Moabites, and the Idumeans. It was at this time, no doubt, that the large lake near Tabor received the name of Jordan, and the hill behind Tabor, that of Horeb. As Tabor was the chief city of the Hussites, so it now became the scene of their worst excesses, which attained their culminating point in the wild extravagance of the Hussite sect of the Adamites. At Tabor too, where the Hussite wars had commenced, they were likewise brought to a close, for it was the last city that submitted to the Royal States. It is said, that a remnant of the Adamite sect still exists in Bohemia, and that other Hussite sects have maintained themselves under such denominations, as the "Red Brothers," and the "Brothers of the Lamb."

From the foregoing it will be seen, that we had turned our time to good account during our

short stay at Tabor. At the next stage, the name of which I have forgotten, I had an opportunity to see a Bohemian pheasant-preserve. The rearing of pheasants in Bohemia is carried on upon an enormous scale, as may be judged from an advertisement which I saw, and in which a certain Count Schlick offered three thousand pair of living birds for sale in one lot. In these preserves the pheasants are divided into wild and tame; the wild are kept in large woods, the tame under roof or in enclosed yards.

The night was already far advanced when we reached Budweis, but in that city, for the consolation of travellers be it known, the sun never ceases to shed his light upon the benighted stranger, for the inn so named has a large lamp burning conspicuously, from evening till morning, in front of the chief entrance.

#### THE CASTLES AND ESTATES OF SCHWARZENBERG.

The southern extremity of Bohemia, the country round Budweis, is distinguished, even in a land so rich in stately mansions and princely estates, for the magnificence of its castles, and for the extent of territory held by individuals. Here it was that formerly dwelt the family of the Rosenbergs, a race so powerful, that several of the Bohemian monarchs wooed the daughters for their brides. The Lords of Rosenberg frequently contracted matrimonial alliances with the sovereign houses of Germany, and on one occasion we find the name of Rosenberg among the candidates for the Polish crown. At present the family is extinct, a circumstance that cannot but seriously have afflicted Charlemagne, the Trojan heroes, Noah, and sundry others of the ancestors of so illustrious a line. It is certainly a singular coincidence, that the branch of the Rosenberg family which had been planted and had taken root in Courland, should have died away much about the same time as the main family-tree in Bohemia. Similar coincidences, however, are on record respecting other families, of which different branches established in distant countries have all become extinct nearly at the same time.

In the cellar of the Senate at Bremen there is a wine that by its great age has acquired such an odour (so exquisite a bouquet as the connoisseurs of wine express it) that you need only pour a few drops upon your pocket-handkerchief, and you will have no occasion for eau de Cologne for several days afterwards. Nobility seems to be like this wine—the older it grows the more it is prized, and if its origin is lost in the dark ages it becomes quite inestimable. The last of the Rosenbergs, according to all the things that are related of him, seems to have thought his nobility just such a jewel of priceless value, but dear as it was to him, he was unable to bequeath it to a successor; for nobility, like genius, virtue, and learning, is not to be disposed of in a man's last will and testament. Unblest with an heir to what he most esteemed, the last of the Rosenbergs went to his grave, but his sublimary possessions, his broad lands and stately castles found an heir soon enough in the family of the Schwarzenbergs, who are now the

undisputed lords of all the lands in which the Moldau and its tributaries take their rise.

The most important of their castles and estates are called Krummau, Wittingau, and Frauenberg, and all that I had heard of the charms of these castles excited too much curiosity in me to allow me to neglect an opportunity of paying them a visit. What I saw far exceeded what I had expected to see.

I paid my first visit to the one that passed for the least important, and drove with an hospitable friend, a resident of Budweis, down the verdant banks of the Moldau to Schloss Frauenberg, which stands on a rock by the riverside, where it forms a conspicuous object to all the surrounding country.

Upon the said rock there stands an old castle, and a new one of much greater splendour is rising by the side of it. Over the entrance to the old one stands the inscription, *Fructus Belli*, referring, I believe, to the gift which one of the Austrian emperors, Ferdinand II., if I am not mistaken, made of this castle and lordship, to one of his Spanish generals, Don Balthasar Maradas, Count of Salento. Under the gateway of the castle may still be seen a tablet, on which this Don Balthasar is styled Comes, Dominus in Frauenberg. At present, however, the gateway is surmounted by a Turk's head, from which a raven is picking out the eyes. This is the crest of the Schwarzenbergs, who, like many Austrian families, carry Turkish emblems and spoils in their shields. The view from the castle is unspeakably beautiful. The fields and meadows of the Moldau lie at your feet, and farther on lies a plain, from the midst of which rise the steeples of Budweis. The whole is bounded by branches of the mountain range of the Bohemian Forest, and over the landscape lie scattered a number of villages, all of which belong to the lordship of Schwarzenberg. Towards the east the eye travels on towards Wittingau, another Schwarzenberg lordship.

When the French Marshal, Bernadotte, visited the castle in 1805, (by the by, the French must have carried away more agreeable recollections from this southern extremity of Bohemia, which they visited leisurely as visitors, than they did from the northern part of which they obtained only a few hasty glances through the sulphurous smoke of Culm;) but when the marshal visited the castle, as I was saying, and the intendant pointed out the magnificent prospect to him, and then asked him what he thought of it, the marshal answered, "What strikes me as most wonderful is, that your prince should be lord and master over all I see." And, in fact, without being a French marshal of the days of the empire, whose fingers would naturally be itching at the sight, it is difficult for any one to let his eyes roam from village to village, and from field to field, without some little sensation of envy, without some slight approximation to a wish that he were able to step into the Schwarzenberg's place. All the while I was there, I was thinking of the old fairy tale of "Puss in Boots," where, as the king and his son-in-law are driving through the country, the cat keeps saying, "Every thing you see belongs to our lord and master the prince, your majesty's son-in-law."

I am not aware that the old castle is yet in so

ruinous a condition, that it might not have stood, and kept out the wind and rain for many years longer; but when a man has 4,000,000 florins (£400,000) a year, as Prince Schwarzenberg is said to have, he is not expected to take as much care of his pennies as might beseeem a thrifty cobbler; and as the prince is passionately fond of Gothic architecture, it is very excusable in him to have set aside 500,000 florins to build himself a new house according to his favourite fashion. When this new building is finished, Frauenberg will be one of the handsomest castles in Bohemia. The sandstone for the Gothic ornaments comes all the way from Vienna. We saw standing in the court-yard a quantity of these stones, packed up in chests with as much care as if they had been so many loaves of sugar.

Frauenberg is celebrated throughout Bohemia for its wild-boar hunts, which are carried on here, probably, on a grander scale than in any other place in Europe, and are, indeed, unique in their kind, like the Esterhazy stag-hunts on the Platten Lake in Hungary. The menagerie or *Thiergarten*, in which the wild boars are kept, covers a space of a (German) square mile and a half; and even of late years, as many as 300 boars (a kind of game growing every day more scarce in Europe) have been killed at one of these hunting-festivals. The sport is carried on with extraordinary pomp, and something after the following fashion:

Near the park in which the animals are kept, is a small reedy lake, bounded on three sides by gently-rising heights. On the fourth side the bank is low and swampy. This lake is the scene of the yearly slaughterings. On the swampy side of the lake, a high and hollow dike has been erected, resting upon vaults, in which are confined the animals intended to be hunted. By the side of the dike projecting into the water, are small tribunes or balconies, in which the lords of the chase take their places. On the dike, ready, if wanted, to afford assistance, stand the foresters and huntsmen of the prince; all, from the head forester to the whippers-in, in splendid uniforms. There are not less than twenty of the prince's foresters, and 150 of his huntsmen present on one of these occasions. The animals are let out of their vaulted prison about fifty at a time, and, driven by a crowd of peasants collected for the purpose, they immediately take to the water, to conceal themselves in the reeds, or to swim towards the opposite hills, where they hope to find shelter in the forest. On the way thither they seldom fail to find their death from the constant fire poured in upon them by the gentlemen stationed in the balconies.

I observed to my companions that this kind of sport seemed to me mere butchering, and must be very insipid and monotonous; but they assured me it was full of pleasure and excitement, on account of the pomp with which the whole was conducted. In the centre of the dike there was always a full orchestra, and behind it an amphitheatre for spectators, of whom numbers came from all parts of the surrounding country. The moment, they told me, when the sport was about to begin, when the trumpets sounded, and the gates were opened to set the

wild boars free, was one of great suspense. Then the situations in which the creatures presented themselves to the fire of the hunters, were very varied. Sometimes the game would hide itself among the reeds, whence it would have to be driven by the rifles; sometimes it would swim as a mere black speck upon the water. Now one would swim directly toward a balcony filled with its foes, and often a few would gain the opposite shore, and put the best marksman to the proof to prevent their escape. Then, an old established law among German hunters requires that the creature's head should remain uninjured, and the hunters are often put to it, to avoid the penalties which an infraction of this law draws after it.

In the plain below Schloss Frauenberg, and not far from the lake I have just described, lies an old castle erected for the express purpose of bear-baiting. Such castles existed formerly in many parts of Germany, but have all disappeared now, with few exceptions. The building I am now speaking of is an extensive one, with apartments below for the huntsmen and keepers, with dens for bears and kennels for dogs, and large suites of rooms above for the prince and his guests. A balcony, for the accommodation of spectators, projects into the courtyard, which is surrounded by high walls, and in which beasts of all kinds were formerly baited. The last great bear-baiting that took place there, occurred only sixty years ago.

The principal saloon of this castle is hung all round with beautiful pictures by the celebrated animal-painter, Hamilton, and I believe the collection contains the best paintings he ever made. Hamilton spent the years 1710 and 1711 with a Schwarzenberg, who arranged sundry bear-baitings, deer-stalkings, and boar-hunts, for the painter's sake; and the latter had thus an opportunity, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, of painting these beautiful pictures, which may now be said to waste their sweetness on the wilderness, being but rarely seen by an eye capable of estimating their worth. The pictures are all of the natural size, and the subjects mostly—a stag overpowered by dogs, a bear battling it with his assailants, wild boars surprised in a thicket by hunters, and other scenes of a similar kind; and all so full of truth, that as formerly Hamilton became for a while a recluse here to study the physiognomy of the huge beasts of the chase, so a modern painter, profiting by the labours of his predecessor, might shut himself up in the castle for a while, and pursue a similar course of study with infinitely more ease and convenience. The dogs in these pictures are all portraits of animals famous in their day, and deserving even greater fame now that they have been transferred to the canvass. When the French were here, in 1742, they would fain have carried away the whole collection, but for some reason or other contented themselves with cutting the best head—that of a wild boar—out of the best picture. The damage was repaired as well as it could be, but the scar is evident at the first glance, and so is the inferior workmanship of the modern artist.

After leaving Frauenberg, our next visit was to Schloss Grätzen, another *fructus belli*. The battle of the White Mountain, which gave Bo-

hemia back to Ferdinand, and which lost Frauenberg for the house of Malowitz, deprived the Protestant Lords of Schwamberg of their castle of Grätzen, which they defended valiantly for a while against the imperial troops. With the castle went also their seven (German) square miles of territory. The confiscated estate was conferred on a Frenchman, Charles Bonaventura Longueval, Count of Bocquoi, and Baron de Vaux, whose descendants still possess it. The estate is entirely unincumbered, and is said to bring in an annual revenue of 700,000 florins, or 70,000*l*.

There are three castles at Grätzen. One is the old fortress that was so stoutly defended by the old Baron von Schwamberg, another is the summer residence of the Count de Bucquoi, and the third is intended for the accommodation of the Count's officers of state, in whose hands is the administration of the lordship. This central government of the estate is called the "princely court chancery," at the head of which are four "princely court counsellors." These Bohemian nobles exercise in fact a multitude of rights, which in other countries we are accustomed to look on as the exclusive attributes of sovereignty. They confer the dignity of court counsellors, grant privileges to their cities, and compose coats of arms for them. The magistrates, however, whom they appoint, are obliged to go through the same studies, and submit to the same examination as those appointed by the state.

We found the officers of the Bucquoi household paying compliments to one another at the entrance to a concert-room. Here, as on many of the large estates of music-loving Bohemia, a private band is kept, to give occasional concerts, and on the fêtes of the lord or lady of the castle to accompany the organ in the church. Several pieces from Norma and other modern operas were performed, and were executed with tolerable brilliancy, the gentlemen of the household were loud in their applause, and resolved that the concert should be repeated on the following Sunday, the birthday of the young heir, when the money taken at the doors was to be applied to the relief of the poor.

We supped at the castle, where the conversation turned chiefly on two subjects, partly on the Austro-Bohemian frontier, and partly, on the great fishponds, the most interesting feature in an economical point of view, of the large plain between Wittingau and Grätzen.

In Northern Germany, we understand under the name of Austrian every one who comes from any part of the great Austrian conglomeration of lands, provided he speaks German; but every well-educated Bohemian, Hungarian, Croatian, or Slovak, speaks our language quite as well as do the people of Vienna or Styria. Here on the mountain border, however, the contrast between the Bohemian and Austrian, and their mutual antipathies were forced upon my attention. Of *sympathies* between neighbouring nations there is seldom much to be said. In Paris or Berlin indeed, a Bohemian and an Austrian may sympathize with each other, but at home they know of no such feeling. Not merely the common people in Bohemia, but even the higher classes, participate



or less in this aversion to the Austrians, even the German part of the population with the Slavonians in this, with whom in every respect they are little in the habit of coming in unison. Our evening party at Gratzen consisted almost entirely of Bohemians, yet I observed upon the countenances of them a certain half-suppressed sarcastic smile, when I undertook the defence of the Austrians. "Ay, ay," said one of them at last, "just enough they are, no canting hypocrites like the Italians, and hardworking enough too; good God!" and here he shook his head with an air of evident satisfaction, "what unlicked they are! How awkward, stupid, and helpless in every thing! In short," added he, "it is a perverse and wrongheaded people."

On their part, the Austrians reproach the Bohemians with insincerity. "A false Bohemian," is a common expression, and the Austrian genealogist describes the Bohemian as a gloomy, morose, uncomfortable creature. The antipathy to the Bohemian, however, is decidedly increased by more bitterness.

A fat carp, served in black sauce, composed according to a national recipe, of grated ginger, blood, and onions, led our conversation naturally to the great fishponds of the neighbourhood. Gratzen has sixty ponds, the Duke of Krumman seventy, Frauenberg one hundred and forty-five, and Wittingau two hundred and seventy. Among these is the celebrated Rosenberg pond, which occupies nearly a hundred yoke of land, from which and other Wittingau ponds, no less than four hundred cwt of carp are yearly taken, and sent to Vienna.

I cannot say I ever made myself so familiar with the complicated system of management to which the Bohemian fishponds are subjected, as to be able to tell in the manner in which the fish were usually brought to table, still, as I am not aware of any of the travellers who have preceded me in speaking at all upon the subject, I will endeavour to give a concise account of what I have heard about it.

The main point, it seems, is to take care that the fish are of different ages and at different seasons, they are provided with the depth of water suitable to them, and also that the kinds of fish that do not suit each other should not be put together in the same pond. Now, as it is impossible for one pond to satisfy all these demands, the Bohemian landowners have brought the ponds of their estates into a sort of connected system, and have given to each class of ponds its separate destination.

Firstly, there are the brood ponds, (*Brut-, or Laich-teiche*), in which the young fish receive the nurture of their education. These ponds are small and contain but little food, that the rising generation may not injure themselves by gluttonous indulgence. In proportion, however, as the young fishes improve in size, they are removed to the *Streck-teiche*, or stretching ponds, where the interesting little ones are to begin to show themselves. Thence the creatures are removed into the large reservoirs called *Kamm- or Haupt-teiche*. In winter the water is deepest at the bottom, in summer at the top; the young fish, therefore, who require warmth, must be put into deeper ponds in winter.

It would of course be as absurd to put old pike and young carp into the same pond, as to shut up wolves and lambs in one stable. Accordingly there are separate ponds for each. When the carp, however, grow older, they are apt to grow lazy, and bury themselves in the mud, which prevents their proper development; and then, by way of making them more lively, a few young pike are put into the pond, for the purpose of keeping the young republic in a state of healthful excitement, like opposition men in a representative assembly.

It may easily be supposed that all these removals and minglings necessitate a great variety of occupations. Usually the work is performed in spring or autumn, and great care and caution are necessary. If, for instance, snow were to fall on a fish, he must on no account be put back into the pond, but must be sent to market and sold for what he will bring. If a sudden frost covers the ponds with ice, great mischief is done to the fish, if air-holes are not immediately opened. If this is not done, the fish swarm to the surface, and even if they are not suffocated, they "burn" their fins against the ice. A scarcity of water, also, in case of a dry summer, causes great destruction in the ponds.

The intendants of the ponds require, of course, at all times, to know how much water there may be, and poles marked with feet and inches are therefore fixed in each pond. A few inches too much may easily occasion inundations to the neighbouring fields, and then the damage must be made good by the owner of the pond.

Immense swarms of herons, wild ducks, and other waterfowl, frequent these ponds, and the consequence is, that all the surrounding peasantry become practised marksmen. The birds are particularly watchful for the time when the water is to be let out of a pond, on which occasion they fail not to feast upon the frogs and upon such fish as may happen to have remained in the mud. These, however, they are not left in undisturbed possession of; for it is customary, when the owner of the pond has secured the main tribute by means of nets, to abandon what is left to the peasants. The pond inspectors give the signal for the scramble as soon as the noble's boxes are thought to be sufficiently filled. The signal is for the inspectors to cry out *Horzi horzi* (It burns, it burns); whereupon the crowd rush with loud cries into the mud, and drive the geese and herons from their prey. The peasants obtain a good deal of fish in this way, and preserve a considerable quantity for the winter, by smoking them.

The geese and herons are by no means the only plunderers of these ponds, in which otters and beavers likewise abound, though less now than formerly.

On the following morning we started for Krumman, the most famous of all the castles in the neighbouring country, and certainly one of the most interesting of all the princely mansions of the Austrian monarchy, with a dependent lordship of fifteen German square miles, and fifty thousand inhabitants. The dukedom of Krumman is one of those half-sovereignities of which there have at all times been several in Bohemia, as the dukedom of Friedland, which was given to Wallenstein; the dukedom of Reichstadt, with which Napoleon's son was in

vested; and the dukedom of Raudnitz, which belongs to the Prince of Lobkowitz.

You enter the first courtyard by crossing a drawbridge, and passing through a massive stone gateway. The castle ditch was formerly occupied by a number of bears, but these have of late years disappeared. In the second courtyard stands the guardhouse of the Schwarzenberg grenadiers of the body guard, a corps of forty men, in splendid uniforms, all in the prince's pay, and commanded by an officer who holds the rank of captain. In this courtyard I paid my respects to one of the officers of the castle, and told him I wished to see as much as possible of the place. He asked me, with a smile, how many weeks I intended to devote to the inspection; and I soon found, particularly after I had had a glance at the archives, that the question implied by no means an exaggeration. From the second I passed into a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth courtyard.

The castle looks as if no part had ever been pulled down during the whole time that it has been successively held by the Rosenbergs, the Eggenbergs, and the Schwarzenbergs. The whole summit of the hill on which it stands is covered by a labyrinth of turrets, walls, and other buildings, in every imaginable style of architecture, with noble suites of rooms, such as we are accustomed to look for only in imperial palaces, and little poking holes, fit only for the rock-built nest to some robber chief of the feudal times. That the oldest part of the old buildings must be very old indeed, may be inferred from the simple fact, that the most modern portion, the New Castle, as it is called, is mentioned under that name, in the archives, as much as three hundred and fifty years ago.

Our first visit in the interior was to the picture-gallery, in which are preserved the numberless portraits of the various members of the three noble families to whom the castle has successively belonged. What a family party they would make, if they could all step from their canvasses and join in a merry festival! There would be ample room in the castle for all of them; but there is only one of them to whom it is still given to wander through the old halls and corridors, and this is Bertha Von Rosenberg, the celebrated White Lady of Neuhaus, of whom a portrait may here be seen as large as life.

This Bertha, or Brichta, was married to a Lichtenstein, a family with which the Rosenbergs, like their successors the Schwarzenbergs, often arranged matrimonial alliances, even before the bride and bridegroom had been fairly emancipated from the cradle. There are still such things as family sympathies and antipathies among the great houses in Austria, as there were in the earlier times of which a record has been preserved, and some of the family feuds that have been retained to the present day trace their origin to the middle ages. Now this Lichtenstein, the husband of Bertha, was a monster, and treated his gentle wife little better than Bluebeard did his. Often in the morning, it is said, Bertha's pillow was found soaked with her tears, and sometimes even with her blood. Before her marriage she is supposed to have been as fond of the pleasures of the world as most young ladies, but when it

pleased Heaven to release her from her tyrant, she retired to the castle of her brother the Lord of Rosenberg, who about the same time had lost his wife, and with whom she lived thenceforth as a pious widow and a notable housekeeper. Her chief delight was to do acts of kindness to the poor, whom she was in the habit of calling together on certain days, for the purpose of entertaining them with a sweet dish (*dulce mus* is called in the archives of the castle), and which still continues to be distributed. Attempts have more than once been made to substitute a money distribution, but the peasants have always stoutly resisted such an innovation, which they are afraid "Bertha might take amiss."

It is only in more recent times that black has been adopted in Bohemia, from France and Germany, as a mark of mourning. Bertha, like all widows of her time, wore white, which she continued to wear till death, when she was buried in her white widow's weeds. To this she owed her name of the White Lady, by which she was known during her life, and under which she is now almost worshipped as a saint. The people of the surrounding country firmly believe that she continues to wander through the castles then belonging to the house of Rosenberg, that she looks about to see whether the houses are kept in good order, and whether the poor receive their *dulce mus* regularly. In general, in these her wanderings, she is invisible to every eye, but sometimes she is seen, a circumstance always supposed to announce some great calamity to the family. On such occasions the country people whisper timidly into each other's ears—*Brichta z' Rosenberka khodi* (Bertha von Rosenberg is wandering about), and a death in the family is then confidently looked for. At Schloss Wittingau there is a corridor, and at Neuhaus another, which Bertha is supposed to have particularly selected for her nocturnal promenade; and few of the inmates are hardy enough to visit either of these haunted passages, except under good escort, and with a sufficient illumination. To be sure, by daylight, they most of them speak of the whole story in a very rational manner, as a popular fable; but I have my doubts whether even the heads of the family remain altogether unaffected when the whisper flies about that Bertha has shown herself again to mortal eyes.

There are three portraits of the White Lady, one at each of the three castles of Neuhaus, Wittingau, and Krummau, and the three pictures are so exactly alike that two of them are evidently copies, but at each castle the people maintain that they possess the original. Her countenance is pale and meager, and her features full of melancholy, but with a remarkably sweet expression. Her whole person is enveloped in a white garment.

My guide was the captain of the body-guard, who, as we passed from one suite of rooms to another, apologized for his imperfect knowledge of the great labyrinth of masonry, by telling me he had only been a year in the house. The present head of the house of Schwarzenberg is a young man,\* who has abandoned all these

\* He was born in 1799, and is, consequently, about 44 years of age.—T.V.



stately chambers of a bygone time, and has had a set of rooms fitted up for him with modern simplicity and comfort, in a corner of the great house. Then why, will you say, is not the rest of the place turned to account, and made habitable for those, of whom there are so many, to whom the shelter of a roof would be a blessing? Why, you see, my good friend, a large useless house is indispensable to the proper dignity of a great family, and the terms of the entailment do not allow a single corner of the mansion to be neglected.

If you wish to have a proper notion of the importance of the lords of the castle in former days, you must go and have a look at the armory, where you will find the whole rows of trumpets and kettle-drums that were wont to mingle with the family revelry when a Rosenberg was married. There you will see a collection of the coins and medals struck at various times by the family. My companion assured me that the Rosenbergs were accustomed to keep ready at all times arms for twenty thousand men, and that the arms now in the armory would suffice for the equipment of nearly that number, provided the greater part would content themselves with halberds, partisans, and battle-axes.

The subterranean dungeons of the castle have been carved out of the rock with an immense expenditure of labour. We descended with torches as if we had been going down into a mine, and came to the main shaft, which was nothing else but a deep broad well, cut into the solid rock, down which the prisoners were let by means of ropes. We threw stones into the dark abyss, and heard them strike the bottom after a few seconds. We threw down some whips of burning straw; but, even by these means, we were unable to obtain a view of the bottom. There are other dungeons, less horrible than the one described, but quite ugly enough in their way; yet one of them served at one time as a lodging to the German emperor Venzeslaus, who was locked up there, in 1402, by Henry IV. of Rosenberg. The Henrys of Rosenberg seem, indeed, to have been sad fellows; for about one hundred years afterwards, another Henry of Rosenberg put three magistrates into one of these dungeons, for coming, in the name of the supreme tribunal of the country, to lay claim to a portion of his estate for the Lord of Schwamberg. The claim was founded on the will of Henry's predecessor; but Henry denied the validity of the will, and made the magistrates eat the documents with which they had come armed. Every particle—seals, signatures, and all—were they obliged to devour; and when they had finished their meal, they were set free, and, by way of accelerating their retreat, the dogs were let loose upon them.

The castle contains a theatre, with a wardrobe sufficient for a dozen theatres; a riding-school; and an agricultural institution, which, every three years, turns out about thirty practical and scientific farmers, who are mostly appointed to offices about the Schwarzenberg estates. Then there are collections of natural history, a chemical laboratory, the castle church, &c. English castles may be more comfortable to live in; but

they have little of the interest that pertains to one of these ancient Austrian piles, where remote antiquity is seen connected with modern times by an uninterrupted chain. At Krummau alone, with its legends and reminiscences, a moderately fertile writer might find materials for twenty romances.

The steep rock on which the castle stands is separated by a deep ravine from the remainder of the rocky plateau. Over this ravine runs a covered bridge, at the end of which you come suddenly upon a beautiful garden terrace, whence the view is ravishingly beautiful; the bold position of the castle, as it looks down upon the little town of Krummau at the foot of the hill, producing a most peculiar effect. The Moldau forms almost a circle in the landscape; rushing, with great rapidity, by the foot of the rock, and nearly surrounding the little town, in which the chief buildings all date from the time of the Rosenbergs; at whose cost the churches and convents were erected, as well as an old arsenal and an hospital, and a house which served as a retreat for the widowed lady of the castle, whenever a new lord entered into possession.

Towards evening, after having enjoyed the beauties of the garden, we retired into the castle to partake of the hospitality of the civil and accommodating officers of the establishment—the directors, foresters, stewards, &c. To those who know how well these gentlemen live upon the possessions of the Austrian nobles, it will be less matter of surprise to hear of the handsome suites of rooms occupied upon this castellated rock by such functionaries as the director of the castle, or the captain of the body-guard. There are no less than fifty small gardens (or *deputat-gärten*) dependent on the park, and understood to belong to the officers of the castle. These are so numerous, that they have a coffee-house within the walls for their own accommodation; indeed, so numerous are the *employés*, of one sort or another, on the estates of the Schwarzenberg, that the printed list of them forms a tolerably thick octavo volume.

A wood near Krummau is the only place in Bohemia where bears are yet to be found in a state of nature. They are preserved with some care, defended against poachers, and occasionally fed with horseflesh, though in general they require no other food than the berries and roots which they find in the forest. They are mostly harmless, and no one now living remembers the time when a human creature or tame animal was torn to pieces by them. The last man in the neighbourhood who had come into collision with the bears died lately. He was passing through the forest, and seeing a young cub tumbling about on a grassy glade, he took it into his head to carry the creature home. Soon, however, he saw to his horror that the mother had seen him, and was coming after him in full pursuit. He set his prize down immediately; but the mother, after having smelt and caressed her little one, for a few instants, resumed the chase. The poor fellow ran for his life, and was just in time to reach the entrance to a neighbouring farm, where he fell down senseless; and when the servants came out to his



assistance, it was found that the anguish and terror of those few moments had been sufficient to whiten his hair.

### FROM BUDWEIS TO LINZ.

Budweis is completely a German city, though in Bohemia, and has the advantage of being the highest point to which any of the tributaries of the Elbe is navigable. Within twelve German miles of this point lies Linz on the Danube, and the approximation of two such important navigable rivers has at all times caused a very active commerce to be carried on between the two cities. This commerce has of late years been promoted by many improvements in the navigation of the Moldau; improvements for which the country stands mainly indebted to the exertions of Mr. Lanna, a shipbuilder, whose timber-yard at Budweis no stranger ought to leave unvisited. It was he who built the suspension-bridge at Prague, and it is owing to him that no less than seventy vessels so constructed as to suit the navigation of the Elbe and Moldau, arrive now every year at Budweis, and that there is even a regular river communication kept up between the latter place and Hamburg.

One of the consequences of the favourable geographical position of Budweis was, that one morning early, at five o'clock, I repaired to the office of the railroad, with the view of embarking my person in a train about to start for Linz.

The Linz-Budweis railroad is the grandmother of all the railroads on the European continent; and, taking this into consideration, we must not deem it matter of surprise to find it manifesting occasionally some symptoms of the debility of old age. It was the *coup d'essai* of Baron von Gerstner, who afterwards laid down rails in Russia, and died in America. He had great natural difficulties to contend with in the mountainous region over which his road had to be carried. To overcome these difficulties he was obliged to make his railroad take so circuitous a route, that though the distance between the two towns, in a straight line, is not more than ten (German) miles, the railroad has a length of seventeen. After arriving at Linz, the railroad is carried ten miles further to Gmünden, for the convenience of the government salt-works at that place.

The railroad from Budweis to Linz cost 1,700,000 florins. It consists of a single pair of rails, with arrangements at intermediate stations to enable two trains to pass each other. The rails are partly of Styrian, but chiefly of Bohemian, iron; partly cast and partly wrought. In many places they seem sadly in want of repair. Some have been completely worn away, others have lost their nails, and stand up from the wooden sleepers to which they were originally fastened. Sometimes a very sensible jolt of the carriages reminds the passengers of a striking difference between the respective altitudes of two succeeding rails; at other times a drag must be put upon the wheels, to prevent the train from rattling down the hill at too rapid a pace. My journey was performed immediately after rainy weather, which had made the rails extremely dirty and slippery; and I find, from a

memorandum in my journal, that our wheels occasionally sunk into the soft earth. It is evident from all this, that this railroad must have been left in a very neglected condition; but its importance to the commerce of the Danube is so great, that the government will be obliged, before long, to step in, and, by a timely treatment, endeavour to save this grandmother railroad from an untimely fate.

The trains on this railroad are drawn by horses, and owing to the inequalities of the ground over which it passes, there is little likelihood that steam locomotives can ever be introduced there. One horse generally draws two or three carriages; but sometimes two or three horses are yoked on, in which case the train consists of six, seven, or even eight carriages. On an average, a horse is able to draw from seventy to a hundred cwt., at a slow walk; the trains for passengers travel at a smart trot. On the common road, in this mountainous district, a horse cannot well draw more than twelve cwt.

The rich kingdom of Bohemia has been sadly neglected by Nature with respect to salt, one of the necessaries of life. Every particle consumed within the kingdom comes from beyond the Danube; and this salt trade, one of the chief supports of the railroad, has likewise led to an active commerce in other goods. Merchandise of various descriptions finds its way from Trieste and Southern Italy to Gmünden, to be forwarded by railroad to Bohemia.

The terminus at Budweis is in the centre of the town close to the imperial salt-magazines, and to these magazines the travellers and the salt-bags must alike repair. It was, as I said, five o'clock in the morning when I made my appearance there, and I found our little one-horse trains ready to start, as they did almost immediately, at an easy trot, each having about fifty passengers in charge. The coachmen sat on their boxes smoking their pipes, and the draught was evidently so easy, that had the horses been in the habit of indulging in the poisonous weed, they too might have amused their leisure by "blowing a cloud" as they went along.

On a railroad where the trains are drawn by horses you travel with less noise than you do either on one where you are hurried along by steam engines, or on a common road. I was, therefore, soon engaged in an agreeable conversation with my fellow-travellers, and we were able to discuss undisturbed every object that presented itself within the reach of our constantly varying horizon. At Leopoldschlag we reached the highest level of the road, and were there two thousand feet over the sea, and one thousand over the plain of Budweis. At this point likewise we quitted Bohemia to enter Austria, and soon perceived symptoms of our having arrived among a more industrious population than that we had left, though this part of the archduchy of Austria is far from being its most populous or best cultivated district. Detached farmhouses become more numerous, and though the estates are still large, you see no longer so striking and painful a contrast, as in Bohemia, between the castle of the prince and the peasant's hut. Many of the peasants, on the contrary, have houses quite as comfortable as

castles, and most of them have a well-to-do look about them.

The family of which one hears as much on the Austrian side, as one does of the Rosenbergs and Schwarzenbergs on the Bohemian side of the hills, is the family of the Starhembergs who, from time immemorial, have been men of might on the Danube, and, in the middle ages, were often involved in sanguinary feuds with the Rosenbergs. At present, three rich Starhembergs dwell close together,—a prince, a general, and a count,—whose castles we had an opportunity of admiring as we passed along.

Many interesting and picturesque views present themselves on the road, though upon the whole it is much shut in by woods. Just before reaching Linz, however, as we were rolling down a zigzag line into the plain, a magnificent prospect opened suddenly upon us. The plain of Linz, the picturesque banks of the Danube, and the distant Alps in the background, combined to form a glorious picture, and while we were yet descanting on its beauties, we rolled onwards through the gates of Linz to the imperial salt-magazines, here, as at Budweis, the terminus of the road.

## UPPER AUSTRIA.

### LINZ.—THE CARPET MANUFACTORY.

WHEN, in the middle ages, an individual presented himself before the eyes of his fellow-men, it was known immediately, by the colour and cut of his garments, to what rank he belonged, and what was his vocation; but in our times, when superficially, that is, as far as the dress is concerned, all are more or less equal,—although the real distinction of persons, according to position, dignity, and wealth, are as sharply defined as ever,—a traveller in a simple brown frock-coat, entering a Linz manufactory, may be taken for,—what may he not be taken for! particularly if his German accent sound somewhat foreign to the Austrian ear. He may be a Dr., a Professor, a Privy Councillor, or a military officer of high rank in civil costume—or an “Excellency”—or perhaps, what would perhaps not be among the least welcome, he may be a traveller for a great mercantile house, come to make large purchases. “Assuredly,” thought I, as a crowd of obsequious persons met me on my entrance into a noted carpet-manufactory, greeted me most courteously and expectingly, and hastened to display their wares,—“assuredly some such fancies are passing through their heads.” I held it therefore to be my duty to explain to them, that in leaving my home, I had left behind neither kingdom, nor nabobship, nor lands containing 10,000 souls, nor a capital of 250,000 fr. rentes; but that I stood there simply a curious traveller, or, if they would have it so, a traveller desirous of information, without any design whatever of purchasing, or carrying off any thing more than could be conveyed by the eye and ear; where-upon, to my admiration, these people seemed to hold it no less their duty not to abate a particle of their hospitable Austrian obligingness, but rather to assist me the more zealously in viewing their labours and productions. I was the more curious about them, as I knew how considerable a part the Linz fabrics play in the Austrian manufactories, and to what importance they have lately risen.

As late as the year 1783, or 4, the Linz woollen-manufactures were nearly the only ones of the kind in the Austrian states. They were founded, I believe, at the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, by a citizen of Linz, and are the oldest in Austria. This citizen made them over subsequently to the so-called Oriental Company, which had a privilege for the preparation of woollen stuffs of all kinds. The bad economy which reigned in the affairs of the company, and the profuse expenditure in the erection of superb and unnecessarily large buildings, threatened the undertaking with ruin. To prevent the injury which the stoppage must have caused to the

many individuals interested, the government took the business under their own management, reserving to themselves the privileges before granted to private persons. The interval between 1740 and the total abolition of these privileges, may be considered to have been the period of the greatest splendour of the establishment: there were employed at times more than 20,000 workmen, spinners and weavers, in Bohemia; and in Linz alone not less than 2000. The great mind from which nearly all the new life in the Austrian body politic emanated, Joseph, abolished the privileges by which these 20,000 men profited, at the cost of many millions; and since that time, the workmen, scattered over all parts of the monarchy, have founded manufactories in Brunn, Vienna, and other cities, and have laid the foundation of the now considerable woollen-factories of Lower Austria and Moravia.

Since then, the Linz factories have declined, and their great barrack-like buildings stand partially empty, and seem awaiting another destination. Two branches alone of the woollen manufactory have again struck root and prosper: that of carpets, and the printing of woollen table-covers. So much taste is here displayed in these articles, the colours are so lively and so lasting, that the productions of the Linz manufactories have obtained considerable celebrity in the shop and the drawing-room. They have warehouses in Leipzig, Prague, Milan, Vienna, Pesth, &c., and exports have even been made to France and England. Their extraordinary cheapness will no doubt lead to a further demand for these goods. For five or six florins\* a most artistical and magnificent bouquet of flowers may be purchased; while one of the quickly-fading productions of the garden would cost double the money. Establishments for woollen printing are still rare in the world, and it is therefore the more cheering to learn that the art has already been brought to such perfection here. It seems to me, however, that they have been partly indebted for their progress to the influence of France; the designers, at least, are in part French, and the newest drawings are made from designs received from Paris, which city, in the invention of new shades, and in the arrangement of tasteful wreaths and groups of flowers, is certainly not to be excelled. The person, too, at the head of the carpet printing, is of French descent.

The name of this man is Dufresne. He took the trouble to show me over the table-cover department; and, as I visit such establishments much more on account of the men than of their productions, he became to me, in a short time,

\* The Austrian florin is equal to about two shillings sterling. The Rhenish florin is worth rather less. Ten Austrian florins are equal to one pound, or to twelve Rhenish florins.



an object of much interest and respect. He halted in his gait, and in speaking of his infirm limb, related the history of his life. His father, a French emigrant, had sought refuge in Vienna, and there endeavoured to gain a livelihood by the establishment of a small cotton-printing factory. An Austrian nobleman, Count X., a great friend to the French, lent him a small capital, and a corner of his house. The business turned out well, the father hoped for the re-establishment of his worldly prosperity, and the son, who had been born subsequently to the flight of his parents from France, was destined for the military service; but Heaven willed it otherwise; his horse fell with him, his leg was broken, and thenceforward he made up his mind to follow his father's pursuit. Soon afterwards his father died, less wealthy than he had hoped to be, and the son found the business necessary to the maintenance of his mother. He studied how to improve it, and having one day met with some English woollen printing, he never rested till he had not only imitated, but surpassed it. Having thus grown up in adversity, and being endowed with an active spirit, he had made himself what he was when I saw him, "Imperial and Royal Inspector of woollen printing," with a good salary.

The manufactory which I inspected in M. Dufresne's company was exceedingly well arranged, clean, light, and in good order. In the large room where the colour setters were busied, I read on a board conspicuously placed these words written in chalk: "With God's aid." "You are surprised?" observed M. Dufresne, "but you will see this is the chief point. Our business is very laborious and difficult, and requires not only clever and thoughtful, but also diligent and conscientious workpeople. When I give a pattern to a colour setter, I give him also some direction how to proceed. He must listen and apply this cheerfully, but he must also consider well with what colour it will be best to begin and end, and give to these matters zeal and attention, as a painter would do; for I cannot attend to the detail, and must trust much to the conscientiousness of the workmen, who by a single careless step might occasion great damage. On their side they must have full confidence in me, and apply to me in all difficult points. All this is best obtained when a man keeps in mind the words you see written there. It is said that the inmost soul of all art is religion and the fear of God, and our work is a kind of art. I take no workman of whose character I am not certain; I pay far more heed to this than to their skill. And when I have taken one into my employ I observe him closely, and note whether he works in a pious spirit. Many a one have I dismissed solely on account of his want of conscientiousness, and I believe the chest of the imperial and royal manufactory has been the gainer by this policy. We begin in the morning with a short prayer, and those words are never effaced from the board. I have a design of inscribing on a tablet over the door, those fine lines from Schiller's Song of the Bell:

\* And when with good discourse attended,  
The course of labour cheerful flows," &c.\*

\* "Wenn gute Reden sie begleiten,  
So fließt die Arbeit munter fort," &c."

and I believe money so laid out will yield a good interest. Now you see, sir, you know my way of thinking," added M. Dufresne, smiling and clapping me on the shoulder in a friendly manner, as I applauded what he had said, and he further entreated me to write my name in his pocket-book as a memorial.

The manipulation of the wool is one of the prettiest operations that can be seen, and I think there must be more pleasure in working at carpets in a manufactory animated by so good a spirit than in wearing out the finished product in dull company. The workman has the large white woollen fabric spread out before him, and by it the design, the coloured drawing. The different tints are set singly with wooden types, and the workman has soon the satisfaction of seeing the picture unfold itself with tolerable rapidity before him. There are about two hundred and forty different designs for covers in this establishment. This number may at first appear small, but the difficulty of working a new pattern is very great. A peculiar plan must be pursued with every one, and of course for every one a new set of wooden types made. Some of the colours are set abruptly one by the other, and some are partially covered and gently shaded into each other. In this manner, with ten pots of colour, twenty or thirty tints are produced on the wool. It is particularly difficult to judge where the single colours may be best placed, in order to prepare the wooden types accordingly. The true life, spirit, tone and softness are given to the colours by the hot vapour to which the fabric is afterwards exposed for a time.

### THE MADHOUSE.

Near the woollen-manufactory, and like it, by the side of the Danube, stands this edifice, which was erected long since, although the city has but twenty-five thousand inhabitants. I was accompanied by the obliging overseer of the house, which, at the period of my visit, contained about eighty simply insane patients.—Among these were some that especially awakened my sympathy.

One was a painter, a Tyrolese, who had distinguished himself in the war of freedom, and had received, in consequence, a small sum of money from the government. As he had shown from his youth taste and talent for drawing, and had already studied it in some degree in Vienna, he appropriated this money to the expenses of a journey to Italy. In Rome, however, on comparing himself with the great living, and greater dead, masters, he became aware of the little he was likely to accomplish with the greatest exertion. His anxious labours, unsupported as it appeared by true genius, induced a degree of morbid excitement; his efforts could not satisfy him, and the masterpieces of art, which he saw daily before him, appeared in his eyes so many reproofs of his own incapacity. He was not a bad draughtsman, and had he stuck to the pencil, he might have become a good mathematical or architectural artist. Unfortunately he did not possess the prudence so many want, that of contenting himself with his own modest portion of talent, as God had given it him, and putting it to usury in the prescribed direction.

In the exertion to become a distinguished painter, and reach a height unattainable to him, he destroyed himself. In despair he fled from Rome and returned to his friends—a madman. He now fancies that oil-colours are baneful to him and full of poison. The sight of an oil-painting causes him the greatest suffering, and every thing that tends to remind him of brush or palette must be carefully kept out of his sight. He takes a pleasure in the use of the crayon and blacklead-pencil, and several of the patients have had their portraits sketched by him, very good likenesses, hanging up over their beds. I found him occupied in drawing a pretty little landscape, and he himself assured me, with a friendly smile, that it was his peculiar misfortune to suffer so much from oil-colours that he should die on the spot if he only smelt them. Rome, Raphael, and Correggio he had quite forgotten. In madness itself there is a kind of happiness and tranquillity; the condition that precedes it, the struggle between reason and frenzy, must be infinitely more terrible. What chambers of torture must the studios and galleries of Rome have been for this man! *The becoming mad* must be like an active conflagration, but the being mad must resemble the condition of the burnt-out edifice, more fearful, perhaps, to the spectator, but far less frightful to the sufferer than the former convulsion.

In another room a poor lunatic was busily rubbing a brass ring. He told us with great glee, that it was becoming brighter and brighter, and that the gold would soon appear. The director told us, he had been rubbing that ring for weeks together, and every day asserting the same thing; a prize in the lottery had been the original cause of his calamity. He had wasted his money in idle extravagance, and in a short time all was gone but a few hundred florins. These he made use of to purchase fifty more shares. They came up all blanks, and the gulf of ruin he saw yawning before him deprived him of his reason. Since that time he has employed himself in polishing brass rings in the expectation of their turning to gold.

In all the Austrian lunatic asylums, we hear wonders of the Douche or cold water cure, and, in Linz accordingly, we were told of a striking cure performed by the help of this remedy in the course of the preceding summer. A man labouring long under the deepest melancholy, and a prey to monomania of all kinds, which ended in periodical fits of perfect frenzy, was completely cured in the course of three weeks by the Douche, and dismissed to his fellows as a reasonable being.

Here also, behind an iron grating, we saw some poor wretches whose madness had already cost the lives of several fellow-creatures.—Among them were some of whom it was doubtful whether their deeds should be atoned for on the scaffold, or their correction sought for in the madhouse. The story of one was particularly horrible. This person was a citizen of Linz, noted some ten years before for an unconquerable dread of spectres and witches. In every strange noise, and every unusual appearance, he fancied the presence of supernatural influences; even his own wife, if she appeared unexpectedly before him, was sometimes taken

for a spectre. His wife was accustomed to laugh at and ridicule her husband for these puerile terrors. On one wild and stormy evening, when all the vanes and window shutters shook and rattled fearfully, she said to him, "There you foolish man, some of your witches will certainly come to fetch you to-night." The night came on, and the unhappy man became more silent and terror-stricken. At a late hour one of the children awoke, and the mother, unable to still it cried at last, "Sleep you witch's brat, or I'll kill you." These thoughtless words acted like an electric spark on the dark fancies that lay brooding in the troubled brain of the miserable man. Armed with a hatchet, he sprang to the cradle of the child, crying, "Yes, yes, witch's child! Kill it! Witches are all around us and about us! I'll kill ye all." His weeping wife and shrieking children were all murdered one after the other, and then a poor maid-servant. He then barred all the doors and windows to keep out the evil spirits that might be without, and watched the whole night through, armed with his hatchet, by the bodies of the supposed witches. The sun was standing high in the heaven, when the neighbours saw him crossing the street bearing the corpses of his children, dripping with their gore. He called out that they were witch's children, whom he was going to throw into the water. He was immediately seized as a furious and mischievous maniac, and has been ever since confined in the grated cell where we beheld him crouching before us in the straw.

#### JESUIT SCHOOL.

If the object of the Lunatic Asylum be the restoration of the crazed to reason, the Jesuit school may be held in some respects as one for rendering crazy those whom nature has made rational, at least if we share the opinions of many of the enlightened of our times with regard to the Jesuits. Linz possesses one of their schools, oddly enough installed in one of those celebrated towers or citadels which surround the city with their strong girdles. The Archduke Maximilian, who planned and built these towers, gave the Jesuits one of those first built, for an experiment, and at his own cost, on the Freiberg. The Maximilian towers are large, round buildings, with thick walls, as great a portion of them being sunk under ground as appears above it. Below the level of the soil they contain several stories, while above it they rise but a few feet, and these are partly covered with turf, so that from without, by the additional shelter of a gradually elevated wall, they are scarcely to be seen. The balls of the enemy must for the most part fly harmlessly over them, while their own, discharged from cannon rising but a few inches from the sod of the bulwark, and hidden besides in deep hollows in the walls, must burst quite unexpectedly out of the grass. All the towers, to the number of seventeen or twenty, stand in a certain regular connection with one another, yet each is susceptible of individual defence, if the chain were broken, and could pour its fire on an advancing enemy as well from one side as the other. Really, if the



illustrious and deeply experienced inventor were not known, one might fancy this defensive system the invention of the Jesuits themselves.

In these fortresses the fathers are now firmly established, after making such changes as their own wants and taste dictated. On the thick bomb-proof ground-walls they have reared two additional stories; the interior of the fortress is laid out cheerfully, the exterior washed over with an agreeable red colour; every door bears the initials J. H. S., and every niche of the walls, where formerly cannon were lodged, is changed into a sleeping and sitting-room for the accommodation of the pupils or the superiors, attainable by elegant winding staircases running round the interior of the building. In addition to the towers a garden was bestowed on them, which is most diligently cultivated, and a second piece of ground on the foremost point of the Freiberg, where they have built an elegant small church in the Gothic style.

The most striking piece of furniture in this church is a magnificent throne-like seat with a canopy, both so bedizened with gold, that one can scarcely believe it destined for a place of prayer, and for those who should set a conspicuous example to the flock, of humble devotion to God. But so it is. "It is the throne of the superior," answered the Jesuit lay-brother, who was in the church, and of whom I had inquired if this were destined for the emperor or any other illustrious person occasionally visiting them. The church is further decorated with several new pictures, representing scenes from the life of a newly-canonized Jesuit of the name of Hieronymus; one, representing him with the sacramental chalice in his hand on the seashore, and obtaining for the Neapolitan fishermen a miraculous draught; another depicting him, cross in hand, checking the fiery eruption of Vesuvius. These and other pictures were lighted, not by side-windows, but from the roof, according to the new fashion. When such objects are found covered with dust in an ancient half-ruined cloister, or in a picture-gallery, from a long mouldered pencil, one finds nothing amiss in it; but I cannot deny that it made a most disagreeable impression on me, to find them decorating the walls of a modern temple, and purporting to be the events of our own day.

I do not think, however, that the Jesuits have made any great progress of late in Austria. Complaints are certainly heard that the nobles are too much devoted to them, but that they should ever obtain their former position is almost impossible. All enlightened persons, of whom there are undoubtedly many in Austria, have decided against them; even the lower classes make zealous opposition. Nevertheless the Jesuits have begun to spin their strong yet subtle nets. They are most numerous in Galicia. In Hungary there are none at all; in the German provinces there are three "houses," one in Gratz, one in Linz, and one at Inspruck. They have acquired most influence in the latter city. Not long ago the Gymnasium there was given up to them, and teachers supplied from their body, and since that time many complaints have been heard, that it is no longer the ability of the pupils, but the rank and credit

of their parents which decide their advancement.

Each of the "houses" has a superior, a "minister," the superior's deputy and assistant, several priests (seculars), and some lay-brothers to cultivate the garden, attend to household affairs, and be serviceable in many other ways. The superior of the Linz house was absent on a "journey of business" at the time of my visit. The minister was in the confessional chair, where I saw him with his features concealed, listening to a kneeling penitent. I went afterwards, accompanied by a priest, who obligingly offered his services, to see the interior of the building. We passed through the schoolrooms and others appropriated to the pupils of the institution. They live two and two together, (in some of the rooms there were three,) agreeably to the principles of the Jesuits, that no member of their order shall be left without the company and assistance of another. No brother of the order ever receives permission to visit the city alone, he must always have another brother, his "Socius," with him. According to this regulation no Jesuit can ever be entangled in a dispute or struggle of any kind without being sure of help. Hence, wherever there is a Jesuit he is double-headed and four-armed, and beyond a doubt this is one of the most politic laws in their code. Even the lay-brothers have also each of them his "Socius." They remind us of the Spartan legion, which was so unconquerable, principally because it consisted entirely of pairs of fraternal friends linked together for life and death. Two men so bound to each other, yield a much greater amount of power than two separate individuals; as two cannon-balls linked together by a chain produce a much more terrible effect than when fired singly. At present there are thirty Jesuits in the Linz house, nine of whom are priests, nine lay-brethren, and the rest novices. They are nearly all Germans.

"We are recruited principally from German-Bohemia," said my attendant priest, as we stepped out on the broad and beautiful platform of the tower to enjoy the magnificent prospect; "thence come the greater number of our pupils. We have reason to rejoice so far, but this is not to be compared with our progress in Belgium. There not less than eighty-four young, and several elderly men, entered our order in the course of last year. We have few or no Slavonians in our house. In Linz we have made no great progress, hitherto; indeed we possess nothing here but this house provisionally. The Florians have still the Gymnasium. We are therefore here only provisionally, and *ad interim*, and educate our pupils *ad interim*," (is there no roguery concealed behind this *ad interim*? thought I) "in the hope that in time a wider sphere of influence will be opened to us. We employ ourselves *ad interim* with the sciences, yet we think that if we form useful subjects, they must in time be made use of. The houses of our order in Austria do not form as yet an organized and individual province, but we hope it will soon take that form. In Vienna we have not yet received permission to establish ourselves; the cause may be the old prejudices against us, and a lurking remnant of belief in the disorders attributed to our order."



but we *hope* that in the constantly increasing enlightenment of these times, these prejudices will die away. I have read all the books which have been written for and against the Jesuits; for the order was always an object of great interest to me; and since I have myself belonged to it, I have been amazed at the unfounded accusations and bitter persecutions to which it has been exposed. God be praised, we have fallen on better times, and people have already begun to acknowledge their earlier injustice. When our order was dissolved, at the close of the last century, the canonization of not less than eighty distinguished Jesuits then in progress was interrupted. In later times, seven of these causes have been taken up again, and brought to an end. By the two last popes (the present and his predecessor), seven Jesuits have been canonized, or pronounced blessed. Among these was the celebrated Canisius, whose services in Germany have been so great. At this moment another is about to be pronounced blessed, who suffered martyrdom on his mission to Poland. He was slain there by the barbarians in the middle of the eighteenth century. The cause has been long in hand; but as such matters are proceeded in with great circumspection, their progress is necessarily slow. The documents proving his purity of life, and his blessed and worthy end, are all forthcoming; but exact and authentic intelligence of the death of his "*Socius*," who accompanied him on his mission and suffered with him, are yet wanting; and these, according to our laws, are absolutely necessary to the canonization of a Jesuit. We *hope*, however, that these supplementary points will speedily be cleared up, when the Holy Father may follow the impulse of his heart, and bestow the crown of martyrdom upon this excellent man."

My Jesuit friend had pronounced the word *hope*, at least, four or five times, whence I should conclude that the Jesuits of our day are very full of this agreeable feeling. Often, however, as the Jesuit appeared, I had no fault to find with my companion; but as I looked on the turf-covered, bomb-proof, and cannon-bristling towers of Linz, and compared them with the smiling, decorated building, in holiday attire, of which the Jesuits have taken possession, I thought also how quickly such a smooth, friendly, and courteous man of peace might be metamorphosed into a rude, hostile antagonist in times of strife and trouble, and how certainly we two friendly interlocutors would then find ourselves opposed to each other.

From our lofty stand, we commanded an extensive view over the Austria so rich in *hope* for the Jesuits. The city of Linz, with its black roofs, lay at our feet; and in the distance, on the magnificent plains of Lower Austria, gleamed the cloister of St. Florian. The noble Danube flowed, in its winding course, through this beautiful land to Vienna, attended, no doubt, by many a longing sigh of the Jesuits, wafted towards the stately "*Residenz*." Towards the south, the plains swelled, by degrees, into hills and eminences, which lay like shadows in the foreground, backed by the sharply-defined and majestic Alpine chain of Rætia and Noricum.

## PROVINCIAL MUSEUM.

Among the many national museums and collections of provincial rarities, which have arisen within the last ten years in all parts of the Austrian monarchy, in Prague, Pesth, Gratz, Laybach, &c., one has taken root in Linz, whose object it is to collect and preserve in a separate museum all that can have reference to the history and natural productions of Austria. Formerly, all such things found in any of the provinces of the monarchy were sent without exception to Vienna. The provinces considered themselves as the lawful possessors of such curiosities, and looked upon their removal as little better than robbery. No doubt jealousy of the all-grasping capital caused the neglect of much that might have been collected. In fact, objects of this kind can only be properly estimated in the place of their nativity. Many have provincial value and significance alone, and are quite worthless and unnoticed in an extensive general museum. Few citizens embrace the whole state in their patriotic sympathies; the interest of the greater part is limited to the narrow circle of their homes.

The Linz museum has now six rooms filled with antiquities, coins, petrifications, fossils, stuffed animals, minerals, books, and industrial productions, and in the treatise published every year a light has been thrown on many a dark corner of Austrian history, which would probably not have been done if the bureau for the advancement of such purposes had remained at Vienna.

None of the antiquities I saw here interested me more than the shield of a Roman warrior, and a Roman brick. The shield was from the celebrated shield manufactory which the Romans had at the mouth of the Ens, and from which the greater part of the legions on the Danube were supplied with arms. The Austrians have at present for the supply of their Danube army, a similar manufactory in the city of Steyer, not far from the Ens, where pikes, guns, and pistols are the weapons now made instead of spears and shields. The brick attracted my attention from the traces of dust and of straw, and the mark of the workman's fingers, which were still visible on its surface. An accidental puff of wind probably scattered the broken straw upon the brick while it was yet soft, the workman kneaded it in, and thus the memorial of the unheeded motion of a careless hand has remained undestroyed for centuries. In the invisible physical laboratory of the human world trifles are often perpetuated from analogous causes.

The Romans had their principal station on the Danube, at Linz (*Lentium*); and in fact it is a position that will continue to be occupied so long as the land is inhabited. The Danube here issues from a narrow mountain-pass, into a rich and beautiful plain, in which roads branch off in every direction, and traverse the broad valley of the Traim, joining that of the Danube, in the neighbourhood of Linz. The division even of the country into the province above, and that below the Ens, is old and of Roman origin. The whole land was called Noricum ripense; all that

lay below the Ens, the Romans called the lower towns and castles, and those above, the towns and castles of Noricum ripense?

### THE MONASTERY OF ST. FLORIAN.

One morning, in company with a new acquaintance, I stepped into a *stellwagen* bound for Ebelsberg, a small market-town at the mouth of the Ens. A thick morning vapour covered the whole valley. My companion had justly calculated the movement of the foggy particles, and said to me after a time, "We shall have a most beautiful day;" and in fact, as we approached the more elevated neighbourhood of Ebelsberg, we left the fog behind us, and had, as he had prophesied, the finest weather we could have desired.

These public carriages (*stellwagen*) have been introduced in Linz within the last ten years, and now run in every direction from that city. Ten years ago, if a person wished to go from Linz to Steyer, and was at all in haste, he must have paid five florins, and given abundance of good words besides. Now he can go for about forty pence, and the vehicle makes the journey twice a day.

My object was to visit the renowned convent of St. Florian, and also some of its peasants, so well known for their opulence. I left Ebelsberg, therefore, on foot, and striking into a by-road, proceeded deeper into the country. A little countryman who had bought a nook of land from the lords spiritual, and had therefore some business to settle with them, went with me, and we soon came in sight of the stately abbey which stands on a hill. The fields and meadows, the orchards, and all around, announced a system of careful cultivation. A storehouse, an apothecary's shop, a tavern, and an hospital, all attached to the abbey, lay at the foot of the hill. I praised the arrangement of all these to my peasant companion. "Ah," said he, "yes, yes, the holy fathers, they are clever fellows, they look after their affairs, and keep things under their own eye." In the village stood two wagons with four horses, each laden with six-and-twenty calves. The poor creatures lay with their legs bound, and their heads hanging down in a most painful position. Some had wounded themselves against the iron work of the high wheels, by the constant convulsive twitchings of the mouth. I suppose there was no society in the abbey for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I looked from the poor calves to the picture of the Madonna, which hung from the corner of the abbey tavern, and read beneath these words: "Blessed is the holy and immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary."

I had heard much beforehand of the grandeur of the Austrian abbeys, standing like a magnificent chain of palaces, mostly on the right side of the Danube as far as Vienna; but I must confess that when I trod the interior courtyards and chambers of St. Florian's cloistered palace, my expectations were far exceeded by the reality. The principal part is built in a most superb style, from a plan of the time of Charles the Sixth, and is almost finished. To be almost finished has been the destiny of almost all the

stately erections of that ruler, who died ten years too soon, as the zeal for building in the Gothic style did by a hundred. However, in St. Florian's abbey, it is but little that is wanting.

Few monarchs in Europe can boast of being so grandly lodged, whether in reference to the form or materials of their dwellings, as the "regular Augustine chapter of St. Florian in Upper Austria." On either side of the lofty entrance, broad marble steps lead to the principal floor, and corridors above a hundred feet in breadth run round the various wings of the buildings that surround the four quadrangular inner courts. The corridors, as well as the outer passages, and the floor of the great hall, are elegantly paved with black and white marble, and everywhere the cleanliness is so perfect, that every atom of dust must be remorselessly pursued with brush and broom. As I paced these corridors, the water splashing in the midst of the courts, the rays of the sun playing through the countless arched passages, casting rich lights and shades upon the polished marble beneath, I thought if the pleasure of a stranger in wandering here was so great, what must be that of the owners, the fathers of St. Florian! In the corridors are the little doors they should be, but they are lofty portals, leading to the monks' cells, to the apartments of the prelate, to the emperor's hall, the library, the cardinal's chambers, and others.

I was really somewhat embarrassed which door to attack first, for I was afraid of disturbing some personage of importance turn whither I would. At last, wiping the dust carefully from my feet, I chose a cell at random, and found, in the person of the father and professor Kurz, so celebrated throughout Austria, for his learning and historical works, the very best guide to lead me through this labyrinth that my good angel could have led me to.

The great convents and abbeys in Austria have been, at all times, the nurses and cherishers of science and of art; in every one is to be found a museum of natural history, a noble library, and, generally, a picture gallery; and each boasts its celebrated names, either of those who have long departed from this world, and live only in the affection and respect of posterity, or of those still living, and actively engaged in the service of their order. Of the latter class is the reverend Father Kurz, a kind and venerable old man of seventy-two, who now advanced to meet the intrusive stranger. He was for a long time professor of history in the Gymnasium of Linz, and has written some learned works on Austrian history. At present, borne down by years and feeble health, he has retired to his cell, where he busies himself with lighter literary labours, and the affairs of the convent. I found with him a couple of peasants, who had come to request his advice respecting a lawsuit, and a peasant-girl asking him for some medicine for her sick mother.

I know not whether we North German protestants entertain very just notions respecting the influence, the sphere of operation, or the business and manner of life of the monks of the great Austrian Augustine and Benedictine convents; nor whether our opinion of them may not be too unfavourable; and I shall there-

fore permit myself a few remarks on the subject. It would be highly unjust to consider such establishments, simply as the retreats of lazy monks, whose sole employments are praying and eating. On the contrary, the manifold relations in which such a convent stands to the external world, and the great sphere of activity connecting it, with nearly every phase of life, have opened the way for the cares, the business, and the vexations of humanity, and paved for them an easy entrance to the cells of these monks; these, consequently, are busy men of the world, rather than feasting and praying anchorites; and if they are worried somewhat more at their ease than other people, they have to bend like other Christians under the common burden. It is only a small minority of the members of such a house that are commonly resident within its walls. In St. Florian only twenty-one out of its ninety-two fathers were dwellers there at the time of my visit. The rest were almost constantly absent on different employments and missions, some as parish priests in their respective parishes, some as instructors in schools, professors at the Gymnasias, or as stewards and overseers of the lands of the abbey, which must all be administered and overlooked.

As teachers and professors, they must submit to examinations like other people, and as agriculturists they are as responsible as others in similar employments. Those who remain in the convent are either the old and feeble, or those who have their employments in the abbey itself. One is master of the household, and has the kitchen, the stable, &c. under his direction, another is master of the forest, a third, librarian and director of the museum. Some of the convents which possess observatories, have also their own astronomers, who, as professors of astronomy, teach the science in the convent. The observatory of Kremsminster has long been celebrated, and almost every person here can tell which father is now at the head of it. Even the old and feeble find much in their cells to interest them in the sayings and doings of the world without. They are the friends and patrons of many far and near, who visit them frequently to ask counsel and assistance. The prelates,—so are styled the heads of the great convents,—the prelates, if not princes by birth, live like princes, and have the usual allotment of business and influence, cares and crosses, that fall to the share of princes. They have their banquet-halls like them, but also their halls of audience and rooms for business, whence they overlook and direct the affairs of the convent. They are also frequently members of the provincial states, and hence, although monks, are entangled in some measure in the contest of politics. The whole range of great abbeys in the valley of the Danube may be looked upon as among the most distinguished pillars of the Austrian state edifice; and not only its supporting pillars, but also the foundation and cornerstones of that edifice. These religious foundations, founded in the earliest ages of the Austrian sovereignty, were the very strongest elements in the formation of the future archduchy. In the middle ages, the abbots of those convents often furnished the most considerable reinforcements to the Austrian armies, and at a later period, one

of them contributed as large a sum as eighty or a hundred thousand florins to the expenses of a war. At the commencement of the reign of Maria Theresa, she could obtain from the bank of Genoa the three millions she required, only on condition, that the Austrian abbeys would be her security.

On almost every house-wall in Austria a St. Florian is painted, emptying a pail of water over a burning house, as its protecting saint; pious verses are sometimes inscribed beneath, recommending the house to his guardianship, and sometimes verses any thing but pious, as the following:

"House and home trust I to Florian's name;  
If he protect it not, his be the shame."

But of late, the signs and tokens of the Vienna and Trieste Fire Assurance Companies have made their appearance by the side of St. Florian, whose credit appears to sink as theirs rises. St. Florian was a heathen, and a Roman centurion in the time of Olim. Here in the camp by the Danube, his mind, bent on serious matters, and withdrawn from the frivolities of Rome, may have been duly prepared for the seed of the Christian religion; but *how* it fell, and *how* it germinated, the legend says not. Enough—Florian became a zealous Christian, confessed and preached the new doctrine, and was in consequence condemned as a rebellious and frantic innovator by his general Aquilius, and beaten to death with clubs on the shores of the Danube. His body was thrown into the water, where it remained till the princess Valeria, the daughter of the emperor Dioclesian, withdrew from the embraces of the river nymphs the remains of a saint known and honoured as far as the Turkish frontier, and in the year 304, buried them in the place where now the abbey stands. His long acquaintance with the water nymphs of the Danube, it may be, which has rendered him so peculiarly fit for a fire extinguisher.

"You may believe what you please of this story," said my guide to me, "but you will find it not only in black and white in our old chronicles, but also in bright colours in our picture-gallery, where we have the whole history represented in a series of twenty paintings."

In the library of the convent there are forty thousand volumes. The hall is large and beautiful, a hall worthy of the muses, as is always the case in the Austrian convents of the first rank. Except Gottingen, I know no German university which has so splendid an apartment for this purpose as St. Florian's. With respect to the collection itself, it is naturally somewhat different. The chief part, of course, is composed of theology. The fathers are in full force, some of them in the splendid Paris editions. Other branches of knowledge have not, however, been neglected. The censorship of the press affects this convent but little. For them there is no forbidden fruit, and the convents are exactly the fittest asylums for writings persecuted by the censor; works, which in any other library, or in a bookseller's shop, would be seized by the police, are frequently to be found in cloisters where such unquiet productions are held to be in the quietest place. The monks know how to



arrange these matters, only taking the precaution sometimes of placing such writings on the second row, behind others, or on the topmost shelves. The influence of these fine collections cannot be great, as they are the private property of the convents, and the books are never lent out. Nevertheless, they are interesting with a view to the future; it is well to know where such literary materials are to be looked for; doubtless, the day will come when another Joseph will throw these noble halls open to the public, and declare their contents the property of the state. On this account I was glad to find everywhere a goodly assemblage of our German historians, down to Luden, Menzel, and Pfister. The *Monumenta Germanorum* are also not wanting. An historical-geographical work on Lower Austria, in thirty volumes, put me in a terrible fright. If this work, like Meidinger's *Grammar*, should arrive at a twentieth edition, one might cover a good portion of the three hundred (German) square miles of Lower Austria with the paper. If we were to use all the waste paper of this kind in Germany we might cover the whole surface of the globe, and perhaps paper up the sun besides.

The Florian convent owns not less than seven hundred and eighty-seven houses and farms, or, as they express it here, so many "numbers," and yet it is only a "three-quarters" cloister. The greater number of the convents are only "half" or "quarter." Kremsminster is one of the few "entire cloisters." I never could learn from what measure these expressions of half and whole, &c., which are in constant use among the people, are taken, nor could the fathers themselves give me any information. Perhaps it may be a mode of speech, remaining from the times when the convents were rated for military contributions; Florian must then have paid fifty thousand florins, where Kremsminster paid eighty thousand. In those times, an archduke of Austria sometimes resided as a guest at St. Florian's, with four hundred and fifty horsemen and horses; the present emperors come much more modestly attended. The convent is in constant readiness for such visits. Here, and in all other Austrian convents, there is a suite of rooms called "the imperial apartments." The number of illustrious guests that have visited the Augustine lords spiritual, from the emperor Arnulph the child, downwards, is countless—among them was Prince Eugene, the high-hearted conqueror of the Turks. He slept here, during his stay, on a splendid bedstead, at each of whose four corners a Turkish prisoner was chained in effigy. Pictures of the battles of Zenta, Mohacs, and Belgrade, adorned the walls, and every wax light in the antechamber, was borne by the figure of a Moor, carved in wood. All these are preserved as memorials to the present day. Pope Pius VI., on his memorable journey to Vienna, was entertained at St. Florian's Abbey, and from the balcony of his chamber, bestowed his blessing on not less than thirty thousand people.

Emperors, princes, and popes, are not the only visitors: travelling students usually halt here in the vacations; some may always be found in the rooms below, appropriated to their service. In one of them I found an enigmatical-

looking piece of furniture, whose use I was at a loss to divine. My companion directed my attention to an inscription on the front, which displayed the following spiritual reference to a stove: "*Hoc in tumultu hiems arida ætatis ossa consumit.*"

In almost all the conventual churches I found multitudes of redbreasts as regular inhabitants. In the splendid church of St. Florian, their pleasant chirpings were the only praises to God I heard during my visit. The church servitor told me that, in the brooding season, their numbers were so great, that the preacher's voice was often overpowered by their song. The sparrows keep to the outside of the roof; swallows come sometimes for years together, and then disappear again.

Carlo Carlone was the architect of this church. This man's ear must have been well opened to the harmonies that lie in numbers, and grand proportions, for the height, breadth, and length of the church, the place and proportions of the windows, the stalls, corridors, and choir, the arches and pillars, form a whole so exquisitely symmetrical, that the musical impression, received on entering the place, is irresistible. The principal lines of the building are covered with the most solid, rich, and tasteful stuccoes. Round all the galleries, cornices, and ceilings, hundreds of angels are wreathed and grouped. Curtains, executed in the most masterly manner in plaster, hang in rich profusion over every door and passage; and the most beautiful garlands, wreaths of flowers, and arabesques, wind and droop in lavish abundance, and in the most graceful forms throughout. I must confess that I learnt, for the first time, here to know what stucco was, and what might be made of it.

The church has three organs; the largest is in the background, opposite the high altar, and two smaller ones are in the choir. The largest, the masterwork of an Austrian of the name of Christmann, has 5230 pipes, and the strongest of these, cast in the finest English tin, is thirty-two feet high, four feet and a half in circumference, and weighs five hundred weight. The "organ-basket," which supports the seat of the organist and the singers, displays the most beautiful and inimitable workmanship in carved wood. It has the figure of a giant basket, or balcony, formed of the thickest bush of acanthus-leaves. Below, the woodwork of this balcony is intermingled with that of the stalls and prayer-desks. The pillows of those seats and their canopy, consist partly of black fretted woods, and partly of speckled beech-wood, of which the massive blocks are in themselves curiosities. The whole range of stalls for the chapter exhibit the finest architectural drawing, and the greatest solidity of construction, and yet the minutæ are executed with a neatness and elegance such as are usually bestowed only on boxes destined for the reception of ladies' jewels or gentlemen's snuff. On a closer examination, every little knot and edge is found to be most artistically and laboriously put together, and exquisitely polished.

In one word, present arms and show honour due to the Austrian monks, all ye who so often condemn, without even knowing them. I must confess, that I desired nothing more than that

Father Kurz and the other gentlemen might accept my farewell pressure of the hand as it was meant, as a token of the most sincere goodwill and esteem.

### VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF AN AUSTRIAN PEASANT.

The peasants of Upper and Lower Austria have, with the exception of some of the peasants of Lombardy, certainly reached a higher degree of wealth and freedom than any other peasants in the Austrian empire. Those of Galicia, Bohemia, and Hungary, are, on the whole, still serfs; the inhabitant of Illyria and the Tyrol is poor. There are *parts*, indeed, of all these provinces where the land is better cultivated, and the peasants more free and opulent. Hanna, in Moravia, is celebrated for this, so is Zips, in Hungary; Saxonland, in Transylvania; Egerthal, in Bohemia; and many rich Alpine valleys, are also remarkable exceptions. Neither ought we to pity or despise the peasants of other parts of the monarchy as mere slaves, without duly estimating many alleviating circumstances. To take them all in all, however, it is not less certain that the peasants of the Danube, in reference to mental cultivation, solidity of character, firmness of position, and a recognition of their rights as men, surpass the majority of their fellow-subjects, as far as they do in agricultural knowledge and opulence. Among the richest and best known are those in the neighbourhood of St. Florian's Abbey. Some of them, indeed, are so distinguished, as to have had the honour, more than once, of receiving their emperor, and one of these is the much-talked-of "Meier in der Tann." Accompanied by a guide from the Abbey, I made my way, by a narrow footpath, through beautiful woods, over luxuriant meadows, and through well-cultivated fields and orchards to the farms of this wealthy peasant.

The Florian and Austrian peasants in general, although more those above than below the Enns, live more frequently in solitary farm-houses in the midst of their lands, than in villages. The peasants have all a double name; in the first place, a family name which is inherited by their children, and secondly, one as possessor of the farm, which passes to their successors only. These official names are no doubt extremely old, as old perhaps as the farms themselves. "Lehner, in Fohreubach." "Meier im leeren Busch." "Zehuter, near Gommering." "Meier in der Tann." "The Schildhuber." "The Dindelhuber," and the entire name of such a peasant sounds quite long and stately; for example, "John Plass, Meier in der Tann," "Joseph Fimberger, the Schildhuber." In ordinary life, the designation from the land is much more usual than the family name. It is more usual to say "the Schildhuber was here to day," than "Joseph Fimberger was here." The women are generally called by the family name, but in a manner differing from ours. A feminine termination is attached, as Maria Fimbergerin, the Moserin, instead of Frau Fimberger, Frau Moser, as we should say. "Meier in der Tann, ah, he has a house like a castle," said every one to me, and in fact the majority of these great

farmhouses are built like castles with four wings forming a quadrangle. The foot-passenger enters the dwelling-house in one wing by a narrow doorway, and the loaded wagons enter at another through a wider gate, and drive into the inner court. The stabling, cartsheds, granaries, barns, &c., are in the other wings. The building has two stories and has a stately exterior. The house is well furnished with pious sentences over the doors, both within and without, and all the household utensils down to the plates, are garnished with verses and passages from the Bible. At the house of "Meier in der Tann," I found a flour-sack, speaking in the first person, and where we less poetical North Germans would have placed simply a stamp, or have contented ourselves with the name, Fritz Meier, the flour-sack had it:

"Be it known to every man  
I belong to Meier in the Tann."

The principal chamber in the house is called "Meier's room." It is the usual place of assembly of the members of the family, and also the eating-room; here the women sit at their spinning in the winter, or at any other of the minor domestic occupations. Near it are the bed-chambers of the heads of the family and their children, and opposite, on the other side of the passage those of the maids and the men. "Meier in der Tann" has, moreover, his private room of business.

On the second story were the best rooms for guests, and the store-rooms. In these "Sunday rooms," many have the portraits of their progenitors. Those of "Meier in der Tann," were all clothed from head to foot in raven-black, and looked like so many Venetian nobles. Here are always a number of beds with magnificent mountains of feathers and gay-coloured quilts, for any visitors who may happen to come. In these "Sunday rooms," in presses, chests, and drawers, the bridal finery, the treasures of linen, metal, and the holiday clothes of the wife, a black spencer, a black silk *kittel* (so they call the best gown), and a pretty cap of otter-skin, surmounted by a star of pearls, are all stowed away, all things which in form and material remind us of Bavaria, whence there is little doubt this part of Austria was colonized. Then there is the *kustl* (room) for fruit, in which are kept whole chests full of dried apples, pears, and plums; and a harness-room, where the abundance, order, and simple ornament, please more than all the brilliant show and rigid accuracy of a suite of royal stables. In many peasants' houses in this part of the country, there are not less than forty rooms.

The most celebrated race of horses in all the countries between Munich and Vienna, south of the Danube, is the Pinzgauer. These are large, magnificent animals, brought here as colts, and reared on the fine meadows of the Danube. They are used awhile for agricultural labours, and then sent to Vienna, where these huge animals are met with in the service of the butchers and brewers.

The stock of horned cattle on the Danube is constantly supplied from the mountain pastures, where the breeding of cattle is often the only



possible occupation. From Pinzgau, Pongau, and the Styrian Alps; the cattle descend to the plains to fill up the gaps made by death and the butcher, and which the smaller cattle production of the plains cannot sufficiently supply. The most remarkable of the arrangements for stalled animals are the pigsties. The lodgings for swine in Austria are lofty spaces filled with long rows of chests, shut in on all sides, and left open at the top. Each of these chests is the dwelling-place of a pig. In general they are made of thick beams, but some of the richer farmers have them of solid smooth hewn blocks of free-stone. Every pig has his food in his own stall. In this manner each animal enjoys constantly fresh air, and yet is closely enough shut up to grow fat at his leisure. This system of solitary confinement protects them from each other, and the greatest cleanliness is preserved among these unclean brutes. More perfect swinish accommodations, are not, I believe, to be found in Europe. Circe could have had no better for Ulysses and his companions.

The cider presses in an Austrian farmhouse are also worth seeing. The vine is not cultivated in Upper Austria, but cider is made on a very large scale, and an intoxicating drink is prepared from pears as well as apples. The fruit is first crushed under a large stone, put in motion by a horse, and is then put into the presses to complete the operation. In a large household there are sometimes ten or twelve such presses. Little as we esteem this acid beverage, it is here an absolute necessity, and "Zehnter im Gomerling," or "Meier im leeren Busch" would lose all his men-servants to-morrow, if they did not get their due portion of "apple wine." Further up the Danube, in the land of beer-drinking Bavarians, the use of cider declines. Lower down the river the sour Austrian wine comes into use, and further on the sweet Hungarian.

"Meier in der Tann," including his children, has not less than forty people in his house. He related to me many anecdotes of the emperor Francis and the archduke Maximilian, who had often stopped at his house. His wife and children, in the mean time, were making dumplings for the morrow's holiday. Strict order and discipline were kept in the house, and behind the picture of the Saviour, on the wall, I saw stuck up that educational auxiliary which we generally hide behind the piece of furniture that repeats to us daily and hourly, the most agreeable, or disagreeable, truths.

As "Meier in der Tann" accompanied me over his farmyard, and showed me his abundance of good things, I said to him, "You sell this rich produce in the city, no doubt?" "Nay," was his answer, "why should I sell it in the city? I can eat it myself; it is better so." I afterwards learnt that this was a usual answer of the wealthy Austrian peasants to such questions. "I can use it myself, it's better so."

Two blooming, goodhumoured children accompanied us, and gave me a friendly "God be with you, God be with you," when we reached the great trees surrounding the yard (every one of the yards, as usual, was surrounded with old trees); which I acknowledged in the same style, and returned to Edelsberg through all the rich lowlands, on which the rude, bleak mountain

range casts down such black and envious looks. The richest peasant in Upper Austria is supposed to be Stedinger. I had occasion to visit him also, subsequently; but all these farms are as like each other as so many eggs.

The personal service which the peasants are held to render to their superior lord, is trifling in real amount. It is, for the most part, commuted for money. But the tithes, which are levied by the lords of the soil, the billeting of soldiers, the military conscription, to which the nobles are not subject, and the many imperial and seigniorial taxes, press heavily on the peasants. As the land, however, is, on the whole, fertile, the people sober and diligent, and the law, despite its oppressive enactments, is administered in a spirit so favourable to the subject, that the emperor Francis sometimes complained he could not obtain justice in his suits against his own peasants, agriculture, with all its disadvantages, is in the flourishing condition I have above described.

An odd law prevails in this class—namely, that the farm descends to the *youngest* son instead of the *eldest*, on the death of the father. It is supposed that by that time the elder sons are otherwise provided for, while the youngest may often need an inheritance. With us the more rational notion prevails that the eldest son, as the ablest and most natural guardian of the younger branches, must first be enabled to supply effectually the place of the parent.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The water of the Danube is of the colour of aqua marine, that of the Rhine emerald green. The waters of the Danube are thick, those of the Rhine transparent; the colour of the former may probably be affected by the slime it brings with it, and which is of a milky green as if a quantity of serpentine stone dust were mingled with the quartz sand. This slime is deposited in the cold baths which are erected along the banks of the river. The waters of the Danube seemed to me much colder than those of the other great rivers of Germany, and a bath in its green waters is certainly one of the most refreshing enjoyments that can be offered to the wearied body.

I had just come out of such a one, and was taking my last walk through the streets of Linz, when I came upon the Bibliotheca publica of the Lyceum, whereon stands the beautiful Greek inscription, *Λυχὴς ἱατρίον* (the house for the healing and refreshment of the soul). What could be more opportune? I entered; the first name I heard here, as in nearly every public institution in Austria, was that of Joseph the Second. He was the founder of this and many other libraries. He induced or compelled the wealthy convents to furnish books, and thus formed in the principal cities of the monarchy, collections accessible to all, from treasures that had before been hidden.

I found here, as in all other Austrian libraries, Rotteck's History of the World, and the "*Semplice Verità opposta alle menzogne di Enrico Malesley*," a work written by an Italian, in answer to a book published by the Englishman, in con-



demnation of the Austrian system of government in Italy.

In many Austrian libraries the forbidden fruit is enthroned high above the vellum-bound volumes of theology; it is placed there purposely, lest the grown children should over-eat themselves: the same arrangement I observed here; and moreover, the ladder by which it was to be reached, was so short, that it was at the risk of my life, standing on the topmost step, that I succeeded in obtaining a glance into these regions. I remarked there, "The Triumph of Philosophy," Moser's "Patriotic Fantasies," his "Political Truths," and similar works. A second dive which I ventured upon, placed two volumes of Buffon's Natural History in my hand. I could look on this with tolerable indifference; but to the Austrian student, how costly must appear this forbidden, and, therefore, doubly sweet fruit! Doubtless as the finest cherries on the tree's topmost branch to the eyes of the boy who is unable to reach the unsteady crown.

The most remarkable part of the collection, was a copy of Luther's complete works, and moreover, the oldest edition. They were extremely dusty, and I asked the attendant whether they were much used. "No," said he; "in the thirty years I have been here, I have never taken them down." Perhaps they were procured at a time when some hopes of refuting Luther's heresies were still cherished, and they have never been looked at since. Perhaps the time may not be far distant when Austria will allow the ladders in her libraries to be made a little longer, or bring the spirits now abandoned to the dust and the spiders, a little lower down; the library may then in a loftier sense than now become the *Λύξ*; *λατρία*, and the soul may then luxuriate here in as refreshing a bath, as the body enjoys in the quickening waters of the Danube. In this, perhaps, approaching epoch, such old Gothic laws and prohibitions will not be renewed, as we now see carved in stone, on the Town-house of Linz. This singular inscription runs thus:

"His Roman and Imperial Majesty, King of Hungary and Bohemia, our most gracious lord wills and commands, that no one, be he who he may, presume in or before this free land house to carry arms, or to wrestle, or fight, or *make any riot whatever*. Whoever act in any wise contrary to this prohibition, will be punished with all severity in life and limb. Renewed 1568, 1679, 1745, 1925."

I thought at first that this singular and harshly-sounding prohibition had only been renewed for the sake of its historical curiosity; but a native of Linz assured me that it was seriously meant to infuse terror, and was deemed one of the privileges and immunities of the Town-house.

#### THE PICTURE-GALLERY BETWEEN LINZ AND VIENNA.

The portion of the Danube lying between Linz and Vienna, is certainly the finest part of the great river, for here nature and art have united to adorn its shores, as they have done nowhere else along the whole sixteen hundred miles of its course. In one half-day to see all

these beautiful, great, graceful, and interesting objects, with all their historical monuments and natural beauties, pass before one's eyes, seems an enchanted dream, and keeps the susceptible mind in a constant state of intoxication.

The Romans, while they held these lands, seem, however, to have felt no such intoxication; to them an abode by the shores of the Danube was rather a dream of a heavy and oppressive kind, yet it was exactly this beautiful part of its banks as far as Vindobona, that was the site of their most important battles with the Germans. The left bank they called the forehead of Germany (*Frons Germaniæ*), and the eyebrows of the Danube (*Supercilia Isthri*). The wrinkles, excrescences, jagged rocks, and horns of Germany's rude front, may have figured strangely in the letters to their friends in Italy from these cold northern boundaries of their beautiful land. Here, if anywhere on earth, the mutability of matter and the course of events may be admired. The eyebrows of the Danube are now smoothed beneath the hatchet and the plough; the fields are smiling under the fairest and richest cultivation, and of the forests only so much remains as the painter would desire to preserve, in order to enrich and elevate the softer expression of the meadow and the corn-field. The forehead of Germany and what was its extreme frontier, are now the core of a great monarchy; the rejected stone is become the foundation and corner-stone of the building, for here lies the cradle of the Austrian monarchy.

Strangers from all lands now come to gaze on the cities that have arisen round the Roman camp-station on the now smooth *Frons Germaniæ*, and the subdued back of the wild Ister. Years ago, the English and North Germans heeded not the inconveniences of the Danube navigation; but now, that the establishment of steamboats has increased the facilities ten or twenty fold, the river is visited even by those that dwell near it. Monks now wander from their cloister and gaze on these new wonders. Students throng from all parts, for now even their slender purses suffice for a voyage down the Danube; *employés*, whose short leave of absence did not formerly permit such excursions, now take their places, with their wives and children, in the handsome cabins, and float up and down the Danube under the protection of the public at large. In these days of steamboats, people have found feet who had none before, some have got seven-league boots who possessed before but ordinary shoes, purses have become fuller, and days longer.

At six o'clock in the morning, on the fifth of August, the bell of the steamboat the *Archduke Stephen*, summoned its passengers, specimens of all the above-mentioned classes of society, crowded together. There were Englishmen who spoke not one word of German, monks with shaven crowns, ladies with children, whiskered Hungarians, Vienna dandies with eye-glasses instead of eyes in their heads, Berlin travellers with *Donnerwetter* in their mouths, and many others laden with cloaks and wraps, hats and bandboxes, parasols and umbrellas, sticks, pipes, chests, and trunks. It was just such weather as according to the imagination of the Romans must generally have prevailed in

"*nebulosa Germania*." A thick fog hung like an impenetrable veil over the Alpine chain, and hid the black and gold arabesque borders of the towers of Linz. From out the fog distilled a fine rain, which gradually increased, till we were threatened with a day to enchant all the snails and ducks in the country. We poor passengers who thronged the decks of the *Archduke Stephen* as thickly as the wild ducks did the reedy inlets of the Danube, crept like snails in sunshine under our mantles and umbrellas, while those who could find a place, took shelter in the cabins.

The beautiful changes of scenery afforded by the city of Linz and its environs, round which the Danube sweeps almost in a semicircle, passed unnoticed by; indeed, as far as I was personally concerned, I could discern objects only so far as the circumference of my umbrella reached, from whose extremity fell a heavy shower of drops, and my companions were more anxious about the light of their cigars, than the light of travelling inspiration. We were all deplorably dull and out of tune; and foresaw not what was preparing for us overhead, nor what a day was before us.

At the very beginning of our journey, as I stepped from the bridge that led to the vessel, I had the good fortune to get such a thrust in the side from the trunk of one of the passengers, that I thanked God in silence for the elastic strength of my ribs. I say the good fortune, because the punch was such a hearty one, that the man was not content with the usual *excusez or pardon, Monsieur*, with which we usually satisfy ourselves on such occasions, but came to me again after he had stowed away his box, seized my hand, begged my pardon a thousand times, and inquired most anxiously whether I was hurt. Thus, among so many strangers, I suddenly found a friend, whom I might not have acquired for hours by the observance of the conventional ceremonies which condemn us so long to silence, until some unexpected occurrence brings us nearer to each other.

My new acquaintance was a man of business; he had followed the Danube in all its windings, and had lived from his youth upon its banks. While he sat by me I allowed the useful to take precedence of the beautiful for a time, and took a lesson from him on the constitution of the bed of the Danube, and the course of traffic on its waters, and so long as the rain continues I will share with the reader the information I acquired.

The Danube, hemmed in by mountains, flows by Linz in an unbroken stream. Below the city it begins to expand, embracing many large and smaller islands, and dividing into many arms, one of which may be considered the main artery. Thus it continues till it reaches the celebrated whirlpool near Grein, where all its waters, uniting in one channel, flow on majestically for forty miles, till they have worked their way through the mountains and narrow passes near the city of Krems, and coming to level ground again, divide, forming arms and islands beyond Vienna. The condition of the water in this varying and sometimes obstructed course, and its consequent practicability for trade and navigation is very various, and hence many peculiar words descriptive of it have been invented, which are not known on other rivers.

The main stream, which must offer the principal course of navigation, is called the "*Nau-fahrt*," and the steersmen, who must know it accurately, and some of whom are always on board of the steamboats, are named *Nauforeh*, or *Nau* guides. The *Nau* channel undergoes little or no change in the narrow passes, but in the neighbourhood of the islands, the furious rapidity of the current changes it very often; sometimes an arm of the stream, navigable before, will close, and another open that was formerly quite impracticable. The larger branches are called arms, but the smaller ones are denominated "*Runze*," and they are distinguished again as great or little "*Runze*." The little creeks and broader expanses, which are often found shut in between the sandbanks and the islands, or peninsulas, are called lakes. Among these lakes a constant change is taking place; sometimes they burst their boundary, the stagnant water becomes current, and the lake is again a "*Runze*." The subsiding matter contained in the Danube, is called "*Bachgries*," "*Strongries*," or "*Schutt*." The sandbanks formed by this "*gries*" are not called sandbanks, but "*Haufen*," or heaps. If these banks are formed not of sand, but of rock, and remain under the surface of the water, they are named in the Danube language *Kugeln*, or bullets, perhaps from the rounded forms of all these rocks.

If these "*Haufen*" rise high out of the water, and are overgrown with wood, they are called *Auen*, or meadows. These meadows, when covered with aspens, alders, poplars, maples, willows, and shrubs of all kinds, afford cover for innumerable game; even stags are found there, while the lakes and *Runze* are thronged with waterfowl, wild ducks and geese, herons, cranes, plovers, and especially a bird called "fisher" by the people of the country.

These meadows are often inundated in the course of the year. When the land has obtained such a height that it can be subjected to regular cultivation, the formation of the Danube island is completed. But all these formations are subject to constant change. Now a sandbank is formed where before it was deep water; now the stream is gnawing at an island it slowly raised centuries before. Here a *haufe* is raised to an "*Au*" or meadow, and overgrown with brush, which, in the course of time, changes to a wood, there man is turning to profit the first turf, which he hopes will one day become arable land. Promontories, peninsulas, and natural dikes are thrown together by the waves on one side, while, on the other, they are wearing away and destroying others, and thus the wild river-god tosses about in his procrustean bed, which he finds now too narrow, and now too spacious.

Such places, where the water is undermining the shore, are called *Bruchgestätte*, or break-banks, and here the beavers of the Danube have their especial dwelling. By the shore (*am Ufer*) means a narrower part of the river where the banks approach, and there is a ferry.

The passage down the Danube is the "*Nab-fahrt*," that against the stream is the "*Nau-fahrt*."\* The expressions mountain and valley passage, which are in use on the Rhine, are not

\* Evident corruptions of *hinab* and *hinan*.

florins. The beavers build their dwellings mostly on the "breaking shores" before mentioned, and thence make excursions into the water meadows, where, like the woodcutters, they fell the trees, especially the aspens and poplars, whose wood is not too hard, and of which the thick, fleshy, leathery rind constitutes their favourite food. These beaver-houses are difficult to find, as the animals place the entrance always under the water, and burrow upwards, and this upper part, which is properly their dwelling, is built with wood, and kept dry. Below, the door and fore-court of their house are covered with water, into which they plunge on any alarm. "One of the most interesting occupations to be met with on the Danube, is to watch these creatures at their work," said a gentleman to me, who, as a sportsman and lover of natural history, had paid great attention to them, and kept some beavers prisoners on his estate. "They are as comic in their gestures as monkeys, and as active and adroit at their work as persons who have not a minute to lose. With their really formidable teeth they hew down the trees like skilful woodmen, by a few well-directed strokes, and cut them into blocks. These blocks they carry like poodles to their dwellings, where they fix them with clay, which they lay on with their tails. They go splashing through the water pushing the blocks of wood, jostling and thrusting one another aside, as if they were working against one another for a wager. I have never seen them driving piles with their tails as some persons assert, nor do I think so soft an instrument adapted for such work. They are accustomed, however, to strike the surface of the water with their tails, sometimes apparently out of mere sport and wantonness, but sometimes, probably, when pursued by an enemy, it is done to cover their retreat under water by dashing the spray in the face of the pursuer. They are very difficult to catch. To dig them out like badgers is impossible, from the construction of their caves. To surprise them is no easy matter, on account of their quickness and foresight. They are generally caught in traps. As, unlike carnivorous animals, they find their food everywhere in nature, these traps cannot be constructed nor baited on the usual principle; the most delicate twig of poplar would be little attraction to them; it is therefore necessary to place a great number of traps in their way, and to be very cautious in so doing, as they scent iron very readily. I once laid fifteen traps in the neighbourhood of a beaver village, and was fortunate enough to catch a couple of thoughtless wanderers from the straight path. The next night I was unsuccessful, and so for ten successively. No doubt the mishap of their two comrades had become known throughout the colony, and all kept themselves within their houses. At last hunger or ennui drove them out once more, and on the eleventh night I caught another, evidently much reduced by fasting. But that was the last; the beavers took my intrusion so much amiss, that they abandoned the colony, nor could I learn where they had emigrated to;—in that neighbourhood no beaver has since been found."

The finest views on the Danube begin about six (German) miles below Linz, at Wallsee;

and truly, I believe, the least enthusiastic person in the world must have felt himself enraptured at the sight of so magnificent a spectacle. Only in a series of dithyrambs, and to the accompaniment of the harp, are they worthily to be sung! I could have fancied myself sitting in some miraculous giant kaleidoscope; but runs, castles, convents, palaces, smiling villages, snug towns, hermitages, distant mountains, towers, broad valleys, and deep ravines, steep precipices, fertile meadows, were the objects that produced these wonderful effects, instead of fragments of moss, beans, spangles, and bits of grass. Every stroke of the steam-engine wrought a new and yet more beautiful change, as if a magician had held the strings and pulled them always at the precise moment. Sometimes mountains hemmed us in on all sides, and we seemed carried over some mountain lake; another turn, and we shot as it were through a long chain of lakes. The steamer rushes on as if there were no such thing as a rock to be feared around. To a certainty we shall strike upon that at the corner!—no—a strong pressure from the hand of the experienced helmsman and we double the rock, a new opening is revealed, and new wonders displayed far and near. In such sudden turns of the vessel, often executed in a half circle of very short radius, we obtain through the sails and rigging and the twelve cabin windows, a *cascade* of views and images, if I may use the expression, in which all individuality is lost, and the effect of the whole upon the mind is perfectly intoxicating. A painter of any susceptibility must, I think, sometimes shut his eyes, that he may not lose all self-command, and leap over the side of the vessel.

The Volcanic powers, which, in the times of Olim, pierced and reformed the surface of our earth, shot across in the neighbourhood of Grein from the north, and threw up a dam from the Bohemian forest to the Alps, which formed a powerful obstacle to the waves flowing from the west. At this dam the waves long gnawed, and at last they made their way through. The lake, which had formed above the dam, flowed over, and the Danube burst through the narrow pass to a wider field beyond. Here and there, by the side of the cleft, fragments of rock had remained in and under the water, and so was formed the celebrated whirlpool called the "Strum of Grein."

*Greinen* in Austrian German means much the same as *weinen* (crying), and *Greinsburg* (or the castle of tears,) lies close by the entrance of the whirlpool, and bears this tragical name, in the midst of one of the loveliest prospects that crown the Danube. The river reflects the features of the fair castle and town in friendly greeting before it dashes its waters tinged with the melancholy hue of the pine forests, over the rock of the "Strum." This occurs at least by the little island Worth, lying like a fallen column of the old dam in the gate of the whirlpool. From this column low ranges of rock cross the river diagonally at both sides, and join the high angular rocks of the shore. Some are already so worn away that they are now under water while others stand pointed and jagged above. The former are called "*Kugeln*," the latter "*Kescheln*," or "*Gehackel*." The mass of water



which passes to the south of the islet Worth, is called the entrance; that which passes to the north is divided by two lines of cliff into the "Wild cleft," the "Wild water," and the whirlpool properly so called, and through this the emperor Joseph, by the labour of thirteen years, succeeded in removing the most dangerous obstructions, and forming the main passage.

Firstly the Danube rushes foaming over the "*Kugeln*"—the heavy dash is heard from afar—then it plunges into the "*Gehäckel*," where it surges yet more impetuously, and shoots along with a rapidity befitting Neptune's team of sea-horses. Our engine was slackened; for my part, I would willingly have lain at anchor here a while to enjoy the magnificent spectacle.

The rock of the islet Worth is highly picturesque; it has several faces, and at the base, at the very extremity of the island, lies the old excrescence of a castle. On the summit of the rock, a huge cross rears itself, firm as faith in the midst of the storms of life, clinging fast to the rock. Several images of saints are niched about the rock, some adorned with the votive offerings of passing boatmen. Close to the entrance of the whirlpool, little boats row alongside the larger vessels, with pictures of saints, which they offer for sale as amulets. But our reprobate steamer shot past them with the speed of an arrow, and prevented the poor people from levying a small tribute upon the piety or fear of the passengers.

Opposite the rocks of Worth another mass shoots boldly into the water, bearing on its stern brow the ruins of the old castle of Werfenstein. Here, it is said, Roman dust mingles with the German of the middle ages. The elsewhere broad Danube is here pressed within such narrow limits, that a bold Tell might almost hope by a daring leap to reach Worth.

The rocks of Werfenstein join the strong walls and abrupt precipices, of which they are only a small part, forming a dark pass of about half a mile. In the midst of this watery ravine, which must not be supposed to be too narrow, the stream dashes along with uncontrolled violence. Some of these rocks have particular names, as the "house stone," the "hare's ear," &c., and others are crowned with ruins, among others with those of the castles of Struden and Sarmingstein. Far above the cross of the rock of Worth, towers the church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the sailors. At the foot of this church, in the market town of the same name, is a hospital founded in the year 1144, for the relief of sufferers of whom the wild waters then furnished, probably a greater number than in these days.

The beautiful and romantic, the singular, the picturesque, and the incomparable in this part of the Danube, are so abundant, that it is almost as difficult to tear oneself from the description as from the contemplation, though we are apt to regret afterwards the many words that have been spent in a vain endeavour to give an idea of the scene. A little below Werfenstein, the vessel struck against a rock; I know not whether from a change in the direction of the numerous currents in the "Strudel,"\*

or from pure awkwardness or carelessness of the steersman, or unmanageableness of the vessel; I thought at first, when I saw the bowsprit advancing nearer and nearer, that it was done in the most perfect security and boldness of design, and observed to an Englishman who was standing near me, "See how little danger the once so formidable Strudel has for our skilful and experienced navigators, and with what precision they steer in the very face of the rock." Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when the vessel struck against that very rock, and a regular panic showed itself in the white faces and blue lips of the numerous passengers. The bowsprit snapped short off, and hung on by the ropes, like a broken arm by the sinews. The ship being of course somewhat elevated in front, towards the rock, was proportionally depressed at the stern, so that the green waves of the Danube dashed in through the cabin windows. One large Englishman stood in the centre of the vessel, with his eyes riveted on the bowsprit and the rock, both hands in his pockets, and his legs apart, as if he hoped by this means to balance it. A young man curious to see what was going on, looked from the cabin window, and received the rough salute of the Danube over head and ears; and a lovely young married lady buried her face in her husband's bosom. Our vessel received a tremendous swing that brought the rudder round in front; the gilded bust of the Archduke Stephen at the prow, was also broken, and hung off to the side as if he declined having any thing more to do with us. "Stephen has got a good cuff," said a Linzer peasant, when the first fright was over. The whole was the work of a minute; like a waltzing couple, in the hurry of the dance, brought into sudden contact with the foremost pair, move crabwise for a few seconds, and then with renewed vigour, pursue their whirling course, we reeled awhile, staggered sideways and backwards through the vortex, then ploughing the waves with renewed vigour, brought the rudder once more to its place, and darted on in a straight line, as if nothing had happened. We passed Sarblingstein, built by the emperor Ferdinand, to fortify the Danube against the Turks; Freinstein, where Charlemagne overcame duke Tassito; and Persenberg, whose magnificent imperial castle of that name, is renowned in the olden time as the possession of the Margrave Engelschalk II., who, a thousand years ago, fell in love with, and carried off, the daughter of the emperor Arnulph. We could not, however, devote to these interesting objects all the attention they deserved, because we were still too much occupied with our vessel, and our terrified fellow-passengers.

Among the latter, in addition to the first intimate acquaintance, for whom I stood indebted to my collision with a travelling trunk, I had made several new friends. Nothing brings people so nearly together as a high degree of sympathy, either in joy or sorrow. The general lamentation over the rain with which the day began, had softened some hearts; the pleasure and excitement caused by the enchanting scenery,

every rising of the tide, the waters have a different motion on the surface.

\* That such changes take place, is beyond a doubt; at 6



had assisted to thaw the icy incrustations where-with fashion encases us; and after the accident in the "*Strudel*," our souls all melted together into a sympathetic stream. How is it possible to resist when, on such occasions, a beautiful, timid woman, till then entirely a stranger to you, one with whom you have not before exchanged a word, and who has proudly and silently avoided every place where stood a stranger of the other sex, suddenly forgets all decorum, and seizing you by the arm, exclaims—"Ah, my dear good sir, *what is the matter?*" How can you do otherwise than immediately grasp at the proffered friendship. In one way or another, by the time we had passed the castles of Weins and Persenberg, we all felt to one another like friends of long standing. If it be hard to depict the beauties of nature, it is not less so to paint the joys of social intercourse, and I should esteem it one of the most difficult tasks I could impose on myself, if I were to attempt to give the reader a perfect picture of all the little occurrences and pleasures of our Danube journey. What the wise man says of the golden tree of life, and of the faint picture given of it in books, is true of the scenery of the Danube, and the sayings and doings of the company that filled the steamer. It follows, then, that it would be better to give up description of any kind, and leave off making books, and so it would, were it not that the reader has his own fancies, experiences, recollections, and wishes with which he supplies all omissions. If the author speaks of a castle crowning the brow of a rock, he is not satisfied, because he compares the meagerness of the expression with the image that memory brings before his eye; but the reader does not heed it; at these words he builds a castle for himself, and, perhaps, a much finer one than the reality. And it is the same thing with a picture of an agreeable circle or party, the reader feels all that the author says or does not say, and recollections or wishes supply the wants of the text.

We sat in the stern of our uniring steamer, and gaily passed the glass of social converse. London, Paris, and Vienna, had each its deputies in our circle; but Vienna, and I thanked heaven therefore, had the greatest number. The first deputy was a young actress, one of the most distinguished of the Burg theatre. She was returning from a professional tour, and related, with much talent and vivacity, some of her experience of life both before and behind the curtain. In her joy at finding herself once more in her fair Austria, she never failed to correct my false pronunciation (according to Austrian rules) of the names of the various places we passed. "Not Marbach, Moaba is the name of that pretty village we have just passed; you must not say Neustadt, but Neish-tadel, and when you wish me joy on being at home again, you should not pronounce the word *heimath*, we call it *hoamat*." As the sun was then shining very brightly, I offered her my Austrian *lamprell*, or umbrella, and asked her if she could protect herself with that, using the Austrian word *proteckiren*. This she found quite "*delizios*," and laughed excessively. "*Delizios*" is a very favourite word with the Austrians; and where we say I laughed (*da lachte ich*), they say *da bin ichlachend geworden*. This last expres-

sion pleases me extremely, and is, certainly, with many other Austrian phrases, a relic of the middle ages. I have no manner of doubt that Gotz Von Berlichingen and his comrades expressed themselves just so—"Ich bin lachend geworden."

Next to Miss Be——, I had almost betrayed her name—sat a fair native of Vienna, with her husband and a charming little daughter. She was returning from Italy, where her husband had filled some post in the Austrian service. We naturally spoke a great deal of the fair land "where the orange-trees bloom," and the young mother expressed herself on the subject with great animation. I found her, to my great astonishment, by no means inclined to do justice to the beautiful shores of the Danube. In the Linz theatre she had yawned over a farce portraying some of the local absurdities of Vienna, and which had made me laugh till I cried again. She thought it "all excessively trivial; such things, so full of equivocation, so offensive to all morality, would never have been permitted in Italy, where in this respect, as in many others, people were incomparably more delicate than in Germany." Her husband was more reserved in his praise and blame than his pretty wife. The little girl, a child about four years old, was a perfect Italian. She spoke not a word of German, but danced wildly about the deck, because she should soon be "*in casa no tra*." Her mother said that she understood German perfectly well, but would never speak, and had a decided aversion to it. I began hereupon in silence to ask myself, whether Austrians—even public officers who remained a long time in Italy—all returned such bad patriots? Did even this beautiful Austria look sad after Italy? Would the many and much vaunted enjoyments it offered, be looked on as trifling and insignificant? And is it peculiar to German nationality to exchange so lightly the mother-tongue for the more beautiful Italian; or do Italian children, brought up in Austria, imbibe a similar preference for German, and disinclination for Italian?

A tiresome Vienna dandy, who sat somewhat aside from us, mingled now and then in the conversation, but kept, for the most part, at some distance, and whispered to an elderly lady something mysterious about Countess Theresa, or the Princess Anna, or the Baroness Sophia, and made much mention of the Lichtenstein, the Starhemberg, the Fürstenfeld, and other such universally-known persons, who, according to the Vienna grammar, are to be named with the definite article. *C'était un commérage ennobli par les grands noms qu'on prononçait*.

Among the English there was a courier, who had come from England to Linz in six days. He kept looking at a book from which a friend was detailing the remarkable objects to be seen on the shores of the Danube; and they both read as diligently as if all these interesting places had been a hundred miles off, instead of lying right under their noses.

We had also on board a sister and a novice of the newly-established order of the "German Sisters." This order was once united with that of the "German Brothers" in the east, for the tending of sick knights, but did not long remain there. Lately, in our own time, when the Gothic style of architecture came into fashion again,



these antiquities were also revived. They looked singular enough, in their twelfth century costume, among these Vienna and Parisian toilets. What I thought most disagreeable in the broad sunlight was, that their coarse white linen was not only badly washed, but horribly marked by the flies into the bargain. They told me that on the 16th of July in the present year, their first hospital in Bozen had been erected, after the pope's permission had been obtained in the preceding May. They were now on their way to establish another in Brunn, and to receive some new sisters, for which purpose they supplicated the assistance of St. Vincentius, the patron-saint of their order. The elder one told me she had removed to this order from that of the Grey Sisters, of whom more were to be admitted, that the new order might profit by their experience in the care of the sick.

In truth, no mammoth's tooth lies so deeply buried in the dust of ages, but our curious, prying age will ferret it out—no mummy lies hidden so closely in the depths of the pyramid, but our all-seeking curiosity will dig it into daylight—no nun is so snugly covered with the mantle of ancient and modern times, but she will be dragged from oblivion, have new life infused into her veins, and be sent forth a wanderer among the children of the present day. If it were possible to give life to the Egyptian mummies, we should see them among us again.

I was just about to leave the front deck, when, among the crowd, I observed two black figures, who suggested to me, for the moment, that my last notion respecting the mummies was already in the course of fulfilment. On inquiry, I learnt they were workmen from the celebrated plumbago mines near Marbach, a little picturesque village we had just left behind us. These mines have been worked from very ancient times; but of late they have acquired new importance. The English have found that this plumbago is well adapted to fill their lead-pencils, and they have, of late, imported it in tolerably large quantities. Last year two thousand hundred weight were sent to England. Since then the people of Vienna have bestowed a little more attention on the mines, and some new ones have been opened within the last two years. A company has been formed in Vienna for the exportation of this article, in which the Rothschilds had a share; and we had a young Saxon professor on board, who had visited the mines by the invitation of those gentlemen. It is remarkable that the Austrians do not rather make the pencils themselves; but the English understand these things better, and have better wood for the purpose. They get the material pulverized from Austria, carefully consolidate and enclose it in cedar-wood, and then supply all the artists in the world. Their own mines become daily poorer, while those of Austria increase, as the rich material, with which Nature has abundantly supplied them, becomes better known. Whilst the Saxon professor was obligingly explaining all this to us, the young German Italian took out her English blacklead-pencil and gave it me, that it might write its own history in my note-book.

The arrangements on board the Austrian steamers are apparently as good as those of the

Rhine. To judge of the whole of a vessel, requires a long acquaintance, as it does to become well acquainted with a man; but the cabins, &c. left nothing to be desired. There were separate ones appropriated to the smokers, and abundant accommodation for the ladies. The business of the engineer, who had his own office, as the captain had, was promptly executed, and there was less trouble with respect to the baggage than in the Rhine steamers. Any one might take out, or put in, as it pleased him; a ticket being given, answering to that on the package. Neither was there any fault to be found with the fare. It is true, that our meals were so well seasoned by agreeable society, that some faults in the cookery might well have been forgiven.

The literature of the Danube may now compare itself with that of the Rhine. I do not mean in the larger scientific works, or those belonging to the *belles-lettres*, but the local information, which, at every place, in elegant little pamphlets, offers the necessary information to the traveller. The engravings and maps are not inferior to the letter-press. The whole course of the Danube is so fully and satisfactorily given, that it may have suggested to many the expediency of sparing themselves the cost of the actual journey altogether.

The sailors were Germans, Venetians, and Dalmatians. Many of the commanders of the Danube steamers are Italians. There is a great deal of courtesy shown by these vessels. When they meet, a salute is always fired, while the busy Rhine steamers pass each other without notice; indeed, there are so many of these, that there would be no end of the cannonading, if they observed the same practice. I noticed, also, that the ordinary boatmen always took off their hats to each other. The Danube millers alone, whose huge mills advance far into the stream, close to the channel, live on somewhat hostile terms with the watermen. The boatmen are angry that the mills sometimes narrow their channel, and the millers maintain that "God did not make the Danube for the boatmen alone," and assert that, in storms, their mills are often injured. Whenever we passed one of these mills, which the large waves we raised would set in motion, we were greeted with a jest or a grimace.

Of Great Pöchlarn I had only a passing glance through the cabin-window, as I rose to pour out a glass of wine for Mademoiselle B. Doubtless Bishop Baturich, of Ratisbon, examined it a little more attentively, when he received the place as a present from Louis the German, in the year 831. In spite of its high-sounding appellation, the place has only forty-five houses; nevertheless it calls itself a town, and so old a one, that it reckons almost as many centuries as it has dwellings. Under the name of Arelape, the place was known to the Romans, and in the Nibelungenlied it is called Bechelaren. These little paltry towns on the Danube play a more important part at the court of the River God, and vaunt of names more widely spread than the most important towns in Bohemia, which are like great spirits and men of mark lost in the provinces. Even the villages on the Danube consider themselves aristocratic, and in fact are so. Little Pöchlarn situated over against Great



Pöchlarn, disputes with the latter its claim to the Roman name of Arelape, and to the epithet *præclara* bestowed on one of them by the same people.

At every health we drank at our table d'hôte we rushed by one or other of these old Danube castles; first, castle Weiteneck, then castle Lubereck, and at last some one cried out, "there is Molk, Molk, the finest abbey in all the holy Roman empire," and we all rushed up the cabin-stairs to look at it.

The beautiful abbey of Molk, or rather, to speak more correctly, the magnificent palace and cathedral of this stately old episcopal seat, sits proudly enthroned upon its granite foundation, the extreme promontory of an arm of the Alps, whose picturesque sides decline towards the Danube. On every side of the hill, a river pours its waters into a mighty stream; on the one the Molk, on the other the Bilach, and their valleys lie in meadow and arable land at the foot of the lordly abbey. I did not see the interior. My intention was to have remained here one day, and to pursue my journey in the steam-boat the day following. But when we have proposed to ourselves to see the whole, even so splendid an individual object as Molk vanishes like a point in the bewildering enjoyment. And then, honestly speaking, I felt unwilling to leave an agreeable circle in the steamer, which I might not have met with another day. In short, I allowed the abbey to pass by and remained with the gazing majority, instead of joining the minority, consisting of a Benedictine canon, and a young peasant, who got into a boat and left us here.

I thought at first to earn great praise from my fair travelling companions, when I told them that I had remained on board for the pleasure of their company. Quite the contrary. I heard nothing but reproaches. "There was a little laziness in the case," said they; "people like to sit still after dinner, and it is pleasanter to remain quietly here than to scramble up and down hills and steepes." I hid my embarrassment behind the friendly cloud of my cigar, but my reprover continued, "How, sir, you, an enthusiast for historical recollections can pass the most remarkable point on the whole Danube with so much indifference, to drink coffee and smoke cigars! this famous Namare of the Romans, this mighty Mellicium, the chief seat of the powerful Hungarian prince Geisa, the original residence of the renowned Babenberg rulers, and where still the monuments of these illustrious lords are to be seen! the birthplace of Leopold, the patron saint of Austria?" "I esteem all these recollections much," said I, "but I can indulge them at least as agreeably in your society as in that of the reverend canon there; and, after all, the living breathing world is beyond any other in my estimation."

"And what then is your mighty gain in this breathing world? A few silly, white-faced, gossiping women, that is all," said the Austrian. "And now listen to me, I will read to you from my Guide what you have lost. In the first place, a magnificent church treasure, with the costliest vestments, and a chalice made of gold found in the sands of the Danube."

"Ay, my dear madam, these splendours at

least I cannot regret; I would much rather admire the ornaments you are now wearing on your neck and fingers, than all the jewels abbot ever wore, and this full glass is more to my taste than the empty chalice of Danube gold."

"Further; the pictures of all the Austrian rulers, painted by Grabner, and many excellent oil and fresco paintings by Scangoni, Lucas of Leyden, Schinnagel Querfurt, and a crowd of unknown masters, who, as every body knows, have many more charms than the known ones."

"I have told you already this morning, that I have here a picture-gallery that interests me far more than all that Lucas of Leyden, or Schinnagel of Pöchlarn ever painted."

"Then the collections of coins, of natural history, the imperial chambers, and many other fine strangers' apartments, in one of which, no doubt, you might have lodged yourself. What do you say to that?"

"As for the chambers, I have only to say, that they are firmly attached to the rock. A stationary imperial chamber will not so easily allure me from a moving one."

"And last of all, listen now. A splendid library of twenty thousand volumes; and besides these, seventeen hundred rare manuscripts and incunabulæ. Now, sir, do not these twenty thousand volumes fall like twenty thousand ball cartridges, and these incunabulæ like so many bombs on your slumbering conscience?"

"A most energetic attack indeed! But, unfortunately, I must confess, I have wandered unmoved through libraries that could reckon hundreds of thousands. Give me but the short quintessence of all these books in your society, and I will leave the seventeen hundred incunabulæ of Molk without remorse, to slumber in their dusty cradles."

The reader will, at all events, have gathered from this conversation—and it was reported with that view—how well a visit to the Abbey of Molk would be rewarded, and he will the sooner make it himself, if he do not happen to come upon it as I did while on a rapid journey to Hungary.

Below Molk lie the ruins of Durrenstein, of all the castles of the Danube the most famed in song. Shortly before it reaches this point, the river makes a sudden bend, and a little further on, another, so that the castle presents itself suddenly throned on the frowning rock, and as it is closed in behind again by rugged mountain walls, it looks isolated in its rocky desert, although standing on the bank of the land-uniting stream. King Richard may have suffered all the more during his imprisonment here, for, if his apartment lay on the eastern side, although he might enjoy some distant view, it was a view into the heart of Austria, which he must have detested, whereas, on the side towards England, whither his longing wishes must have tended most, the prospect is most limited.

I should like to know more precisely what were the employments of the lion-hearted king in this stern rocky nest; how far he was at liberty to go, who spoke with him, and whether he learnt some words of Austrian German! Without historical record I can easily believe the noble warrior to have been kind and gracious to his attendants, the servants of Hadm

des Khuenringer, and that in the morning when they brought him—not his coffee—but his porridge, perhaps he would have answered their greeting with a “*Grüss di Gott Seppi*.”

It is a pity, however, that we cannot be sure of these things, and how thoughtless it was of Blondel not to keep a journal; no doubt his royal friend gave him an exact account of all that had happened when he was once more at liberty. What a precious, what an inestimable book would be “Blondel’s Memoirs of the Fifteen Months’ Imprisonment of King Richard Cœur de Lion.” How seldom it has happened that such a royal prey, a lion, born for the most unbounded freedom, has fallen into such a trap. And how widely diffused is the story of this captivity, how for nearly seven hundred years it has been related and re-related by all European and American grandfathers to all European and American children! And yet, in how few words the whole tradition is contained! How much remains to be filled up by every narrator, according to his own fashion! Every one has his own image of Archduke Leopold, the cunning wolf, of the valiant, unsuspecting Richard, the suffering lion, and the gentle, tuneful Blondel, his faithful friend! The tradition, like every thing really beautiful, is so fine and touching in all its parts, that in defiance of the scanty data, it will remain as long as the rocks remain that echo it. As yet the story is in a measure new, and all the travellers thronged to the side of the steamboat to look at the ruins of castle Durrenstein, as if it related to some occurrence of recent date. The loophole, behind which the king was said to have sat, was sought for with glasses, and the broken column and wall of the knightly hall, where the hero walked with Khuenringer, and the fragments of painting in the ruined chapel, the cellars and the vaults. The castle will not last much longer; a couple of centuries at the most. Fragments of the wall will then be sought for on the mountain side, and the morsels will be enveloped in paper, on which may be inscribed, “a stone from the former castle of Durrenstein, where King Richard the Lion Heart was imprisoned,” &c. And then the stone may vanish, and some thousands of years afterwards, perhaps, the vacant place may be pointed out, and strange tongues may speak of an unauthenticated story of some imprisoned king, in whom fewer and fewer persons are interested, until at last the lion-hearted king will be confounded with a real lion, and the story may run thus:—“In times of remote antiquity, when the people called Germans still inhabited this country, the last lion was caught in the wilderness, but afterwards escaped,” &c. By the time Africa is cleared of its lions such a version of the story is by no means improbable.

As we passed Durrenstein, one of the Germans began to hum the air:

“O Richard, O mon roi,  
L’univers t’abandonne.”

I remarked that the words were strikingly correct, for the castle looks so solitary, that Richard must have really felt as if forsaken by all the world. “Yes,” said the singer, “his spirit must have suffered the tortures of an impaled crimi-

nal, and that for fifteen months long! It is fearful, and almost moves me to tears.” In fact the locality so seizes upon the imagination, that even I, though by no means sentimental, (the reader will permit this confession,) felt a certain creeping sensation coming over me. Strange! Had we not all heard this story a hundred times before, read of it, and related it again without any particular emotion; is not the whole an idea, an imagination! What was it then that so powerfully affected us in passing the place itself?

I used formerly when I heard the story of Richard’s imprisonment, to feel mortified that it should be a German prince who played the ignoble part, and now it sounded strangely enough to hear a German singing in the French language the praises of an English king; but I might almost say, I was shocked to hear an Englishman, of whom I inquired the next verse of the song, answer drily, as he settled his cravat, “*Je n’ai pas l’intimité de toute cette chose*.”

Behind Durrenstein as we round the corner towards Mautern, is the last fine picture in this unequalled gallery, through which we had been running; a gallery so inexhaustible in beauties, that the hundred eyes of Argus would be wanted to discover them all. Mautern, and the opposite village of Stein, form a landscape in the style of Claude Lorraine, and seem placed here purposely to soothe the troubled spirit after the wild and savage Durrenstein. To the right and left lie the pretty little towns of Stein, Mautern, and Krems, all places sung in the Nibelungenlied, and here collected in the propylæum of the Danube temple. The river is crossed here by a bridge of boats, the first between this place and Linz; both the bridge and the town are interesting objects from their geographical position on the boundary, between the mountain territory of the Danube and its plains. In the foreground, from the window of a house advancing close upon the river, two monks were looking out upon the unquiet steamboat; a terrace, belonging to the house projecting over the stream, was filled with flowers. In the background of the picture, on a rock seven hundred feet in height, rises a stately edifice, the abbey of Gottweih, the third in rank of the ecclesiastical foundations on the Danube. It covers the whole tolerably broad back of the mountain, which stands in an extensive and beautiful plain. The hills rising at the sides of the little towns, are crowned with vineyards; and vessels are moving backwards and forwards on the winding river in front. What follows, is comparatively insignificant and uninteresting, partly from negligence, as I cannot but think, that with proper treatment and some pains, all these immeasurable water-meadows, morasses, and wastes, might be changed into pleasing pictures, were they only in the style of the rich marsh lands of Holland, dammed up by dikes, and spotted with a few comfortable houses, and some well-fed cattle. But, instead of that, these water-meadows lie bare and desolate among the many arms of the Danube, presenting a most displeasing contrast to those before mentioned between the hills.

The beautiful abbey of Gottweih, which drew many a sigh from the prisoners in the steamboat, alone remained long visible, a last conso-



lation for all we had lost. Beyond the willow grown meadows and islands of Hollenburg, we still caught sight of its distant buildings, till at last they vanished like a cloud in the gray horizon. Then, wearied out with the enjoyment of the day, we could recline on the elegant divans of the Archduke Stephen, and listen to him who related the pleasing story of the foundation of Gottweih. It is thus related by Bishop Altmann, of Passau, who lived in the eleventh century:

"In my youth, when I was still a travelling student, and when the deceased majesty the emperor Conrad ruled, I came into the most remote part of my new diocese, the country that we Germans took from the Huns and Avars, under our emperor Charlemagne, of blessed memory. I was in company with my dear brother and friend, Adalbert, bishop of Wurzburg, and Gebhardt, bishop of Salzburg. They were then like myself, travelling scholars. We three passed many a cheerful and pious holiday together; but at times we shared nothing but labour, and want, and trouble; yet we went on our way diligently, prayed and sang, studied, and were followers of God's word. In that land, then, we came once on a high hill in the midst of fruitful plains, but one little laboured in, either in a spiritual or any other sense, on the banks of the broad Danube; and we poor scholars sat ourselves down and looked upon the country round about. As we three poor and insignificant people sat there on the summit of the hill, in the midst of free nature, there came upon us all three a vehement wish to be stronger and more profitable servants of God. We prayed to him that he would give us higher place in his service, and made a compact, each clasping the other's hand, that in all the roads and byways of life, that we trod in the name of God, we would faithfully stand by and help one another, and that we would neither halt nor rest, till each had the bishop's crozier in his hand, and a flock to pasture in the name of the

Lord. Well! we have kept our bond truly, and our three bishoprics border on one another. And I, for mine own behoof, made a vow on that mountain, that if I became the bishop of Passau, I would build a monastery on that same mountain, that the cultivation of the land and of the souls of the dwellers might be advanced thereby. I am now bishop of Passau, and the convent by the Danube has been long roofed in, and named by me, Gottweih, because I have dedicated it to the Lord and Creator of the world. And there my coffin is already nailed together, and my vault built, for I would fain be buried in the place of my fairest youthful recollections." Here may be added, that this wish also was fulfilled, and the traveller may yet stand and contemplate the grave of the poor scholar, Altmann.

The word meadow (*Au*) has in German a particularly friendly sound. The poet often makes use of it, and seldom without a loving predicate—the "charming," the "loved," or "lovely" meadows. But we have only to go from Stein to Vienna to be heartily sick of the name and the thing. I saw on this passage so many unlovely meadows, that I have the word regularly *en dépit*, and was not a little rejoiced when we came in sight of Leopold's mountain, and Kahlenberg, and when we passed Klosterneuburg, and heard at Nussdorff, "Halt—stop the machine." Nussdorff is the harbour of Vienna: it lies at the mouth of that arm of the Danube that branches off here, and flows through the imperial city. Here the greater number of the vessels navigating that river, land their passengers, and here, in consequence, is a never-ending turmoil and confusion of boats, men, and conveyances, to encounter which, one has to arm oneself beforehand with patience and watchfulness, in order not to be engulfed in a vortex alike dangerous to purse, person, and baggage.

## LOWER AUSTRIA.

### VIENNA, OR BETSCH.

AND in this manner we reached the great city of Betsch, a name highly valued throughout the east, though wonderfully little known in Europe.

The city of Betsch has four hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the residence of a powerful Shah, who rules a land more extensive than Beloochistan and Afghanistan, called Nyemzestan. This land of Nyemzestan contains a number of kingdoms and principalities, over all of which the above-named Shah is master and lord. The greatest of these subordinate kingdoms is Trandebog, lying towards the north. Its inhabitants, the Trandebogians, amount, in number, to millions.

The language spoken in Betsch is a very singular mixture. It neither resembles the Turkish nor the Persian, but is said to have some affinity to German.

The Turks, the Hungarians, and all the nations beyond, far into Asia, call that Betsch which we christen Vienna, and signify by Nyemzestan, the whole of our German fatherland, of which they suppose his majesty of Austria to be sovereign lord. It is true, that the emperor Francis renounced this title, and the glory of the *German empire* has long since passed away; but it is long before the setting of a star is observed in distant regions, as its rays, once transmitted, still conjure up its image before us. Brandenburg is corrupted by the Turks into Trandebog. Betsch or Vienna is, to them, next to Trieste, the most distinguished place of traffic in Germany.

Two great water-roads connect Germany with the east: the Adriatic Sea and the Danube. At the head of the one lies Trieste, and of the other Vienna; and from these two places branches out the whole commerce of the east to the interior of Germany, as it develops itself from Constantinople to Trebisond and Smyrna. Vienna is the last westerly point before which a hostile Turkish army encamped, and the most western seat of an eastern commercial colony or factory.

The people who are the great agents of this commerce, through their own trade and their river navigation, are the Servians—the Rascians, as they are called in Vienna and Hungary. I could never discover, either from books or verbal inquiry, whence this appellation for the Servians was derived.\* In Hungarian Latin, they are called Rasci, their country Rascia, and the King of Hungary is entitled “Rex Rasciæ.”

The Rascians have their colonies in Pesth, Vienna, and other cities on the Danube, where

they are mingled with the other inhabitants, as the Armenians, Bucharians and Greeks, are in southern and western Russia, and as the Jews are in other countries; and are the principal masters of vessels on the middle and lower Danube. They are to be met with their wives in all the public places in Vienna, habited in a strange mixture of European and Oriental costume. After the Rascians, the Turco-Spanish Jews play the principal part in the commercial world of Vienna. This remarkable branch of a remarkable nation, was scattered over the whole Turkish empire after the most Catholic kings of Spain had driven them from their dominions. They have commercial establishments in all the Turkish states of Africa and in Asia; and, as agents between the east and west, they have also fixed themselves at Vienna, where their houses are very considerable. Like the Servians, though in fewer numbers, they have extended their branches as far as Pesth, Semlin, Belgrade, and are more especially important in the relations of the Danube countries with Thessalonica.

These Spanish or Turkish Jews have adopted the eastern costume, probably because it was a *sine qua non* of their admission into the Turkish dominions, but they retain the Spanish language. They converse and correspond with each other from Belgrade to Salonica, and from Neusatz to Vienna in Spanish; probably it is found convenient here as a language very little known. They enjoy many privileges in Vienna, among others that of being reckoned Turkish subjects, although established in Austria, and are consequently, under the protection of the Turkish ambassador, as independent of the native authorities as the Franks are under that of their consuls in the Turkish dominions.

Besides the above-named foreigners, there are many Greek and Armenian merchants settled in Vienna. The principal banker, Sina, is a Greek. Since the late improvements in the navigation of the Danube, which have made it possible to travel from Vienna to Trebisond within fourteen days, and to reach the interior of Persia in three weeks, traders from Asia Minor, and the Persian pointed caps, have made their appearance in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's church, but they are only visitors in the city and not residents.

The whole number of Orientals in Vienna, is generally reckoned at about a thousand souls. In what degree their numbers have increased, with the still increasing intercourse with the east, I learnt in the office of the Vienna Foreign Police, where I had an opportunity of looking at the register of foreign residents. From 1822 to 1831 (in nine years), a large folio volume had been filled with the names and residences of Turkish subjects; from 1831 to 1836 (that is in

\* There is a small river in Servia bearing a similar name, from which it may be derived.



five years), another as large, and in the following four years, a third was filled.

The register for the year 1840, gives the numbers of Turkish subjects trading *en gros*, whose firms are established in Vienna.

1st. Of the Greek religion (the fewest of these being of the Greek nation) fifty-two.

2dly. Israelite Turkish merchants (the greater number bearing Spanish family-names, as Somajo, Majo, Abeneri, Benturo, Major, Sabetay, &c.), forty-eight.

And 3dly. Armenian merchants, nine.

The greater part of these oriental inhabitants live in the neighbourhood of the old meat market. There they are to be met with, as grave as storks, slowly pacing through the bustle of a European street, or reclining on the handsome red cushions with which the windows of a Vienna house are generally provided, they may be seen looking down upon the turmoil, and tranquilly smoking. Here also are the two coffee-houses most frequented by them, the "Grecian," and the "City of London." In the first, there is a constant influx and efflux of eastern merchants, mingled with Greeks, Jews, and Italians. The second, has been especially selected as the scene of their social amusements,—smoking and sitting still,—by the young Turkish students and the officers of the Porte, who of late have been accustomed to make the pilgrimage from the Bosphorus to the seat of art and enlightenment on the banks of the Danube. They learn German of course, and their pronunciation, seemed to me in general soft, harmonious, and agreeable. It sounded, however, comical enough to hear these foreigners take all imaginable pains to acquire the Austrian provincialisms, which they most conscientiously sought to imitate.

Surprise has been expressed (and with reason), that those of the Vienna coffee-house keepers who call their establishments oriental, take so little trouble to furnish them in the eastern taste. They have not so much as the broad divan always found in Turkish coffee-houses. Now, when we bethink ourselves, how much even we unquiet Franks value a comfortable seat, of which many of our proverbial expressions offer a proof, as "sitting in clover," "sitting upon thorns," &c.; when we reflect that even with our inconvenient sitting machines, it is so easy to accustom oneself to one kind, that another becomes disagreeable, (I know a German lady, who told me, that being used to sitting on cane chairs, she could not endure cushioned ones, whereby I suppressed, just at the right time, a philosophical remark that came into my head, viz., that certain very distant parts of our physical organization must be capable of contracting habits, which, when opposed, excited disagreeable sensations,) when we consider these things, I say, we cannot feel otherwise than great compassion for the poor orientals in Vienna, mounted on our narrow, long-legged, unsteady, sitting accommodations, their hearts a prey to home-sickness, and their legs, the one tucked under them after the fashion of their fatherland, while its forsaken brother dangles solitary and stick-like in cold empty space!

## VISIT TO ST. STEPHEN'S TOWER.

My best friend in Vienna was named Stephen, and when I heard he had become a widower lately, I went to pay him my visit of condolence. At first I did not very well understand the expression "become a widower," as, to the best of my knowledge, my friend Stephen, who was above four hundred feet high, and five hundred years old (being no other than the renowned steeple dedicated to the abovenamed saint) had never been married, although he had many brothers, as the double steeple in Rheims, the sister steeples in Munich, Lubeck, and other places. I asked, therefore, with some reason, "how he could have become a widower," and was answered, "Because it has pleased the fates, and the safety police to relieve him of his cross." So this was a piece of Vienna wit, which will not be taken amiss by any married lady in the world, I think, for the compliment implied is far greater than the discourtesy at first apparent. If it be maintained that every married man bears his wife enthroned in honour far above himself, as Stephen's Tower bore his cross, it must be admitted that the matrimonial burden cannot but be a light one to so great and portly a gentleman. This cross was also united with a double eagle, spreading its lordly pinions over the Tower, even as married ladies sometimes extend another pretty little instrument authoritatively over the heads of their wedded lords, or wedded servants as they should rather be called.

Stephen, as he is sometimes laconically styled in Vienna, is in general fanned by the pinions of more peaceful birds, or by the harmless, though, from its great height, sometimes outrageous god of wind; but nearly every hundred years this tower has had visitors of another description, lowering, black, hard-headed fellows, who cared little how they ruffled his carefully arranged toilet. Between the different bombardments, which Vienna and St. Stephen's Tower, in particular, have suffered from the Hungarians, Turks,—a second time from the Turks, and lastly from the French; exactly a hundred years have each time elapsed. Since the last shooting-match, forty years have nearly flown away; from what direction the bombs of 1907 or 1909 are to whistle, it is not difficult to guess; for every traveller who visits Austria must ask himself why all the windows and loopholes, looking to the northeast, are not a little better fastened up. Perhaps Stephen may weather the bombardment of 1907, and, perhaps, a sixth or a seventh, but at last his courage may sink under these repeated attacks, till one day the old, crazy, useless Stephen, out of regard to the heads of the worthy citizens, will be ordered to be removed altogether. God be thanked, the hands by which, and the heads for whose sake this will have to be done, lie still in the darkness of the future. At present the good people of Vienna are busied in removing the old worn-out bones, and substituting new ones. I examined the work closely. The permission is obtained in the office of the church-master, where a printed passport for this little journey to the clouds is issued.

The church-master's office has its seat in the



neighbourhood, and is in itself a little curiosity, for it is a question whether any other cathedral can boast so numerous a court. The venerable Stephen brings his middle age customs and usages into modern times, and has his own peculiar sources of revenue, which are as difficult to administer, as the Gothic caprices of building are to bring within architectural rules. The so-called giant door, one of its five entrances, abounding in all kinds of inexplicable decorations, is never opened on ordinary occasions, and seems to be quite rusty for want of use. It costs a considerable sum when, at the desire of some relative of an illustrious deceased, this door opens to admit the corse. The numerous death-bells have their different prices, and if it be desired that "Stephen" shall set his whole concert of bells in motion in honour of the departed, no inconsiderable capital must be expended. There are not less than twenty-one persons employed in the church-master's office; a church provost, a controller, four secretaries, a sexton, two upper vergers, two lower vergers, four assistant vergers, four guides, two reckoners. It must be observed that these form only one branch of the cathedral authorities, its police as it were. The cathedral dignitaries are many more, and then there are the female attendants or housemaids, to say nothing of the watchmen on the tower, &c.

Not far from the door, through which you ascend the tower, among the many monuments on the walls, there is one old stone with this inscription, "fortiter ac suaviter." I translated these words for the benefit of a pretty little Serbian, who, with a train of brothers and kindred, was preparing to ascend along with me, and we took these words as a viaticum on our way. The young Oriental had the same detestable head-dress as the rest of her countrywomen in Vienna,—a cloth bound flat and tightly round her head, with a bouquet of flaring flowers, like the feather in a soldier's shako. She was very pretty, however, in spite of her head-gear.

St. Stephen's Tower is inhabited from top to bottom by very different kinds of men and animals. At the bottom, strangers are under the guidance of two young ecclesiastics. Further up, as far as the roof, the church servants bear sway; we then enter the territory of the bell-ringers, and at the very top of the tower watchmen keep watch and ward. All, according to their own fashion, do the honours of the place, and levy a contribution on travellers. On all sides one is called upon to look and admire; here is the hole through which, some years ago, a man, weary of life, flung his hat down into the church, and then flung himself after it—there are the bells, cast by order of the emperor Joseph I., from the captured Turkish cannon—here is the great crescent, which the Vienna people fastened to their tower to induce the Turks to spare the splendid edifice—there are the twelve engines and thirty cisterns for the protection of the building against fire. In March they are filled with water strongly impregnated with salt, which is thus preserved throughout the summer. Admiration is also challenged for the great ugly double eagle lying with outspread pinions on the roof, probably the largest figure of a bird in the world. If it could rise into the air it might pass

for the offspring of the far-famed roc; from the extremity of one wing to that of the other the measurement is one hundred and eighty feet. Each eye is formed of four gilded tiles, and each beak contains not less than thirty such scales.

People who are fond of taking exceptions against modern times, may find abundance of opportunity on the roof of this cathedral. In 1830 it was found necessary to repair a portion; the new tiles were shaped and coloured after the model of the old; but after the lapse of only ten years they are worn out. The glazing and colour is worn off the greater part, the white glaze turning quite red, and displaying the native hue of the clay, while the old tiles, the work of the middle ages, retain all their original tints and freshness. It is feared that the roof itself may suffer from the badness of the tiling, and a renewal of the work is already talked of.

No less than 700 steps must be mounted to reach the tower where the watchers have their dwelling and place of abode. The arrangements made for ascertaining the exact locality of a fire are very peculiar and interesting. On the parapets of the four windows, looking east, west, north, and south, are four telescopes. Each glass, or, as they call the whole apparatus here, every "toposkop" commands a fourth of the whole circular sea of houses, stretching on every side of the church. Each quadrant is divided by circles and radii into sections, and by the aid of the glass the section in which the burning house lies is easily ascertained. The individual house is discovered with the same ease. By every "toposkop" there lies a thick book containing the names of all the house owners in each section; and thus the house can be not only ascertained, but named. When the name is found it is written on a slip of paper, which is enclosed in a brass ball. This ball is thrown down a pipe, and it passes rapidly, like a winged messenger of evil tidings, down to the dwelling of the sexton, where it is picked up by a watchman constantly in attendance there and carried to the city authorities. Here it is opened, and the name of the unfortunate house made known to those whom it may concern. In the description, this operation appears somewhat long, but it is performed with tolerable rapidity and certainty, and the "toposkop" can be used as well by night as by day. In the more remote parts of the suburb, the point is of course more difficult to ascertain, as the angles of vision and position become smaller in the "toposkop." Such an apparatus can only be used with advantage from towers as lofty as St. Stephen's.

The length of the piece latterly removed from the tower, from apprehension of insecurity, is about eleven fathoms; that is, as the whole tower contains about seventy-two fathoms, nearly a sixth of the whole. This piece had long swayed from the right line, in consequence of an earthquake, it was said, but at first with an inclination of only three feet from the highest point of the cross. At last, however, it was asserted that the highest point was a whole fathom out of the perpendicular. Many smaller parts had also been much injured, partly by time and natural causes, partly by the different bombardments. For example, the crowns of many little side towers had been split from top to bottom, and



heavy fragments of stone hung threateningly over the abyss below swarming with life. The former repairs had been exceedingly defective; round many of these smaller towers only thick iron bands had been passed, which scarcely held the loose stones together. Others had merely iron staves and cramp irons to keep the runaway fragments in their places. In 1809, after the French bombardment, a great deal of money had been lavished on these cramps and holdfasts; but in 1838 the real repair now in progress was begun. From the main or round corridor, the tower is surrounded by eighteen galleries formed of strong beams connected by ladders, rising above each other to the top of the cross. The work was begun on the twenty-fourth of September, 1838; it was hoped that in three years it would have been finished, but it will certainly require three more to restore the noble building to its former magnificence and perfection. What a day of joy will that be for the people of Vienna!

The very solid manner in which the scaffoldings are erected, must have offered no small difficulty; from below, all this joinery cannot be looked at without a slight sensation of fear, lest some tremulous hurricane might in its sport scatter these beams like matches, and hurl them down upon the roofs and heads below. Whenever the wind is very high, the work must be discontinued, and the workmen retire. Hitherto all accidents have been avoided, but one of the men told me that the mischievous *Æolus* had once played him a trick, more dangerous than agreeable, in whirling him aloft and seating him astride upon a balustrade; fortunately, before the second gust came, he had clung fast to a beam, and, creeping down on the inner side, saved his life.

The difficulties experienced in the execution of the building may be estimated from this one circumstance, that half a day is required to raise the stones the same distance which the fire-announcing bullet traverses in a moment. The stones are all tolerably large, and eleven workmen are scarcely able to raise two in a day.

In order that the new stones used in the repairs may not be too conspicuous by the side of the old, they have invented a new colour, wherewith to stain them, but the right shade has not been caught, and the places repaired are easily recognizable from below. We pointed this out to the people about, but they assured us, that after many attempts no better colour could be found. It struck us at first as very extraordinary that it should be so very difficult to hit the colour of a mass of old gray stones, and began to examine them more minutely. We found such a variety of shades on every side and every stone, that it was clearly impossible that one and the same colour should suffice to blend old and new harmoniously together. The tints, moreover, depend partly on the vegetation,—the mosses which cover nearly the whole surface of the tower. In some places these mosses are withered and decayed; the stones are then covered with a dark gray coating that can be rubbed to dust between the fingers. Here and there occur patches of young moss, producing a grayish green tint; then come whitish grays, bluish

and yellowish colourings. To give the right effect it would be necessary to lay on all these tints and blend them softly together; and even this would scarcely suffice, as the appearance of the whole changes with the weather. In rain and damp weather not only the bare stones change their colour, but also those covered with moss. The mosses attract the moisture, and many that look withered in dry weather seem to gain new life after rain. In a wet season the verdure of the tower on one side becomes extremely vivid, and it is impossible to follow all these changes with any artificial colour. It is a question whether it would not have been better to leave the new stones of their natural colour, trusting to time to assimilate them. Be this as it may, it is certain that the chosen colour is much too palpably blue, and ought to have been blended to a yellowish gray.

The flora of St. Stephen's tower is much more uniform than that of the cathedral of Cologne, where a hundred different plants grow in rich luxuriance. All the north side is covered with mosses. The south has little or no vegetation. The fauna of the cathedral is various enough. Of the human part we spoke before. The crows, jackdaws, hawks, &c., it has in common with all the church steeples in Germany; owls are very rare, the guardians of the place said there were none, which would be remarkable enough, but the bats are so numerous, that I was told on a late search for their hiding places not less than fifty had been discovered and killed, because the night patrols could no longer protect their lanterns or their faces from the assaults of these goblins. A worse plague than these are the *göses*, the little long-legged stinging insects of which all travellers and boatmen along the Danube complain so much. I should like to know what the swamp-bred animalcule can think of seeing in these giant towers, where in summer time they swarm in such numbers that the people employed there are obliged to sleep with damp cloths upon their faces. Chamber flies are found also, but in no great numbers. Mice there are none. Spiders were found in prodigious numbers; they and the *göses* have been carrying on the war here these four hundred years, and doubtless much to interest the naturalist has occurred, meanwhile, in the world of spiders. In fact, a naturalist might take up his abode here for a time, with great advantage to science. Of the storms, the people say that nearly all come from the north. So soon as the weathercocks in summer turn suddenly to the south, a storm may be expected. One of the younger of the watchmen, who had been lately placed in this exalted position, told us, that the weather up here was sometimes awful. At his first watch the fearful band of wind instruments, whistling and howling in the numberless clefts, holes, and corners, the rocking and cracking of the tower pinnacles, the wildly driving ghost-like clouds, with the gleaming of the lightning, and the stunning kettle-drums of the thunder, filled him with such terror, that he thought he must have jumped out of the first convenient opening to the depths below. There must be here abundant field for observation on acoustics. In ascending, we remarked that the wind whistled through every opening in a different tone.



from the wooden galleries erected for the birds, the panorama of the city of Vienna can be enjoyed more conveniently than ever. I wished to look on this spectacle from the summit of one of the side towers. This summit is level like the leaves of a rose flattened at the ends, affording just space enough for two men. We ascended accordingly, and I heard like squirrels on the topmost branch of a tree. The beautiful city of Vienna lay at our feet.

It was a most beautiful, calm, clear day. I heard and saw all that was passing in the city, even the songs of the canary birds in the windows of some houses ascended to us, and I could see the butterflies fluttering over the rooftops in search of some green spot in this dreary waste. We could have told the gentleman we saw walking below, where the man was of whom he was in search; for we saw him at the same time driving at his leisure on the glacia. This glacia, which surrounds the most core of the city, with its broad green lawns, lends the panorama its principal ornament; it causes the whole picture to fall into picturesque parts, and permits the fine rows of houses in the suburbs to be seen to full advantage.

They lie round the outer edge of the city like white flowers in a wreath of green grass. The tower keeper named to us all the best-places, streets, houses, and palaces we saw beneath, showed us the Danube, the first view of the Carpathian mountains, the Styrian Alps, and the roads that led to Germany, Moravia, Bohemia, and Italy, and "that is," added he, "the high road to Hungary." Here was I looking for a prophetic homily, but I did not catch it, for it would have been a voice calling in the desert. The little Serbian desired to see the road to Hungary, which also led to her homeland. I offered my hand, and she placed her little foot boldly on the edge of the stone balustrade, and gazed on the fields of Hungary, and so we stood awhile, motionless, like statues on a pedestal, neither felt in the least giddy, but I must not forget to say, that the city was firmly boarded up around us, so that the pleasure we enjoyed was unaccompanied by danger. When we, that is, my Serbian and I, satisfied ourselves with the spectacle, we went with equal convenience to another, the views of the Austrian troops, which we contemplated quite at our ease from the altitude of seven hundred steps above mentioned.

#### THE MENAGERIE AT SCHOENBRUNN.

It is at *man* should sometimes demean himself, but it can be no especial wonder, since everybody knows that man is neither more nor less a reasonable creature. But that the poor civilised brute should do so, is a standing reproach and mystery of nature. Man has in his mind a clear light to lighten his path externally; internally, the *Psyche* of the brute is a dark, feebly-glimmering lamp, shining dimly through manifold veils from a depth of darkness, throwing forth only occasional gleams. The savages worshipped brutes as the marvels of nature; with us Europeans, they have fallen from that into contempt; yet amongst brutes

and plants, which appear to owe so little to themselves, and to have received all directly from God, we seem often to be nearer to the divinity than amongst men.

For my own part, I can never look into the eyes of a sheep without feeling strange sensations in beholding this veiled mystery of the great soul of the universe. The reader will, therefore, not be surprised that I and my companion, Baron K——, in a short time after my arrival in Vienna, were to be found less frequently among the dandies, officers, ladies of fashion, market folks, fish-women, or by whatever other name the human chrysales may be called, than at Schonbrunn among the bears, apes, tigers, eagles, lions, and other disguises of the brute *Psyche*, having their abode in that garden.

We drove there one day in one of the many hundred public carriages, ready at all times of the day to go to all ends of the world with anybody and any baggage. One of our travelling companions was a smartly-dressed old citizen of Vienna, who, when he heard we were going to Schonbrunn, related to us *apropos*, that he had once refused a request of the emperor Napoleon when at the very summit of his power. He (the citizen) had a most incomparable horse, of Hungarian race, and Napoleon had seen it when the owner, as captain of the burgher guard, had defiled before him at the head of his company. The emperor had offered him 5000 florins for the animal on the spot, but neither the gold nor the entreaties of the lord of Europe could induce him to part with his admirable steed, and, as before said, he had refused his horse to this mighty potentate at a time when the Emperor of Austria had not dared to refuse the hand of his daughter.

The menagerie of Schonbrunn incloses a part of the imperial garden, near which there passes a miserable, scantily-filled ditch, that in summer smells abominably, and which it is amazing to me does not appear the frightful object it is, to the thousands of Vienna people who daily resort thither. The menagerie occupies a large circular piece of ground, in the centre of which, on a little elevation, stands a many-windowed summer-house, the abode of the gaily-plumaged parrot kind. If I were a courtier I should use all my influence to get these birds removed from so conspicuous a place, lest it should occur to some to draw odious comparisons between them and the court circle.

From this parrot centre the whole circle is cut by radii into numerous sections. All these sections are divided by walls and hedges, and broad walks. Each section contains the stalls, baths, ponds, pasturages, and pleasure-grounds of a particular species, and since the present emperor has filled up the places that had become vacant, there is a tolerable number of interesting furred and feathered creatures, to whom Asia, Africa, or America has furnished paws or claws, hoofs, horns or antlers, the appetite for bread or for blood.

The bears, tigers, and other carnivorous animals, are daily in view of the public; the prisons of the others must be especially opened to the curious. The brown bears sat, like poor beggars, in their dens, and received thankfully a



morsel of bread. If it was thrown on the top, they climbed up the iron grating and thrust their paws through to reach it. One of them, when we took out some more bread, sat up on his hind quarters and moved his fore paws up and down like a petitioner till he got a piece. A tiger or a lion would never learn to do this. The nature of the bear seems to partake of the monkey as well as of the dog. The old bears in Schönbrunn are the grandchildren of bears likewise born in captivity, and have, in their turn, descendants, the fourth generation, therefore, of a tamed race. It would be interesting to learn, if in later generations the character of the animal will undergo any considerable alteration. But, unfortunately, the people here keep no exact account of their charges, which might be useful to the student of natural history.

It was a hot day, and the polar bears, the bloodthirsty animals, who wear on their body the colour of innocence, and cover their necks with the silver locks of venerable age, when all the while they have not an honest hair on the whole body, were splashing about in the water all the time we stayed. They are the only animals who do not require their dwelling to be warmed in the winter. Like their far more amiable brethren, the brown bears, they are fed only on bread and milk, which, it is said, enables them to bear their imprisonment better.

The beautiful royal tiger we found lying on one side with all his legs stretched out, but so that his hind legs rested between the two fore ones. The keeper said this was his ordinary position when at rest. We durst not disturb him, as he takes it very much amiss even if people only touch his den, growls fearfully, and is long before he can be appeased. His lady is of a much gentler character. The cages of the tiger, lions, and other wild cats, are divisible into two parts by means of sliding partitions, that the animals may be driven into one while the other is cleaned. A third division projects like a balcony, in which they can enjoy the sunshine and open air, and show themselves to the public. The bears have their baths in addition.

The story we heard in the next section concerning master Jack was distressing to a friend of humanity. Master Jack was an exceedingly well-disposed and well-bred youth, living quietly and respectably in his appointed dwelling. He was on the best footing with all his acquaintance, and particularly attached to his friend and servant, M. Henri, who had long been his companion and tutor in all the arts of life, wherein master Jack showed great address, succeeding in all he undertook. He could take the cork out of a rum-bottle without the aid of a corkscrew; beat a drum like the most experienced drummer, and blow a trumpet that, like the summons to the last judgment, pierced to the very marrow. If a lady visiting him let fall her glove or her handkerchief, master Jack dropped on one knee like a courteous knight, and presented it to her again. But who can enumerate all the virtues and accomplishments of this well-instructed young gentleman! It may be boldly asserted that master Jack was the first gentleman of the lion court of Schönbrunn, and

surpassed even the politely soliciting bears in grace and dexterity.

An unexpected occurrence, or rather the consequences of a bad calculation, suddenly produced a melancholy change in the whole being of the gifted Jack. This occurrence was his acquaintance with miss Djeck, *vis-a-vis* to which viciously disposed lady, he had been unadvisedly quartered. Jack, who, receiving so many visits daily, might be said to live in the great world, had become acquainted with many a young lady without showing further civility than any cavalier might offer in pure courtesy to any lady. But this particular lady, who took up her abode in his very house as it were, produced a magical effect upon him. Her eyes, the ivory of her teeth, and the unspeakable charm of her gray cheek, excited in him the liveliest desire to call her his own. To the indescribable vexation of his tutor he forgot all his learning, all his accomplishments. His gentleness was changed to fury, his universal philanthropy to the most hostile feeling against all the world. In short, his mind which before resembled a well-cultivated field, now became like a garden laid waste. Ah, love, to what a condition didst thou not reduce this thy poor victim!

His faithful friend, M. Henri, dares no longer venture near him, for if he does, Jack immediately draws his sword, that is his club, which he whirled aloft in the air, threatening to crush to pieces all that approach him. I found M. Henri perfectly inconsolable. When I asked him why the female elephant had been placed so directly before her admirer's eyes, he burst out into invectives against certain persons, from which I gathered, that either there was no other place for the newly-purchased lady, or that they were in hopes of founding a race of Djecks and Jacks from a marriage between the pair. Packed up in his finger-thick hide, master Jack was moving his enormous mass of bone up and down the balcony of his house, throwing his weight now on the right, now on the left leg. Occasionally he tossed his trunk about as a man might bite his lips in suppressed anger. His little eyes looked quite calm, though his keeper assured us the creature was full of flame and fury. He seemed to take no notice of any thing, but that was, as we were assured, because, caged within his bars, he saw he could do no mischief. Any object, living or dead, that came within the reach of his trunk or his feet, would be dashed or trampled to pieces immediately. On the bread we threw to him, he never deigned to bestow the most superficial notice, while miss Djeck directly opened her soft fleshy mouth, and snapped up every morsel of the roll.

At noon the lady was let out to take the air in the meadow. Behind the thick beams and trunks of trees forming the palisade we could watch her proceedings. She walked gravely down the path leading to the meadow, also strongly fenced, then turned to the left and stood awhile before the passage leading to Jack's apartment, as if to say, good morning, but as he did not appear, she went to take her promenade on the turf and finish her toilet, wherein she was assisted by a fresh breeze. It blew a

thick cloud of dust and straws over her broad sides. Jack, we are told, they durst not let out if they would not expose both trees and walls to the greatest danger.

The larger species of animals have for the most part their separate sections of the garden, but of the feline races many specimens are lodged in one house. Among them is a lion, a born republican, for he is a native of Hamburg, not very imposing in size, but with a very fine expressive head.

There is certainly deeply rooted in the human soul a peculiar pleasure in the enjoyment of what is dangerous, and that with the timid as well as the courageous, with this difference, that the former love danger only when they are certain it will not affect them personally. Our companion in Schönbrunn who, if all signs deceived not, was an arrant poltroon, would persist, in spite of the intreaties and prohibitions of the keepers, in teasing the lions and tigers with his riding whip till they got up and showed their teeth. We on our side could not withstand the temptation of creeping into one of the cages to examine its internal arrangements. It was a leopard house; the walls were carefully plated with iron and painted light blue. The arrangements for carrying away all dirt, and the division into front and back dens, appeared to us to be very judicious. The leopards, it must be observed, for whom these apartments had been prepared, had not yet taken possession of them.

None of the animals assembled here have increased so much as the Brazilian hares. A few years ago, a single pair was brought here, and there are now thirty, and many have been given away. The wildest and most timid of all are the Sardinian moufflons. They keep at the farthest end of the ground allotted them; and we dared not invade it, as the keepers assured us, that on the approach of any person or thing strange to them, they would dash themselves in their blind terror against the trees and walls. Even their young display this extreme shyness the day after their birth, and fly with such rapidity from all who approach, that it is impossible to catch them, while the young bears and lions will allow themselves to be taken in the arms like children.

Among the camels, who agree no better here than in Arabia, but live in a state of continual warfare, biting and striking each other with their fore feet, there was one so unbearably vicious that he was obliged to be kept chained in his stall. His bony figure, rugged and remarkably bare hide, faded yellowish gray colour, the flabby and diseased hump hanging down on one side of his back, his spiteful and venomous spitting and hissing when any thing human drew near him, and his self-contented ruminating when he was left alone, made him a most offensive image of the intensest egotism, all the more disgusting, that he was withal excessively dry and meager. But even the fat and well-fed of the camel kind look very little handsomer. The hair is seldom or never in good order, or sufficient to cover them entirely, so that the speckled parts of the body of a bluish colour show very disagreeably through the leathern skin. There was one such fat camel here which had been brought from Egypt. Of all tamed animals the camel is perhaps the most malicious. The ze-

bus,—tame, gentle cows, from the East Indies, have a pond in common with the camels, which divides their territory as the Indian Ocean does the lands of their birth.

There are some remarkably beautiful zebras in Schönbrunn. One was with young. Another had already brought into the world a little one, that closely resembled its sire, a German ass. A few stripes on the legs only betrayed its maternal descent.

The birds are lodged and provided for in a similar way, and there is a fish-pond for the water-fowl. Carp are fattened for the spoon-billed geese, who will sometimes swallow a fish weighing three pounds, and measuring a foot in length, without betraying the least inconvenience. If the lion's capacity for swallowing were of the same relative size, he could dispose at once of a whole lamb. It must be an enchanting sight to see the ostrich run in his native deserts; for even the few light springs that he takes in his poor fields in London, Paris, or Schönbrunn, when the keepers allow him to escape from his narrow cage, afford a pleasing spectacle, in which the lightly fluttering plumage of his back plays a principal part. They have taken much pains at Schönbrunn to obtain young from the ostrich, but have as yet got nothing beyond the eggs. As the parents themselves do not understand hatching, and as the German sun has not the life-giving power of the African, they put the eggs at first under a turkey hen, who sat on them, but had not warmth enough to call forth such giant broods from the yolks. The heat of the oven was then tried, but with no better success. The parrots have laid eggs, but could never be induced to hatch them.

Of all the imprisoned animals none make so melancholy an impression as the eagles and vultures. These great, high-soaring, far-circling lords of the air, ought at least to have had their prison-house arranged in some measure according to their natural propensities. A wooden cage, with iron grating, is a fitter den for a lion or a tiger than for the rock-throned eagle's nest. In this narrow dungeon they cannot even stretch their pinions, and yet this motion is no doubt as much a necessity to them as it is to a man to stretch his arms and legs after long continuance in a sitting or lying posture: indeed it is evident, from the custom all imprisoned birds have of spreading their wings slowly and yawningly from time to time. The eagle and vulture sit upon their perches as motionless as if they were mere stones. One whom I was watching held his head on one side and his eyes immovably fixed on the skies; another uttered a melancholy sound at intervals, and lifted his useless wing. Some of them are extremely old. I was told that one had been fifty years a prisoner. In fifty years, if we assume that one way or another an eagle can fly thirty miles a day, he might have traversed 500,000 miles; that is, he might have encompassed the earth a hundred times. Good God! what a fearful destiny to feel this power within, and be condemned for ever to one narrow dirty stinking hole! As the eagles are neither cheerful here, nor display their natural peculiarities in any way, they can yield neither pleasure to the lover of nature, nor profit to the



inquirer into her mysteries; and people would do much better, I am almost inclined to think, to free them at once from the burden of life, and place them stuffed in a museum. A process to which the eagles, parrots, and some other birds are subject to in their confinement, is that of washing with an infusion of tobacco to free them from vermin. Their feathers are rubbed with it against the grain. They suffer more from vermin in captivity than in freedom, because they cannot guard themselves against them so actively.

The parrot-house, to which, as to a centre, all the sections tend, is adorned with the portraits of many animals. The birds themselves are as thick here as in some primeval forest of South America; they are two legged and feathered monkeys, for they are equally restless, teachable, imitative, and comic. To the stern motionless eagle they offer the strongest possible contrast, bearing captivity apparently with perfect contentment. They are in eternal motion, and seem to observe every thing with their ever-watchful eye, to meditate awhile upon it, and chatter without intermission. Sometimes the whole army of them would be suddenly as still as mice, and then break out all together into one fearful discord, as if they were put on a spit—an honour never yet accorded to their black tasteless flesh. The gardens of Schönbrunn are yet more distinguished for their plantations and their botanical collections than for the animals they contain. Not that the long avenues of beautiful, large, but most cruelly mutilated lime trees, are entitled to much admiration. There is certainly a method of altering the natural growth and figure of trees to the advantage of garden decoration. Even the French style of gardening, as it is called, has its æsthetic and poetical side, for the trees, trained into pyramids, gates, arched passages, columns, and other architectural decorations, are made to produce some striking illusions, and as art has entirely changed the appearance of the trees, and left nothing natural about them, we forget the original form, and willingly give ourselves up to the sportive deception.

In Schönbrunn, however, by cutting one side of the trees and leaving the other in their natural irregularity, they have produced nothing but deformities, resembling high flat walls on one side, and wild forest denizens on the other. They are not even clipped of an equal height, but shoot up here more, there less, so that the image of the wall is not kept up, and nothing is to be seen but the mutilated tree. If any one should turn columns out of marble statues to form a portico with them, he would be cried out upon for his barbarism, but if he only half cut his statues, and then made them do service as walls, we should thank him still less for his pains. They take a great deal of trouble, however, to bring these trees into order, and have, among other machines, one fifty or sixty feet high, consisting of several stages, and rolled about on castors to enable the gardeners to reach the branches the better with their shears and axes.

But we ought not in gardens like those of Schönbrunn, where there is so much that is admirable, to waste much time in finding fault with

these lime trees. We willingly abandoned ourselves to the guidance of the obliging attendants of the gardens, and followed them through their vegetable treasury, and if unable to give a satisfactory account of its wealth, we will at least attempt some description of the more distinguished objects.

There are many plants here, not in the green-houses but in the open garden, which we should seek elsewhere in vain. One of the most splendid specimens is the *Sophora Japonica*, a large magnificent tree, with excessively fine feathery leaves. It stands on a beautiful lawn, and the windings of its boughs, and the whole figure of the tree, are so picturesque, that it has been repeatedly painted, and has its portrait in the emperor's collection of pictures of the plants and trees of Schönbrunn.

Artists are almost constantly employed in these gardens, in drawing either for the emperor, or with scientific objects in view. The green and hot-houses are all handsome and spacious, and a new temple of the Dryads in right imperial style is now in progress of erection. Whenever a branch is broken by the wind, the vegetable surgeon is directly at hand to assist with iron rings, ropes, and bandages. By the root of the orchidaceæ we saw a potato laid for those worms to creep into, which would otherwise attack the plant itself. For several trees standing in the open air, separate huts are erected in the winter, for example, the *Acaucaria excoelba*; and this must be elevated every year, as the tree grows rapidly. Every plant produces, or attracts, some particular species of insect, and everywhere we saw the most judicious arrangements for their destruction. From the Brazilian fan palm long threads depend, and every one of these threads is a panegyric on the vigilance of the Schönbrunn gardeners, for they are preserved in their entire length, neither torn nor in any way injured, as we so often find them in other green-houses. The palms in which this garden is richer than either the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, or Kew Gardens near London, have very long, very fragile roots, which require the greatest care in planting, and that that care is here bestowed the healthy slender growth of the palms bears witness. The *Stemix pallida* has a beautiful blossom, which has the appearance of being formed from yellow wax, and is very easily broken off. To avoid this, every blossom is provided with a prop composed of the slenderest splinters; many other plants had the like, with the addition, where the plant was very tender, of a little cushion of some soft material between the prop and the flower. I did not see a single neglected or sickly-looking plant.

Among the rarities shown are also some *Desmodium Pierardi*, which require no soil for their growth, but are kept like birds in wire cages, and hung up at windows, where it is only necessary to sprinkle them at times with water; the climbing *Vanilla* grows also in the air, notwithstanding the thickness of its leaves, and may be suspended by threads in a room; *Sagapalm*, (*Cycas circinalis*), whose yearly growth, even in a Schönbrunn forcing house, is six or seven ells; a rich collection of *Ericas* from the Cape; and, lastly, a *Cactus corneus Peruvianus*.



years old, and which has therefore passed a century of its bare, fruitless life, riveted Prometheus to the desolate rock.

# THE FRATSCHELWEIBER.—FISHMONGERS AND DEALERS IN GAME.

The most celebrated of all the women of Vienna, beyond doubt, Maria Theresa, but the noted are the so-called "Fratschelweiber." Their sisters in the cabbage-market of Koberg, and the Halles of Paris, they are distinguished for their eloquence, their presence of mind, and their inexhaustible wit. It is said the emperor Joseph went once incognito among them, and purposely overturned a basket of radishes, in order to have a specimen of their rhetorical powers. Their chief seat is in the "Fratschel" one of the largest squares of the city, where they deal in vegetables, fruit, cheese, and articles of food.

What I saw and heard of these interesting women gave me more amusement than I can give the reader by a description, for the naive originality of the Vienna dialect is into print,\* it gives no more idea of it as spoken, than the printed notes do of the sound and piece of music.

I must confess, that often when I returned to the "Fratschel" market I used to feel as if I had been in a mad-house, so incessant and chatter-like had been the chatter about everything in and about the world—about the "German" which they were recommending to Herr Achtigall, an old hairdresser, whose position shone out from every side of his worn and tattered garments, but on whom they bedecked the "con" nevertheless because he held kreuzers in hand; about the butcher, "the honest, who had sold them such a miserable little bit of meat to-day." They spared neither the emperor, the pope, nor their minister, least of all, the people of rank and nobility, whom they saw driving about. I was a witness of the little ceremony used with the coachman. At the corner of the "Hof," a careworn coachman ran over a boy. In an instant a crowd of women and men were in full pursuit of the flying vehicle, in which sat a lady and man of the higher class. But the Fratschelweiber paid not the smallest heed to their nobility. "Catch 'em there, bring 'em to me, the quality candle-snuffers! bring 'em the scum of a dunghill! To run over the boy!" were the compliments that ran from mouth to mouth, as the mob ran bawling after the ladies, who would probably have fared ill had they fallen into the hands of the rabble. This class of persons in Vienna are by no means the patient, respectful, hard to be met with in other capitals of the empire; for example, in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Prague, &c. The child, whose name was so energetically adopted by the Fratschelweiber, was not even a countryman, but a Croat, such as are met with in all parts

of Vienna, selling radishes and onions. Beyond a bruise or two, he had sustained no injury; indeed, he had rather been knocked down than run over. The women put on his broad-brimmed Croatian hat again, wiped carefully his wide mantle of thick white wool, in which he looked like a diminutive Orlando in a giant's armour, and bought some of his radishes to console him. The child, who understood not a word of the Fratschel jargon, looked round him in a scared manner, and then resumed his monotonous cry, "*An guten ratti, ratti*," (good radishes), the only German he knew. These Croats are very numerous in Vienna, and form no inconsiderable portion of the populace there. As they sell nothing but onions and radishes, the Fratschel ladies are persuaded that Croatia must be a poor country, and produce nothing else. In the suburbs, there are, in the public-houses of the lowest class, great dormitories for them which they call Croat quarters. There when the ravens return from the fields to St. Stephen's tower, the poor Croats huddle together after the fatigues of the day, and sleep in the same thick cloaks that have sheltered them from the heat during the day. "They live like so many cattle," said one of the Fratschel women to me, "they haven't even a bedstead, let alone a mattress. They lie o' nights and holidays on their bellies, and are fit for nothing but to sell onions."

How long the peculiar habits and arrangements of a town will maintain themselves, and more frequently in small things than in great, is seen in the fish-stands of Vienna, which, in passing through Leopoldstadt, are discovered to the right of Ferdinand's-bridge. Although these stands are so easily moved, consisting merely of sheds upon floats, that look as if they were anchored by the river-side only for a time, yet they have made good their claim to the place for centuries, and as long as people have consumed fish in Vienna, so long has it been customary to offer it for sale at that part of the Danube-canal. The corporation of fishmongers belong, in many German cities built on rivers, to the oldest and most privileged bodies, from a very simple cause, namely, that they carry on a business which naturally was the first to arise in the immediate neighbourhood of a river, and one that often occasioned the foundation of a town there. In Vienna they enjoy great privileges, which have been ratified by all their emperors; yet, in modern times no trade, with the exception of that of wig-makers, has declined so much from its former splendour. The reformation, and the present more lax observance of the fasts, even in catholic countries, have greatly reduced the consumption of fish; and great are the complaints in this respect in Vienna.

"In former times," said an old dealer in fish to me, "there often came fifteen or sixteen wagons laden with fish to Vienna, and now they call out as if it were a wonder if only two or three come in one after the other. My late father, who lived in the good times, used to bring three or four hundred measures of sprats at once to market, and I, his son and successor, think myself extremely lucky if I can get rid of thirty, so much are the times changed. Yes—

\*An attempt has been made to translate the Austrian dialect, of which numerous specimens occur in the work of M. Kohl.—Tr.



merly, I mean about forty or fifty years ago, people had some regard for religion and fast-days, and I know some great houses where on Fridays not as much meat was allowed as would go on the point of a knife. And then the convents in Vienna, what a consumption of fish was there! There were the Carmelites, the Augustines, the Minorites, the Barbarites, and all the rest of them! I recollect there was one convent where the monks used to fast the whole year through, and where we used to carry the most delicate kinds of fish by cart-loads. But that's all over now. The great people don't trouble themselves about fasting and eating fish, and even the monks are grown more impious. Nobody, now-a-days, knows what a fine fish is; my father used to tell me that in Maria Theresa's time as much as two and three hundred weight of *fokasch* would be sold at a time. Now when a great man buys a fokasch, it's easily carried home in a napkin, and they seem all to have made a vow to eat nothing but flesh.

"And then many changes in housekeeping have done a great deal of mischief to us fish-dealers. Formerly in most great houses the servants used to be fed by their masters, and then it was more with fish than with meat, which was dearer. Now the domestics have become more independent, they have more wages and feed themselves, and like better to eat flesh than fish. Formerly, a counsellor's lady would go herself to the market to buy fish; now she leaves all that to the cook, who is become a greater lady than the court counsellor's, and people choose rather to buy from the game-market than from us. Then folks are all more disorderly and extravagant than they used to be. Once even poor folks would leave so much behind them that their children might at least have their dish of fish at the funeral—now they leave nothing but debts, with which the devil himself could buy no fish. In old times at every dinner some choice fish was always amongst the chief dishes—it is not so now. The Lichtenstein seldom gives a dinner, the Kollowrat only once a month. But such noblemen as old Zichy (God bless his memory), he used plenty of fish—liked it well, and knew when it was good—there are no such men now—at least not in Vienna, and it seems almost as if people thought God had put the fish in the water for nothing."

Up to the last point my worthy trader might be in the right, but there is after all, plenty of fish still eaten in Vienna, and even distant waters are laid under contribution. The Platten See in Hungary furnishes in great abundance the delicate fokasch.

In winter, oysters, lobsters and crabs are brought from the Adriatic, the former packed in ice, the latter in chests pierced with holes upon laurel leaves, on which they rest before they have reached them on the table of the gourmand. The ponds of Bohemia also yield a great quantity of fish, but the larger part of the consumption is supplied by that great arm of the Danube that passes through the city.

The fishermen, from whom there is as much to be learned now as at the time of the Christian era, gave me much interesting information concerning their trade. They told me that the sturgeons ascend to about sixteen miles from

Vienna. Presburg is the highest point where they are caught; the greater part come from Pesth. Four years ago they captured there a sturgeon of ten cwt., the largest that had been seen in Vienna for a long time. Up as far as Ulm, no eels\* are found in the Danube or its tributaries. All the fish of this species, used in Vienna, come down from Bohemia. Neither is there any salmon in the Danube—it comes from the Elbe and the Rhine; salmon trout are caught in the lakes belonging to the estates of the Salt-chamber. *Kopen*, perhaps from *kopf* (head), are very small fish with very large heads. They are caught in the same waters as the trout, in the Traun and other mountain streams, and are animals of prey. When properly dressed it is a very well-tasted fish, and is used sometimes as a garnish to dishes whereon larger fish are served. The finest fish in the Danube are the *schill* and *huchen*. The latter is like a trout in form, but weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. As the *kopen* are without bones, so the *huchen* have no scales, or scales so small as to be scarcely perceptible, for which reason they are the favourite fish of the Vienna Jews, who eat no fish with scales, and are, therefore, so in love with *huchen* that they will pay almost any price for it. The small sturgeon, often so strongly recommended by the hotel waiters to strangers in Vienna, come from the Hungarian Danube. They are easily entangled by the snout in a net and caught many at a time. I was told some remarkable circumstances relative to the influence of the waters flowing through the city. The fish-dealers maintain that all water coming from the streets, canals, and sluices, is so poisonous, that it kills the fish in immense quantities. After a sudden violent shower in summer, when the whole town disgorge its filth, and the contents of all the drains stream at once into the Danube, many thousand cwt. (the fish-dealers weigh the creatures in thought, while they are still at large in their own element) are sure to lose their lives. In the summer of 1833, the Danube was extremely low; suddenly a violent storm of rain raised its waters nearly ten feet higher, and the stream from the city came out like ink. The fish, which are cleanly animals, rushed as if quite desperate to the surface, leapt high into the air, and fell in multitudes upon the banks of the river; a most stupid proceeding on their part, as by going up a little farther, they might have come to clear water.

The words that had escaped my friend the fishmonger respecting the great consumption of game, which it was evident had excited his envy not a little, induced me to think that I should find this branch of industry in a more flourishing condition than his own, and so in fact I did. When we consider the wealth of Bohemia in wild animals suited to the table—when we consider the numerous water-fowl that frequent the lakes of Hungary, the large scale on which the stag-hunts are carried on to the south of the Platten See, the chamois met with in great herds in the neighbouring Styria, and when we con-

\* There are no eels in the South Russian streams, or in any of the rivers flowing into the Black Sea, till they arrive at a very considerable distance from the sea. I at least I was assured by a person well acquainted with them.



sider that Vienna lies exactly in the middle of these inexhaustible preserves, it may be readily believed that its markets are the best supplied with this species of *comestible* of any city in Europe. How great the quantity consumed was shown shortly before my arrival on the following occasion. The city authorities had subjected all game brought into Vienna to a tax of six kreuzers per head, and the impost was levied even on every little wild duck and teal from the Danube levels. As these smaller articles could not bear so heavy a taxation, the trade in them ceased almost entirely. Hereupon the dealers found themselves obliged to represent to the authorities the greatness of the injury done them; that they had been accustomed to bring half a million yearly of these smaller birds to Vienna, which were now never brought at all; that numbers of persons who had gained a livelihood by catching teal and wild-duck, were now suddenly thrown out of employ, and that hence it would be necessary to impose the tax only on the larger kinds. The remonstrance was attended to, chiefly at the instance of one wealthy and influential tradesman, with whom I became acquainted, and I found much occasion to admire the vast nature of his dealings, and the extent and variety of his information. To buy a piece of game from the hunter, and give it to the cook to be dressed, seems so very simple an affair, that it is not easy at first to understand how it should give a man any position in the state. The links of our social transactions, however, are like those of the sciences, so intimately connected one with the other, that it is scarcely possible to carry on any one branch on a grand scale, without becoming in some measure familiar with others. It would be different if the stag had only flesh; he would then concern the cook only. But his antlers are wanted by the turner, his skin by the tanner. The feathers of the birds are of use in many trades; the naturalist is often indebted to the civility of the dealer in wild fowl. The grandees find it worth while to give him good words, to increase the profit of their hunting-grounds, or to secure the supply of their kitchens. His connection extends even to the imperial court, for it is known that on extraordinary occasions, such as a visit from the heir to the Russian throne, he may be relied on for extraordinary supplies, such as a Polish elk, or a set of Russian heath-cocks.

As I was already partially informed of these relations, I was not at all surprised to find my game merchant a clever, enlightened man, well acquainted with many branches of natural history, not ignorant of anatomy and geology, thoroughly informed of all that related to the chase, and the manner of life and habits of the animals; one who had studied the works of Cuvier and Buffon, and could severely criticise the exaggerations, flourishes, and extravagant assertions of the latter; who spoke of Count X., and Prince Y., as of persons with whom he was well acquainted, and related how the government had had it in contemplation to effect some change in the game resources as he called them, but had desisted on his representations. Nor did it afterwards excite my astonishment, when I found an artist employed among the antlers of various

kinds, and among the plaster casts of different descriptions of animals. While I was with my merchant, there came a professor of natural history, and said to him, "I am come, my dear Mr. N., to *smell* about a little, and see if you have any thing new for me." And he was followed by a gentleman who also came to *smell* about, and invite Mr. N. to a hunting-party. These dealers in game are as fond of the peculiar odour of the wild creatures they deal in, as mariners are fond of their pitch and tar; and use the expression *smell* about as a technical term for a visit. I "*smell*" often in at the house of Mr. N., and always found some interesting people there. Those who have much to do with nature are almost always interesting. One day I met there a Styrian chamois hunter, who related to me many interesting adventures he had met with in pursuit of those animals. Observing that I occasionally made a note of what I heard, he said, "Ah, write it all down, and I'll tell you something about the cunning of the chamois that no one has heard before." The previous year he had found a geis (female chamois) ready to bring forth. He had followed her for eight days, to see where she would deposit her young. Sometimes he took off his shoes, and climbed on his bare feet like a cat; and once when he had to clamber up the steep face of a rock, he cut off all the buttons from his clothes, that they might not make a "jingle." At last he discovered the two young ones in a niche at the top of a high rock, in a "*kästl*," as the hunters call it. The little ones were sporting around their mother, who glanced from time to time down into the valley, to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, our hunter made a great circuit, and so reached a path that led to the "*kästl*." Exactly in front of the niche the rock descended perpendicularly to an immense depth. At the back was another steep descent. Some fragments of rock formed a kind of bridge between the larger masses, but these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available for their mother. The hunter rejoiced as he contemplated this position, and pressed upon the animals, whose escape seemed impossible. When the old one caught sight of him, and measured with a glance the unfavourable disposition of the rocks, she sprung upon the hunter with the fury that maternal love will breathe into the most timid creatures. The danger of such attacks from the chamois is less from the thrust, which is not very violent, than from the endeavour of the animals to fix the points of the horns, which are bent like fish-hooks, somewhere in the legs of the hunter, and then press him backwards down the precipices. It happens sometimes that the chamois and hunter thus entangled roll into the abyss together. Our hunter was in no condition to fire at the advancing chamois, as he found both hands necessary to sustain himself on the narrow path; he therefore warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and kept still advancing. The anguish of the mother increased. She dashed back to her young, coursed round them with loud cries, as if to warn them of the danger, and then leaped upon the before-named fragments of rock, from which the second but more difficult egress from the grotto was to be



won. She then leaped down again to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. In vain the little creatures sprang and wounded their foreheads against the rocks that were too high for them, and in vain the mother repeated again and again her firm and graceful leap to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes, whilst the hunter had again advanced some steps nearer. He was just preparing to make the last effort, when the following picture, which was the particular circumstance he referred to in speaking of the chamois's cunning, met his astonished eyes. The old chamois, fixing her hind legs firmly on the rock behind, had stretched her body to its utmost length, and planted her fore feet on the rock above, thus forming a temporary bridge of her back. The little ones seemed in a minute to comprehend the design of their mother, sprang upon her like cats, and thus reached the point of safety. The picture only lasted long enough to enable their pursuer to make the last step. He sprang into the niche, thinking himself now sure of the young chamois, but all three were off with the speed of the wind, and a couple of shots that he sent after the fugitives, merely announced by their echo to the surrounding rocks, that he had missed his game.

The chamois are more numerous in the Tyrol than in Switzerland, and more numerous in the Styrian Alps than in the Tyrol. The wild goats come only as far as the opposite western end of the Alpine chain. They have been quite driven away from the eastern and middle portions, the highest and most inaccessible summits of the Savoyan Alps alone afford at present that degree of solitude and rocky wildness which is requisite for them. They are now protected in Savoy by a very severe law, which condemns to death any person who shall kill a wild-goat. Nevertheless, there are people who cannot withstand the temptation of aiming at these horned kings of the Graian and Julian Alps, and it is said there are at this moment in the prisons of Savoy several of these adventurous hunters, who have been condemned to death, and have had their sentence commuted into twenty years' imprisonment. Two years ago a couple of living animals of this species passed through Vienna on their way to Russia, a present from the ruler of Savoy to the emperor. I heard that some time ago a Vienna dealer had offered a large price for one, and that in consequence a Savoyard had shot an old one and delivered it in Vienna. The man was discovered and pursued by the royal huntsmen, but was lucky enough to escape by the glaciers into Switzerland, the paths being better known to him than to his pursuers.

My Vienna friend told me that by means of his acquaintance in Hungary and Bohemia, he often received rare animals, not directly connected with his business, and that scarcely an animal roamed the Austrian forests of which some specimen had not visited his shop. He took me afterwards into his ice-cellar, where I saw a great variety of creatures lying on the ice. He had had the cellar hung with Hungarian mats, and the ice was likewise covered with mats. He said that it was not sufficiently known to the owners of ice-cellars, that by means of these mats the ice could be much

longer preserved than when it came into immediate contact with the air and the walls, and that a smaller quantity of it was therefore sufficient. Among his plaster casts of heads and antlers he had those of an enormous elk. He had given several copies of the latter to Austrian noblemen, who wished for them to decorate their castles, a fancy that never occurs to the gentlemen of Lithuania and Poland, the native country of these creatures. We may see by all this on how large a scale the game dealers of Vienna carry on their business, and how highly its resources are developed. It were to be wished that the learned and cultivated on their side would sometimes turn the knowledge and special details which such people have obtained from nature, a little more to account.

### SUMMER-NIGHTS' DREAMS AND FLOWER FESTIVALS.

In the Sans-souci gardens at M $\ddot{u}$ dling, there are nine tents of tastefully draped red and white cloths, pitched in a meadow, each of which is dedicated to one of the Muses, whose names, embroidered on flags, flutter over the tops: Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, and so on. In the centre stands a tenth, wherein a Vienna leader flourishes as Apollo, and regales the Muses with Strauss's waltzes. These muses are young maidens and old women, attended by cavaliers and children, who resort to those nomadic airy temples to drink coffee. Taking refreshments in this poetical style is quite in the taste of the Vienna people, whose oriental fancy delights in mingling the loftiest matters with those of every day life, and always selects the most high soaring inscriptions for the most trivial things.

The Vienna people are like great potentates, who will admit wisdom only disguised in the motley; but they have reflection enough to recognise the hand of destiny that mingles in the most insignificant occurrences of life. Therefore they will drink their coffee in the temple of the Muses, and swallow the bitter draught of truth sweetened with the sugarplum of cheerfulness. Hence the extraordinary dramatic personæ of Raimund's invention, the Sibyls as old maids, the Genii as bowling-green attendants, the conjurers and magicians from Warasdin and Donaueschingen, who pour forth unweariably trifling jests and sportive wisdom in Swabian and Hungarian German. The titles of Raimund's pieces and their prevailing style are pretty well known amongst us, not so the style in which the proprietors of places of public resort invite the public to their enchanting popular festivals. I paid at first little attention to the announcements with which every corner of the streets was covered. But one evening late, i. e. at eleven o'clock, at which hour Vienna is as still as a mouse, I met a man laden with an enormous mass of printed paper, busied in pulling down the old bills and pasting up new. I asked him to let me look at some of them, and he threw down a whole bale before me. Herr Lanner announced a f $\hat{e}$ te with new decorations and illuminations, under the name of "A Summer Night's Dream." Herr Strauss had found a yet more attractive title for another f $\hat{e}$ te, which

was to take place at Sperle. By the glimmering light of the lantern I read "Fancy and Harmony in the rose-tinted vestments of Joy, a rural flower festival and ball." On a third bill the "renowned Daum" promised a "Festive soirée and conversazione in his Elysium." Four characteristic bands were announced in the various localities, and further "the much admired original representations newly arranged for the present season," would take place as follows:

In Asia (one part of the gardens) would be displayed three saloons, brilliantly illuminated in the oriental taste, an avenue of palm trees as a promenade, adorned with the newly-invented transparent Iris garlands, and at the end the splendid principal view, giving an allegorical picture of Asia, beyond which the musicians would be heard but not seen.

In elegant Europe (another part of the gardens) a Roman triumphal arch would be changed in a moment to an amphitheatre, wherein the Olympic games were to be produced in appropriate costume.

In America (a lawn) would be performed the admired Railway passage to Australia, led by the gracefully adorned ladies and gentlemen, Apollo, Pluto, Diana, and Minerva.

In Africa (a fourth part of "Elysium,") beside many favourite performances, Herr Starsch, from Berlin, would have the honour of exhibiting many new feats of dexterity, and, in the splendidly decorated Harem, an African summer fête would be given.

As a souvenir of this conversazione, every lady would receive, "in a festive manner, two views of Elysium," with an explanation. For the greater gratification of the respected visitors, the atmospheric air would be impregnated with the newly-invented Schönbrunn flower perfume.

I believe that not in India itself could a fête for the multitude be announced in more pompous fashion. I noticed many others announced, as "Nights in Paradise," "The Dance of the Sylphs," &c. Each surpassed the other in high-flown fancies. The chief allurements to all these places are dancing and good music, and the proprietors endeavour on such occasions to procure some new compositions of the favourite composers, Lanner, Strauss, or Fahrbach, composed expressly for that evening. This music has generally some very striking title. A new waltz of Strauss's was called the "Electric Spark," another the "Evening Star," a third "Tears of Joy." Musical soirées and "Harmonious pictures" are almost always united with these fêtes, and how far the composers of Vienna go with their "harmony painting" may be seen from the following specification of such a "painting" produced when the archducal conqueror of Saïde was the hero of the day.

"Storming of Saïde (a new musical picture).

"First Part. Approach of the English Fleet.

"Second Part. Approach of the Austrian Fleet.

"Third Part. Characteristics of the Allies, and the Enemy.

"Fourth Part. Summons to surrender, refusal, disembarkation, attack, cannonading, bombardment, storming and conflagration.

"Fifth Part. Joyful demonstrations and thanksgivings of the Victors.

"Sixth Part. Celebration of Victory and triumphal march."

No parties in Vienna are so numerous as the musical ones, which have their ramifications from the highest society to the very lowest. Strauss, the most celebrated concert master, Lanner the most original, and Fahrbach, also well known to fame, are the leaders and demigods of these meetings, the tribunes of the people in Vienna. Like the Roman tribunes, they exert themselves to the utmost to enlarge and strengthen their party. When at Sperle, or in the public gardens, they flourish their bows in elegant little temples, amidst a grove of orange trees, rhododendrons, and other plants, and execute the newest and most effective compositions with their perfectly organized bands, (Strauss enrolls none but Bohemians,) they seem in a measure the chiefs and leaders of the public. Before them stands a listening throng, with whom they are constantly coquetting, nodding to their friends in the midst of their work, and giving them a friendly smile as they execute some difficult passage. Every distinguished effort is rewarded by loud applause, and new or favourite pieces by a stormy "Da Capo." Even in the common dancing-rooms, the music is so little secondary, that the dance is often interrupted by a tumult of applause for the musicians and composers. Even at the fêtes of the Schwarzenbergs and Lichtensteins, a certain familiar understanding with the favourite musicians may be observed, which, among a people less enthusiastic in the matter of dance-music, would be thought out of place.

Strauss and his colleagues are always on the lookout for new inventions in the field of music. In almost every season they produce some new clashing or clanging instrument, or some extraordinary manœuvre on an old one. Last summer, in a Pot Pourri, Strauss made all his violinists, violoncellists, and basses, lift up their voices and sing the Rhine song, "*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*," which, with the basses especially, had a very comic effect. Lanner enticed the public by means of a young man, who sung a duet between a gentleman and a lady, in which the high and delicate tones of the woman were as accurately imitated as the depth and strength of the man's voice. No musical soirée ended without an imitation of the report of fireworks, wherein the rushing course of the rocket, and the sparkling hiss of the wheels, mingled in and died away with the musical tones. The next day then you are sure to read a long article in one of the journals beginning in this fashion: "Again has our justly esteemed, our inexhaustible Strauss (or Lanner or Fahrbach) astonished and enchanted us with a new effort of his admirable genius. All who had the good fortune to be among his audience," &c.

There is a printing-office in Vienna, the sole employment of which is the announcement of these fêtes, plays, and concerts, nothing else being printed there but placards. The proprietor of this establishment, Mr. Hirshfeld, has many people in his service, who thoroughly understand the most striking way of announcing



such matters to the street public, by the judicious arrangement of the alluring words "Bal brillant," "Magic illumination," "Rose-tinted garments of pleasure," &c. I visited this printing-office, where the readers were employed in correcting the style and orthography of waiters, &c., and preparing their eloquent productions for the press. The monster types are all of wood; the effect of the great black letters upon men's eyes and fancies is always speculated on, and the pictorial announcements of estates for sale by lottery, when all the letters are composed of pictures of castles and rural views, and where every million is represented entwined with the elegant flowery wreaths of hope, are really masterpieces in a psychological as in a xylographic point of view. The unusual words, or those that do not frequently occur, are composed, as occasion may require, from single letters, but the celebrated names, Strauss, Lanner, im Sperl, — Elysium, Prater, — Golden Pear, &c., are cut out of single blocks, and many duplicates are always kept ready for use at Hirshfeld's. It is the same with the standing phrases, such as "Splendid Illuminations," "Dancing Soirée," &c. Whoever has arrived at the honours of stereotype in Hirshfeld's printing-office, may deem himself a celebrated man within the walls of Vienna.

It is somewhat remarkable, although natural enough, that even these kind of announcements and posting-bills, on which the most innocent things in the world are made known to the public, are subject to the censorship, in fact to a double censorship; firstly, to the supreme censorial authorities who bestow the "Impri-matur," and secondly, to the subordinate police authorities, who make any emendations held necessary according to circumstances and localities.

"They play them a trick for all that sometimes," said my bill-sticker, whom I encountered in the night as before mentioned. "Lately there was a ball at Sperl, where they danced till six o'clock in the morning, although they announced on their bill that it was to end after midnight; and when they were called to account by the police, they said that six o'clock in the morning was after midnight."

A Mr. von X. has farmed from the government, for the annual sum of five thousand florins, the exclusive privilege of posting bills about the town, and he has the right of suspending, on gates and public buildings, great wooden frames, on which bills are pasted. If he find, elsewhere, a suitable place for such things, the city authorities give him permission to make use of it. By Christmas presents to the upper servants, he also procures leave from the owners of houses to make use of their walls.

#### THE PROJECTED NEW QUARTER.

One of the most interesting things I saw in Vienna was the beautifully executed wooden model of the projected improvements and additions to the inner part of the city; five of the most considerable bankers in the city, Sina, Pouthon, Eskeles, Maier, and Corth, have united

for the plan and execution. This plan is—in Europe at least—so unusual, on so grand a style, and so judicious, that one cannot but wish it success, and linger a little in the consideration of an undertaking, which has for its object so considerable an extension of the city.

Perhaps in no city of Germany does there exist so peculiar a relation between the city properly so called, and its suburbs, as in Vienna. Four-fifths of the population of Vienna live in the suburbs, &c. Prague, the city which offers the most direct contrast in this respect, is almost wholly city. The reason is that Vienna, notwithstanding its antiquity, attained at a later period the dignity of being a sovereign's residence than Prague. In the twelfth century Vienna occupied only the fifth part of the present site of the city; and only a fortieth of the whole space, including the suburbs; at that time Prague had nearly two-thirds of its present circumference. It is only within the last two hundred years, since the time of Rudolph the Second, whose general residence was Prague, that the Emperors have resided constantly in Vienna. From that period the extensive suburbs have grown around the heart of the capital, and hence the contrast between the commodiousness and regularity of plan in the former, and the extravagant maze of building within the walls of the city. The streets are narrow, the houses six, seven, and eight stories high, and buildings, whose grandeur demands a great public square for their display, are stuck into narrow alleys, and lost in a forest of houses. In many of the streets it has been impossible to make a trottoir half an ell in breadth, the carriages are often compelled to drive so sharply against the walls and windows of the houses, that it is an ordinary manœuvre of the pedestrians of Vienna, to save themselves from a crush by leaping on the steps of the vehicle. Carriages are sometimes to be seen with pedestrians clinging to it before and behind, and full often may they have occasion to thank heaven for having found a house-door open in time of need. The numerous thoroughfares, or *Durchhäuser*, through private houses and courtyards, to which the public has a conventional right of way, are of no small service to pedestrians. The whole city is pierced through and through with them, like an ant hill, and those who have the clue of this labyrinth, may run a considerable distance under shelter, and avoid the dangers of the carriages altogether. In no other city of Germany is there so great or so uninterrupted a stream of vehicles; the corner houses are, in consequence, particularly protected against this dangerous flood. All of them in the heart of the city have large stones placed slantingly, armed with an iron cap and rings, as thick as a man's finger, and the extreme smoothness which these coats of mail usually display, shows how often carriages must have ground against them. The unlucky pedestrian is provided with no such defence, and it may be a question whether more people have their limbs crushed by chariot wheels in Vienna or in Bengal.

All these evils have of late become more palpable with the growth of the suburbs, all of which naturally have their rendezvous in the centre of the city; not only have the people of



rank who live in summer without the lines, their winter palaces within, but the merchants and manufacturers, although their dwelling-houses may be without in the suburbs, must have their shops, warehouses, and business localities in the city itself; and the majority of the inhabitants, for one reason or other, desire to possess a little *pied à terre* there. Shut up in its narrow middle-age armour of bastions, walls, and ditches, the city cannot extend itself as the suburbs have done, which have stretched further and further into the level country, and swallowed up village after village in an avalanche of houses. As in all other cities of Germany, the old wrynecked, crooked streets of Vienna have been patched and polished, the passage houses have been increased in number wherever it was possible; some buildings that were especially in the way have been bought at a high price and pulled down, all projections and excrescences have been pared away, and the pavement laid down is as good as can be wished. But in an old city like this, where the houses stand like rocks, and the streets run through them like gullies and mountain passes, improvement is no easy matter, and all efforts of the kind lag far behind the wants of the increasing population. The grand difficulty is the fortification of the inner city. This necessitates a breadth of space not less than from three to four hundred fathoms (the Glacis) between the wall and the suburbs. If the works could be done away with altogether, and the glacis built over, the city and the suburbs would form one handsome and commodious whole. The advantage would be immense for the inhabitants, for a very easy calculation will show, that the maintenance of the fortifications costs them millions yearly, directly and indirectly. Living would be incalculably cheaper, and great sums would be saved in conveyances and other matters therewith connected; they would live in handsomer houses, and traffic and population would increase from all these causes.

However, from political motives, the government cannot resolve upon giving up the fortifications, although we have abundance of unfortified capitals, and many are of opinion, that in case of a war, those of Vienna would be of little service. The part of the glacis between the Scotch gate and the Danube channel, is particularly broad, and on this circumstance the association of bankers have founded their grand plan for the extension of the inner city. They propose to destroy the old fortifications in this part, erect new ones beyond, and thus gain a free space for new buildings of not less than eighty thousand square fathoms. They have offered to effect the removal of the old fortifications at their own expense, and have had a plan drawn up by the architect Forster, according to which the new quarter of the city may be most commodiously united to the old ones. The public buildings, the churches, theatres, fountains, monuments, gates, &c., which the new quarter will require, these gentlemen will also erect at their own expense, and give compensation for the lost ground of the glacis, on condition that the sites for private houses shall be sold for their advantage. As before said, they have caused the plan, in all its details, to be

executed in wood, and exhibited to the public. The old dark misshapen Vienna, in whose obscurities so many a fair pearl is lost, would thereby gain a bright regular magnificent appendix, whose equal might be sought in vain.

A large open place with monuments to the emperor Francis, and the first statesmen of his time, and a church in the Gothic style, is proposed as the centre of the new quarter. A splendid range of dwelling-houses, built in different styles, to avoid a disagreeable monotony, is to form a quay along the Danube, an ornament which at present is altogether wanting in Vienna; and those public buildings now in the worst condition, the Exchange, the Post-office, a theatre, with two supplementary buildings intended for institutions for the arts, and an extensive bazaar, are projected on a very grand scale. On the river they propose to form docks with large warehouses; and four new bridges, to correspond with streets already existing, are to unite the old city with the new. The projected new streets are to continue the old ones and yet maintain a symmetry with each other.

This model has been exhibited to the emperor and the archdukes, and admired by them, and therefore hopes are entertained that permission will be given to carry it into execution.

The chief subject of hesitation is again the fortifications; in removing a part, it is feared the whole may be endangered. Might not the invention of the archduke Maximilian, in the Towers of Linz, help them out of the difficulty. The whole city, suburbs included, might be girdled with them, and thus the whole brought within a circle of fortifications. With respect to the glacis itself, full of monotonous avenues of sickly trees, dusty spaces, and swampy ditches, there would be little loss. It is too large to be laid out as a garden, as has been done in some cities. But smaller and more modest spaces might be left free to be employed for this purpose.

#### THE QUARTER OF THE NOBILITY, AND THAT OF THE MANUFACTURERS.

The most animated parts of Vienna lie round Stephen's Place, the Graben, and the High Market; the quietest parts are the "Burg" from the Place of the Minorites, the Herrengasse, Teinfalt Street, the back and front Schenkengasse, &c. "Our great people live here," said a Vienna man to me, "and here it is still, still as a mouse." There is not a shop in the whole neighbourhood, no busy hum of traffic. It rains jolts and thrusts in the other streets, and one is put to it to keep from under the coach-wheels and horses' hoofs. It swarms there with Croats, Slavonians, Servians, Germans, and God knows what nation besides, while nothing is to be seen in the aristocratic quarter but silent palaces, before whose doors liveried lackeys are lounging as if they were masters not only of the houses but of the whole street. In this silent quarter—the Tein quarter—are the palaces of the Lichtensteins, Stahrenbergs, Harrachs, Festetics, Colloredos, Esterhazys, Trautmansdorfs, and Schönborns. Antique escutcheons are displayed before the houses, dating from Rodolph of Hapsburg or



Charlemagne, and the golden fleece gleams from the roofs. If the little sons of these grandees clamber over the roofs like the boys in other towns, they may gather all manner of aristocratic reminiscences among the chimney-pots. Here also stand the proud edifices of the Hungarian and Transylvanian Chanceries, the States House, the Court and State Chancery, the Bank, and several of the superior tribunals. The whole space occupied by buildings so important to the empire is not more than two hundred fathoms in length and breadth; there is more than one public square of that size in St. Petersburg, and it may be safely asserted that in no other European kingdom is the great nobility so narrowly lodged. There are, nevertheless, buildings here stately enough, if duly scattered, to adorn a whole capital. Not far from the Tein quarter, in the neighbourhood of the Jews' Place, is another where the manufacturers congregate. Instead of armorial bearings before the houses, we see the firms of cotton and silk manufacturers, warehouses for cloths, shawls, woollen fabrics, Fischamenter cotton yarn, white and coloured knitting-cotton, silks, stuffs, &c. These are only the warehouses from which goods are sold wholesale to the merchants; the retail dealers are to be found elsewhere, and the manufactories are in the suburbs. There, especially in the western part,—there are whole quarters of them, all of recent date. In times of yore Vienna was a Roman encampment, then the little capital of the Austrian dukes, among hundreds of others a German imperial city; and although as the imperial residence it became the centre of commerce for the empire, it is but very lately that it has been the chief seat of manufactories, whose articles of taste are scattered over all parts of the Austrian and a great part of the non-Austrian world.

Gumpendorf, Laingrube, and Mariahilf, are the suburbs in which nearly the whole population is employed in manufactories. This is the case likewise in the villages of Funfhaus, Sechshaus, and others. Here the simple and uniform dwellings of the weavers and spinners are seen by hundreds, and on entering from the Tein quarter, we seem to be entering another world. The raw cotton comes here from two directions, from Egypt over Trieste, and from America and the West Indies over Hamburg. The yarn dealers, spinners, weavers, and printers, all live near each other, and the merchandise passes from neighbour to neighbour, or from quarter to quarter, till it reaches the hands of the merchants and consumers. Some of the manufacturers have also establishments in Bohemia, where wages are lower, and several have them on the Saxon frontier; but these are merely for show, little work being done there, though a great deal of English twist is smuggled over the frontier. The English can furnish yarn to the manufacturers of Vienna cheaper than these can buy it from their own spinners in the suburbs. The latter enjoy, therefore, a protection in a fifteen per cent. duty, which, however, is considerably reduced by smuggling. In consequence of this protection, which the weavers of Vienna do not desire, because, without it, they could purchase the English yarn more cheaply, *they are constantly at feud with their neighbours*

the spinners. Both have their meetings and unions for the protection of their separate interests, and both seek to make good their cause with the authorities. The weavers have lately failed in their machinations against the protective duty; the spinners, nevertheless, entertain fears for its duration; without it, they would not be able to make head against the English. Be they as diligent as they will, and let their machines be ever so well constructed, the spinners of Manchester, at the fountain-head of the commerce of the world, would still possess advantages too great to be competed with by those of Vienna, though with the best will in the world. To mention one only: the Manchester spinners have a railroad to Liverpool, which enables them to purchase the cotton in smaller quantities, as they may want it. They may use it up to-day to the last thread, and send to-morrow to Liverpool for a new supply. It is, therefore, easy to follow every variation of price, buy small quantities when it is dear, and larger when it is cheap; whereas the spinners of Vienna, whether they will or not, must take large quantities at any price, lest their work should come altogether to a stand-still. The great speculators of England, also, have no existence in Vienna. These speculators make constant purchases of yarn, because the channels of the world are open to them, and they are, consequently, always sure of a market for their wares. In Vienna, they spin almost exclusively for the Austrian monarchy. There is no intermediate purchaser between the weaver and the spinner, and the former will buy no more than he has an immediate occasion for.

The advantages which the English manufacturers have over those of Vienna, and indeed over those of the whole world, the manufacturers of Vienna have again over the other manufacturers of the Austrian monarchy. In Vienna, they have the best information of what is wanted by the Slavonians, Croats, Poles, Transylvanians, and from Vienna their wants and tastes are supplied. The old-fashioned gold stuffs used for the Upper Austrian caps are manufactured in Vienna, so are the silver buttons in use throughout Hungary, and the black silk handkerchiefs, with red borders, which the Magyar shepherds twist round their throats. It is the same with hundreds of other articles. Being also the headquarters of fashion, Vienna not only supplies these people with what they want, but with what they ought to want. Vienna fashions, and Vienna wares, exercise their influence not only along the whole course of the Danube to the Black Sea, but even in Poland and Russia, extending even in some instances into the Turkish territory.

Persons who understand these things do, indeed, assert that Vienna productions will not bear a very severe examination. "They are but trumpery fabrications," said a native, well acquainted with London and Paris. "Every thing here is, as it were, *blown together*. We of Vienna are frivolous and fickle; but our taste is good, and we look more to graceful forms than solid quality." Comparing them with what London and Paris can produce, this may be true; but if a line were drawn from the Baltic to the Adriatic, no city would be found east of it



which could compare with Vienna in the quality, taste, or low price of its manufactures. Their low price has often procured them a sale not only throughout Germany, but even in America. They make, for instance, ornamental clocks, of an elegance of which no drawing-room need be ashamed, for eight and nine florins each, and shawls for ten and twelve.

The shawl manufacture is one of the most considerable; more so, indeed, than any other in middle or eastern Europe. The low price of the shawls has produced a great demand for them in Turkey. A shawl manufacturer, whose word I have no reason to mistrust, thought there could not be less than four thousand persons employed in Vienna on those articles; and this fact is the more remarkable, as the rise of this branch of manufacture dates only from the year 1812.

### THE SHOPS OF VIENNA.

It would not be possible to give a very detailed account of the shops of Vienna and all therewith connected; but I must intreat the reader to accompany me into some, which afford abundant means for obtaining an acquaintance with Vienna life, and furnish better pictures of it than do the columns of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Of the shops for silks and fancy goods, none are at present in higher feather than the "Laurel Wreath," and it is worthy of a visit, were it only for the profusion of the stuffs of all kinds displayed there. Before the "Laurel Wreath" rose to fame, "L'Amour" was the repository honoured with the patronage of the fashionable world, for it must be observed that all the shops of Vienna have their signs, by which they are much better known than by the names of their proprietors. "L'Amour," however, has quitted the field, and retired to a fine garden and villa in the suburbs. In good time, the "Laurel Wreath" will likewise withdraw to repose upon its own glories; for in Vienna no one pursues this occupation long before he finds himself enabled to take his place among the "rentiers," and, in leisure and retirement, to exchange his shop for a palace.

Formerly, Augsburg was the German city most renowned for its silver chased work; now it is Vienna. The greatest establishment of the kind is that of Mayerhofer and Klinkosch, at the corner of the Kohl-market. Their manufactory is in the suburbs, and well deserves a particular description. The greater part of the plate, to be transmitted as heirlooms in the noble families of Austria, is made there; hence a long series of their coats of arms, which must be stamped on every separate piece, is preserved. A large service of plate for Mehemet Ali was lately bespoken at this house. The number of great families resident in Vienna renders it no matter of wonder that the number of engravers and medalists should be great likewise, or that the art of engraving and composing heraldic shields should be industriously pursued. "It is only at Vienna," said one of these artists to me, "that the real true spirit of heraldry is to be found. We do not even admit a coat pricked elsewhere to be correct." There is not only a

constant manufacture of new coats of arms for the accommodation of those persons who are daily elevated from the public offices to be founders of noble families, but a never-ceasing demand for the reproduction of the old time-honoured shields in steel, gold, silver, and precious stones. On all sides we find hands, and sometimes fair ones, employed on these hieroglyphics of heraldry.

When we consider that the Dutch have carried on many a war about nothing but peppercorns, that the whole Anglo-Chinese quarrel turns on a few chests of opium, and that tallow, tar, and train oil, are not among the least of Russia's interests, and have often been objects of attention to emperors and their ministers, I shall not be reproached with an undue attention to trifles, if I enter a shop of more than ordinary elegance, for the sale of stearine candles, on the Kohl-market. Out of the white and delicate mass of stearine, they had formed a cavern full of stalactites, wherein was lodged a stearine ice bear. The candles were put up in trophies, like the weapons in an arsenal, and here and there, piled into columns, whose capitals were crowned with flowerpots; indeed, the whole shop was adorned with flowers. By the invention of stearine, tallow may be said to have been ennobled, and thus rendered admissible to the most distinguished drawing-rooms. In Vienna, it has obtained admission at court; church tapers are also formed of it, although it is still a subject of discussion among the high church authorities, whether it may be admissible, instead of wax, in places of worship. If I remember rightly, some of the bishops have prohibited it. In the Greek church it will certainly never find a place; there the ancient, noble labour of the bee will be always held in honour.

One of the later established shops of Vienna is the repository for bronze wares, kept by an Englishman, of the name of Morton, of which there are now branch establishments in Milan, Prague, Pesth, and other capitals of the empire. The handsomest thing I saw there was a bronze aviary of slender gilded wires, entwined with exquisitely wrought flowers in wreaths. The first cage of this kind was brought from Paris, for the empress mother; seventeen have been since made, ten of which were destined for Constantinople. As I left the bronze shop, I was witness of a little scene, alike honourable for human and the feathered animals who figured in it. A couple of young sparrows, making their first essay in flying with their parents over the roofs of the capital, had fallen exhausted into the street, where they were picked up and carried off by a boy, in whose hand they fluttered and chirped most pitifully. The parent birds followed, uttering most sorrowful cries, fluttering against the walls, perching on signs of the shops, and venturing even into the turmoil of the street. I begged the lad to let the young ones go, and as the cries of the old ones had already excited his compassion, he did so, but the creatures flying awkwardly against the walls, fell a second time into the street, and were again picked up. "Give them to me, for my children, give them to me," cried some women; but the remonstrances of the feathered parents were so pitiful, that in the end the whole assembled



crowd (all of the lowest class) raised a general shout of "No, no, let them go, give them their liberty." There were some Jews among the populace, who cried out louder than any. Several times the birds were flung up into the air, and as often fell down again, amid the general lamentation of all present. At last a ladder was procured, all lent a hand to raise it against a small house, and hold it fast while some one mounted it, and placed the little animals in safety on the roof. The parents flew to them immediately, and the whole family took wing, amid the general acclamations of the multitude; even a couple of "*Glacefranzel*" (*petits maitres*) stood still at a little distance, and eyed the scene smilingly through their glasses.

Among the articles made in large quantities in Vienna are theatrical decorations, wherewith it furnishes all the stationary and locomotive theatres of the Austrian empire. Many shops confine themselves to the sale of frippery of this kind, particularly diadems, and jewelled finery for the queens and princesses of the mimic scene. Great numbers of these diadems are made by the goldsmiths of Vienna. They make use of a peculiar composition of lead, tin, and bismuth, called "stage composition." It has so good an effect, that at a little distance the deception is complete. The small cut sides of the vessel are not raised, but put together in a concave form; when the light plays on them, they have all the appearance of precious stones.

It is a remarkable fact that the people of Hamburg have learnt only within the last fifteen years how to bind a ledger. Before that time the great folios were generally sent for from England. The people of Vienna have not yet mastered this apparently simple art, for Girardet, the most considerable bookbinder in the city, who employs thirty-six journeymen, maintains among them three Englishmen for all the solid and difficult work, and nine Frenchmen for that requiring delicate handling and taste. These people understand their work thoroughly, and what they do is admirably well done. They work apart from the German workmen, in order to preserve the mystery of their craft. There are many kinds of leather used for this purpose, which are not to be had in Germany, so that the stuff as well as the tools and the workmen must be had from France and England. Nothing can exceed the beauty, elegance, and solidity of Girardet's bindings, and their variety is quite as admirable. Every two months there is a general clearance of old forms and patterns, to make way for new ones.

The last visit in my tour of shops was to one whose commodities were of a nature not usually made the subject of traffic in Vienna.—monkeys and parrots. The master of the shop told me that the bad weather of that year had been particularly injurious to them; he had lost monkeys to the value of one thousand seven hundred florins, all having caught severe coughs, of which they had died. One of the creatures was still coughing, and I was astonished at the similarity of the sound to a human cough. I saw here a number of close dark cages, which I understood to be the private studies of the parrots. In the evening their teachers shut them up in these prisons, and then give them their

lesson. If the cages are not covered, their curiosity would make them busy themselves with other objects, and if they could see one another, they would converse in their wild American language. It is long before a parrot acquires a new form of speech. Some are sent to board and lodge with old women, of whom they learn the Vienna jargon. The majority had learned to scream out "*Vivat Ferdinandus Primus*."

## RAILROADS.

It has often been matter of complaint, that the city of Vienna has not a more immediate connection with the many rail and water roads radiating from it. The passengers by the steamboats complain when they find themselves compelled to leave their beds soon after midnight, if they wish to set off at five in the morning, and those by the railroads grumble equally at having to travel through the whole city, together with its suburbs and the villages beyond, before they can consign themselves to the energetic guidance of the locomotive. The various rail and steamboat stations lie two or three leagues apart, and some of them at that distance from the centre of the city. An incredible number of hackney carriages are constantly employed in transporting passengers to the several points. The magnificent terminus of the Vienna-Raab railroad lies at the extreme outer line of the city. The position is so lofty, that they might have continued the road to the very centre of the city without being in the way of the smoke of a single chimney. The terminus in that case would have reached about half way up to the summit of Stephen's Tower.

Before railroads were invented, many of the beautiful environs of Vienna were a forbidden paradise to its citizens. Those who had no other means of conveyance at their command than what nature provided, never reached Baden, Stockerau, or any such distant point, from one year's end to another, or perhaps not in the course of their lives. Within the last few years the railroads have given them a key to these Elysiums, and at every opening of a new branch of road the newspapers of Vienna announce the fact in a style that might have suited some of Captain Cook's discoveries, new and most captivating descriptions of Stockerau, Briel, Heiligenenthal, &c., being put forth to entice people by thousands to the railroad.

The railroads have wrought a change in the whole environs of Vienna, and in the whole system of out-door pleasures. The Prater and the Augarten are lost, and comparatively empty now, when the seekers of pleasure can be carried away with so much ease to a distance of five or six (German) miles. The Prater had made the most extraordinary promises; it had announced a "*Bacchus festival*," to end with a faithful representation of the eruption of three volcanoes in Fernando Po. The three were to vie with each other in the splendour of their flames, and send forth smoke enough to darken the heavens. Preparations had also been made to blow up several masses of (pasteboard) rock. Nevertheless, the Prater was doomed to be deserted that evening, and the visitors were throug-



ing to the railroads. On the other hand, the invitations for more distant places of pleasurable resort were not less alluring. At Mödling, Strauss promised his newly-composed dances, "Country Delight," "Railroad Galopade," the "Naiads," &c.; and Lanner announced his musical conversation, his "Eccentric," his "Reflex from the World of Harmony," to be given at Liesing. In Baden all sorts of "*Vollesfeste*" were to take place. There was to be the "Dance for the Hat," a Milan dance, in which the ladies dance through a gate, and she whose transit falls in with a certain given signal obtains a hat by way of a prize. In the various "Arenas" (garden theatres), "The Bohemian Girls in Uniform," the "Elopement, from the Masked Ball," "The Maiden, from Fairy Land," and other attractive pieces, were advertised.

Around the last coach setting off for the Vienna-Raab railroad the people were thronging and steaming. "Pray, gentlemen, let the ladies go first," cried some voices in the crowd. "Yes, yes, the ladies first, the ladies first, they all say, and here am I shoved back again," cried a woman who had been pushed back from one of the carriages. She was launching in her despair into a high strain of eloquence when we invited her into our hackney-coach, and recognised in her, in spite of her shining kid-gloves, a Vienna cook. The cooks generally wear short sleeves, between which and their long gloves, a brown and scorched ring of an arm remains to reveal their calling.

The Vienna-Raab railway (now that its direction towards Hungary is given up, it will probably be called the Vienna-Trieste railway) is probably the most magnificent railway in existence. The terminus and intermediate stations are remarkable for their size and splendour. The waiting-rooms for the passengers of the first and second classes are more like drawing-rooms than any thing else.

There are three classes of carriages; they are all extremely capacious, carrying not fewer than fifty-six persons. Besides these three classes, there are the, so called, "saloon carriages," furnished with looking-glasses, divans, tables, &c., and destined for persons of wealth and distinction. At present the lines of railroad are towards the resorts of pleasure, and have their names accordingly:—Mödling, Baden, Neustadt. The time will come when more important names will appear—the Adriatic, Venice, the East, the Levant, &c.

The banker Sina is at the head of the Vienna-Raab line, as Rothschild presides over the Vienna-Brunn line. At first the engineers were all Englishmen, but they have since been replaced by Germans. "The English have not the phlegm of the Germans," said a Vienna citizen to me, "they were rash, and careless, and many accidents were the consequence." The precautions observed on the Austrian railroads are so great as almost to counteract the main object of these roads—speed. Very slowly and very gradually the train is set in motion, countess are the whistles before it moves at all, and very moderate is the progress for some time. Long before they mean to stop, the speed is slackened, and astoundingly slow in its motion up to the terminus. It is true that if we could

be assured that every new precautionary measure saved some lives, they could not be sufficiently commended, but the question will arise—do they really do so? It may so happen that the negligence of the lower functionaries increases in exact proportion with the extreme foresight of the higher. The surer the public is that precautions are taken by others, the less will they take care of themselves.

On the day I went on the Vienna-Raab railroad we had, in our train, fifteen carriages, full of people starting from Vienna in search of pleasure, consequently, seven hundred persons. We encountered similar trains several times, and, I believe, that the number of persons carried out that Sunday could not be less than twelve thousand. The direction of this railroad galopade was towards the plain at the end of the forest of Vienna. The hills are pierced by several valleys, beyond which lie the before-mentioned pretty villages of Liesing, Mödling, Baden, and others. Hundreds of men, women, and children, were disgorged by the train at the entrance of these valleys, and hundreds of fresh passengers packed in. Formerly a stranger required a week to visit all these vaulted places in their turn, now he can be whirled there, have a peep at them, and be back in a few hours.

We allowed ourselves to be complimented out of the carriage at Mödling, to enjoy the highly lauded views of "in der Briel." We found a dozen of asses ready saddled, standing at the station. One of the donkeys was named "Karl Wizing," another "Naneri," and her gentle daughter "Sofi," so at least the juvenile drivers informed us. As we were just three in number, we chose these three animals, mounted them, and trotted away into the mountains. The father of the present Prince Lichtenstein first brought the neighbourhood of Briel into notice. He caused the naked declivities to be clothed with woods, paths to be cut, and the ground to be laid out with taste; adorned the summits with pavilions and summer-houses, built a magnificent seat in the neighbourhood, and abandoned the picturesque old ruins to the curiosity of the public. At this present time several yet wilder, woody, and rocky valleys in the neighbourhood of Vienna are undergoing a similar transformation. Coffee-house civilization has put to flight the nymphs and dryads of the woods. The caves of the fauns have been fitted up for the sale of beer and wine, and where formerly a solitary lover of nature could scarcely force his way, the population of a whole quarter of the city are now gadding about in merry crowds.

The ruins of the old castle of Lichtenstein, to which Karl Wizing, Naneri, and Sofi carried us, are *real* ruins, a fact worthy of remark, because the hills around are covered with a number of mimic ruins, placed there for decoration's sake. The old castle, one of the earliest possessions of the illustrious family whose name it bears, fell afterwards into other hands, and was subsequently re-purchased by the Lichtensteins, with the lands and vineyards belonging to it, for six hundred thousand florins. It is a regular, old, rock built, knightly nest. The dungeon lies right before the narrow entrance, and the first thing the stern old barons must have done



on stepping over their threshold was to give a negative to the petitions for freedom which the captives sent up to them in groans from their prison below.

The hall wherein the ancestral pictures are suspended, has its walls partly cut out of the bare rock, and partly of freestone. The bare rock also forms the floor. The oldest portrait is that of John of Lichtenstein, who died in 1395, and the series is continued down to the grandfather of the present prince. The ladies hang in a neighbouring chamber, likewise carved out of the rock. It must be a real pleasure to be descended from this handsome, stout old race. They are all tall handsome figures, and the dainty ruffs, padded doublets, short hose, velvet caps, golden chains, and rich princely mantles of which they were never in want, sit on them in a most stately fashion. The handsomest among them is one "John Septimus von Lichtenstein, lord of Hanau and Ramsburg, son of Jorg Hartmann v. Lichtenstein of Felsburg, aged 35 years." One of them has a tiger, which he is caressing by his side. Probably the present Lichtensteins would as soon adopt a tiger for a lap-dog as resume this old rocky nest for a dwelling-place.

The archduke Charles is the owner of the lovely valley behind Baden. I never saw more courteous addresses to the public than those posted up in the grounds laid out by the archduke for the public. "The respected public are requested to make use of the paths laid down in these grounds, in order to spare the young wood. No doubt prohibitions of the kind would have a better effect, if such motives were always suggested."

The handsome castle, built by the archduke just at the entrance of the valley, is called Weilburg. Although we had the building constantly in sight, we were obliged to inquire the way to it twice, as we had got into some by-paths, and each time we received genuine Austrian answers. The first was, "I am not acquainted with this road;" and the second, "This is the right road, the other is for *themselves*" (*i. e.* the owners). Schloss Weilburg is renowned for its collection of roses. The gardener told us there were not less than eight hundred species here, but in this bloomless season, they all looked as like each other as so many skeletons. To make us amends, we saw a plant but seldom met with in German green-houses—the rose-coloured lily, with dark red spots (*lilium speciosum punctatum*). The site of the palace and garden is the most delightful that can be imagined. It lies on the borders of a hilly country, at the opening of a valley, in view of a richly-cultivated plain. On either side it is flanked by wooded heights, and behind is the narrow pass of the valley. Every thing required towards the formation of a fine landscape is here united: the elevating view over a distant land, rich in life and hope; the warmly-tinted picture of the lovely valley close at hand, and the retreat into a friendly wooded solitude. The last was the particular object of my research, and I found at the end of the valley a beautiful meadow, in the midst of thickets, by the side of a river. This was called the house-meadow. Whilst Baden

was swarming with people, but few found their way to this place. A little boy was exhibiting his skill on the violin, and received in reward of his masterly performance the large copper pieces of a few wandering Mæcenas with the warmest gratitude.

On our return to Baden we refreshed ourselves with a cup of coffee and some excellent "*kipfeln*," which are better made here than in Vienna itself. They make them of all sizes, from half a kreutzer to five florins apiece. The more aristocratic among the bakers suspend a shield or crown of kipfel dough over their windows, in the manner of armorial bearings; the fresh baked are so much esteemed, that many bakers, not content with making them once a day, inscribe over their shops, "Here bread is baked three times a day." Baron Rothschild sent for a Baden baker to Paris, where his artistical performances were so much approved of, that he became a rich man in a short time.

Life in Baden has undergone a great change of late years. Formerly the emperor Francis lived here in the summer, and, like king Frederick William at Teplitz, assembled much of the great world around his person. Both places have lost by the death of those two sovereigns; nevertheless, now that the railroad brings, daily, thousands into the neighbourhood, and inundates it with smokers, drinkers, and cooks, the pleasures of the arenas have become of infinitely more consequence than those of the saloons. The baths will be great gainers. They are now within reach of many to whom they were before unattainable. Many invalids in public offices come with the first train, take a bath, and return to the capital before their hours of business. Prince Puckler Muskau observes that, in Vienna, people talk about a "*kamprell*," or a "*parapluie*," but know nothing about a "*Regenschirm*." I also had opportunities enough of remarking the fondness of persons of the uneducated classes for sporting a few French phrases. While waiting with some hundreds of persons in the room appropriated to the second class, for the arrival of the train, I sat down near a very fat, very fine lady, who was parading her French to an acquaintance. "Comment vous portez vous?" said the lady. "Oh, ah, oui, bien," was the reply. "Prenez place ici, voulez-vous?" "Non." "Pourquoi donc?" "Non! je, je—Ah what shall I say, I don't know how to say it, but I'd rather stand," and hereupon he laughed out loud. "Il fait très chaud ici," persisted she. "Ay, you mean it is very hot, yes, hot enough to stifle one." "Oui c'est trop," rejoined the fat dame, "it is *too* bad. If they would but collect the heat, and put it into the engine, they might save their firing."

The drive back, at eleven o'clock at night, was really brilliant, and the precautionary lighting of the road almost superfluous. The stations were illuminated with red and green lamps; the whole way along, lamps and torches were planted, and withal the moon shone resplendently in the heavens. Late as it was, we met several trains, and, without any exaggeration, the engines were piping and whistling as numerous along the railroad as so many mice in a granary.



## SUNDAY WALKS.

It was one Sunday afternoon that I walked into the streets to see what aspect the city bore at that time of the day. The workday and morning tumult had quite subsided, the constant "Ho! ho!" of the hackney carriages, and the "Auf!" of the car-drivers were silent, for 20,000 of the inhabitants of Vienna were rolling over the newly opened railway to the newly discovered Paradise of Stockerau, and 20,000 were flying by the Raab road to Müdling, Baden, and the other valleys of the forest of Vienna; 50,000 more were gone into the country for the summer, and another 50,000 were gone after them for the day, to forget the troubles of the week in their society. Another not less respectable number of citizens and citizenesses were scattered over the gardens of the suburbs, the Prater, and the meadows, and thus I remained in possession of the inner city, with a remnant of lackeys, beggars, and sick; the Turks might have attacked and taken it at that moment with ease. The domestics were lounging before the doors, and conversing with their opposite neighbours; the maids were chattering in the inner courts; the coffee-house of the "Orientals" was still full of company, for they were scarcely likely to approve of our way of keeping Sunday. In the cathedral of St. Stephen, a few old women were telling their rosaries, and screaming their devotions through the church; and one grating voice among them, louder than all the rest, repeated, at the end of each verse, "Holy, holy, holy!"

In the courtyard of one house into which I looked, I saw a little boy reading prayers aloud from a book. He told me that he was eight years old, and that he did this every Sunday. I took his book, and saw that he was reading the gospel of St. Luke, from the ninth to the fourteenth verse. He said it was the gospel for the day, and that many boys in a similar manner read the gospels on a Sunday before the houses of Vienna. When he had finished, there descended on him, from the upper stories, a grateful shower of kreuzers wrapped in paper.

In the usual tumult of the town, I had overlooked many smaller elements of the population, which I now discovered for the first time, as some inhabitants of the waters are perceived only when the tide has ebbed. I noticed for the first time the people who hawk Italian and Hungarian cheeses about the streets. They are chiefly from the neighbourhood of Udine, and also sell Italian macaroni. The greater number could speak as much German as they found necessary for their street traffic. There are in all not less than thirty thousand Italians in Vienna, and the passenger is not unfrequently accosted with, "*Poveretta! signor mio! la carita!*" Beggars should, out of policy, always speak a foreign language; it excites far more compassion than the language of the country.

Going farther, I found a man standing before a baker's shop, occupied in scolding a little maidservant. She was a Bohemian, he told me, and added, "That Bohemia must be a very poor country—every year there come thousands of them to Vienna—men and women, maids and boys. They learn as much German as they

must, seek a service somewhere, are very moderate in their demands, will put up with a bed in the stable, or on the floor, and when they have earned a few florins, they go back to their own country." In fact, if we inquire of a hundred people we meet in Vienna what country they are from, the answer of twenty, on an average, will be "*Ich bin ein Behm*" (I am a Bohemian). The whole number of the Slavonians in Vienna is, it is said, about 60,000, and of other Non-Germans 100,000. In the highest circles as the lowest, the foreign element mingles everywhere. The number of Hungarians is reckoned at 15,000; but of these many are not genuine Magyars.

One could not in Vienna, at that time, speak three words to a man without coming to the name of Geymüller. My baker, whom I had requested to show me the way to the Glacis, told me, by the way, that it was the oldest banking-house, and had flourished for above sixty years. "The last Baron Geymüller, however," he said, "was no Geymüller at all, but an adopted son of his predecessor, and no baron properly, but they had made him one. He had squandered 150,000 florins yearly; many, both of the rich and poor, had been ruined through him; and now this mischief-maker had been politely shown the door; and allowed to go and live at Paris with his wife on the remains of his fortune, and they were not inconsiderable."

During this conversation we had reached the Saitzer Hof, where our roads separated.

At last I came to the end of the city, and went out upon the Glacis. Here seemed to be gathered together all whose legs were too short to gain the open country beyond the extensive suburbs of Vienna. It was the part called the Water Glacis, where there is some gay music every afternoon; numbers of little children with their nurses were lying and playing about the grass, and several schools under the guidance of their masters were doing the like. Some of them had pitched a tent in one of the meadows near which they were diverting themselves. There is no other city in Europe where the children have such a playground in the very heart of the town. The benches were bare of other visitors, with the exception of one solitary Turk seated among the children. He was taking his coffee, and dividing the "*kippel*," that had been brought him with it, among the sparrows which are constantly flying in numbers round the Glacis. I sat down by him to share in both his amusements, and remarked a trick of the sparrows that I had never before noticed. Some of them were so greedy, that they kept fluttering in the air about us, and sometimes snatched a morsel of bread before it could even reach the ground, where the others were eagerly picking up the scattered fragments.

Like a polypus turned inside out, the inner life being displayed externally, the dead exterior skin turned within, even so is the life of Vienna reversed on a Sunday. The swarms that on other days are driving and bawling in the streets and public places of the city, are then singing, dancing, eating, drinking, and gossiping in the houses of public entertainment without. All this humming and drumming was so little in unison with my idea of a Sunday walk, that I was glad



to take refuge from the noise in a place I was sure of having more to myself on a Sunday than any other day—the flower-gardens and churchyards.

Beethoven's monument stands in the Wahringer cemetery. His simple family-name is inscribed in gold letters on the stone: but of late the growth of a bush planted near it has almost overshadowed the letters. I asked the sexton why he did not cut away the boughs that the name might be more plainly seen; he said the friends would not allow it to be done.

In every cemetery there is a certain form of inscription sure to be frequently met with. On half the gravestones in this place I read the word "Ever to be remembered!" (*unvergesslich*) which seems to me as unmeaning as it is short. On many of the graves lights were burning in small lanterns among the flowers. It is a custom in Vienna to light these on the anniversary of the death of the deceased. The Wahringer cemetery is one of the most distinguished in Vienna; and many place on the graves of their departed friends flowers of a very costly kind, for the supply of which there is a greenhouse in the cemetery. At night two dogs are let loose to guard the property of the dead.

Nothing harmonizes better with a grave than flowers, and by way of a conclusion to my Sunday promenade, I went to look at the flower-gardens of Mr. N—, and Baron X—, and came at length to Rupert's nursery-garden, which for Hungary, and for all the other lands that receive the seeds of cultivation from Vienna, plays no insignificant part. It is said to contain not less than 2000 species of vine, and 400 of potatoes; the latter article must be particularly important for the before-mentioned countries, which are still very ill supplied with this vegetable. Rupert's garden is also celebrated for its dahlias, the flower now so passionately cultivated in all European gardens. The proprietor says that he has 900 varieties, with different names for each. As we find certain insects and butterflies hovering over certain flowers, so one is almost certain to meet in Rupert's garden some enamoured admirers of dahlias from different parts of the Austrian dominions on the hunt for some variety of flower wherewith to complete their collections. Here, as in England, Hamburg, and Erfurt, they aim at the production of new kinds. The "Princess Kinsky" (white with lilac edges) is a creation of Vienna; "Baroness Herderfeld" (bright lilac with a dark violet coloured border), and "Count Funfkirchen," are christened after Austrian nobles. The very newest productions of England and Germany find their way first to Rupert's garden. A "Charles XII," a beautiful velvet violet, fading in the calyx to a tender lilac, and at the outer edge pure white, was now blooming for the first time in the Austrian territory. The last consignment had brought 84 new sorts, which were to come into bloom next year. It is worthy of note in how grand a style the English gardens carry on their trade with dahlia bulbs. To the name of the bulb, the name of the producers of its varieties is annexed, and usually a beautiful drawing added to show what the flower will be when in bloom.

Towards evening I returned by the Glacis,

and there witnessed a scene I shall not easily forget. A sudden storm of thunder and lightning, that seemed to promise a second course of rain or hail, had scared all the juveniles encamped on the grass, and as I came up, all were in full flight over the narrow drawbridges and through the small gates. The nurses were towing along two, three, and four little creatures, and the schoolmasters driving their flocks before them. There was a thronging, bustling, and hurrying, as if the Turks had just entered the suburbs. "William, you stupid boy! what do you stand still to spell Franciscus Primus for!" (the name of that emperor is inscribed in golden letters over the gate,) "can't you spell enough at home! don't you hear the thunder!"—"Babette, will you let go of that chain! this is not the time to count the links. See how you are keeping us!"—"Good God! what's become of Seppil! He! child, run, run, the rain will spoil all your things." Thus screamed mothers and nurses, and all dragged on their small charges as if a second murder of the innocents was at hand. At the end of this century perhaps some grand-sire of seventy will date his earliest childish recollections from this storm, and relate how in the long departed year of 1841 a storm drove him with others suddenly from the Glacis of Vienna, and his friend may likewise remember how he was there too, and how he got a box on the ear from his nurse for stopping to spell Franciscus Primus in the middle of the rain, and how a strange man dried his tears and led him by the hand after his attendant.

#### KLOSTERNEUBURG.

One day I went in a *stelwagen* that started from St. Stephen's place for the much-talked-of Klosterneuburg, in company with a pretty little girl and her mother, a pale young woman whom I took at first for a member of the corporation of semstresses, a little old mannikin, and some silent members on the back seats of whom no more need be said. The little girl had a basket with some linen on her lap which she held so negligently, that at the first jolt of the coach out it fell to the unspeakable terror of the mother, who announced the misfortune by a terrible shriek. The driver made a halt, and I went in search of the basket, which luckily had fallen without tumbling out its delicate contents, and offered my services to hold it more securely for the future, through which small civility I won the hearts of my companions, and a conversation began that ceased not till we separated at Klosterneuburg. There was no want of subjects, for in a city like Vienna every night is sure to produce matter enough to employ, for the succeeding day, all the tongues that stand in need of exercise. We spoke firstly of Geymüller's bankruptcy, a subject which kept all the talkers in Vienna in full play for two months, and was introduced every morning as regularly as family prayers. It was maintained that it was the banker Sina, who had ruined Geymüller. The bookkeeper of the latter had betrayed the embarrassments of his principal to Sina, who thereupon, to secure his own claims, had come forward, and anticipated the other creditors. The



clerks of Geymüller had called the treacherous bookkeeper to account for this, and even threatened his life. But Geymüller had said, "Let him live! for this man whom I have raised from nothing, and who has in return betrayed me, God will judge him!" Next, the last great fire was discussed, and some one related how the night before, a young man had been robbed and murdered in Leopoldstadt.

"Ah, see there now! they are going on quite in the Galicia fashion in Vienna!" said the slim, pale young woman whom I had taken for a modiste, but who afterwards gave us to understand she was the lady of a government tobacco agent. "Two fires in one week, a man murdered, Geymüller a bankrupt, it's regular Galicia fashion, upon my honour!"—"Were you ever in Galicia, if I may ask?" said I.—"Ah! yes, indeed, God help me, two whole years," was the answer, accompanied by a deep sigh.

Thereupon our conversation took another direction, for I too had been in Galicia, and was interested for the country, and for the views others entertained respecting it. It may be easily imagined how longingly all eyes are directed from the provinces towards the warm high-beating heart of the Austrian monarchy; the far radiating centre of light, the seat of all that is noblest, fairest, and wisest, the imperial city of Vienna, and how its splendours and glories are magnified in the imaginations of those dwellers in the provinces, whose fortune it is never to see it face to face; and on the other hand, it is as easy to fancy how inconsolable must be the man or woman destined to leave this temple of renown and source of all pleasure, for the comparatively joyless provinces. I never heard a Vienna lady more eloquent than when speaking of the Bohemians, Moravians, or even the Poles, Hungarians, Croats, and other remote people of the empire. As the wives of officers, military or civil, many a fair Austrian is fated to wander among these barbarians. Whoever has had occasion to listen to the complaints of those who have been stationed in Bukowina, Transylvania, or the military colonies, must confess that the *Jeremiade* of the Chinese princess married to a Mongolian prince, as delivered to us by Ruckert, in his *Schi-king*, was not more deeply felt nor more poetically expressed, nor is the joy of the princess when she returns to the capital of the Sun's brother, greater than the rapture of a fair native of Vienna, when she sees Stephen's tower again after a residence of some years in Hungary or Galicia. If any one be curious to know the kind of picture she would draw of the place she had left, let him listen to the account of the tobaccoist's better half, when the before-mentioned misfortunes and misdeeds awakened her recollections of Galicia.

"Yes, it is quite the Galicia mode, and we shall soon have in Vienna such spectacles as are to be seen in Lemberg every day. Whilst I was there, they hung nine men within six weeks. Once they hung up four on the same day. They were hung alternately, first a Christian and then a Jew, and then another Christian and then another Jew. Here, God be thanked, the punishment of death is pretty well laid aside, except among the military. But Galicia! Oh

what a country! I had travelled before in Bohemia and Moravia; I thought the poverty and misery of the people was scandalous enough there, and far beyond what I had any idea of; but, Jesus Maria! I've learned more since; when I got to Galicia, I found what it was to be in a country so far behind in civilization! Such rogues and vagabonds as the people are there I never heard of! They plunder and pilfer, and commit all manner of excesses. At first we used to go by the diligence on the great high-roads, but afterwards we had a carriage to ourselves. On the high-roads you must have recourse to blows to get any thing, but out of them there is nothing to be had either for cudgelling or for money. One evening the Jew who was driving us, called out—"Look at the stars, do you see the stars? the sabbath is beginning!" and he actually wanted to take out his horses and compel us to pass the night in the open air! My uncle, who was travelling with me, gave him a beating and he drove a little farther; but my uncle was obliged to cudgel him six times before we got to our journey's end." Here I looked hard at the speaker, who had not asked me whether I had ever been in Lemberg, with a scrutinizing glance, but I saw that she was quite in earnest, meant *bonâ fide* what she said, and reckoned fully on our belief in her relation. "Lemberg," she continued, "they call their capital; but what a capital! Heaven help us! Here in Vienna if you have a florin in your hand you can do something with it, can have some diversion, can satisfy your hunger. But there, if you have two you can get nothing for them—nothing whatever; the coffee-houses are bad and filthy. A cup of coffee costs twenty-four kreuzers, and then it is good for nothing. A person in a public office, with a salary of 900 florins, cannot even say he has his own living out of it, not to speak of bread for his children. My uncle went from one coffee-house to another for two months together, when we were first there, before he could make up a rubber of whist."

Just then we reached Nussdorf, where a number of hackney-coaches were in waiting for the passengers by the Linz steamboats.

"There! In all Lemberg, a city with 80,000 inhabitants, if the people can be called inhabitants, there are not as many hackney-coaches as you see here in one place. I assure you there are not more than a dozen in the whole town. I lived with my uncle, and when the winter came we went to the assembly. My uncle had dressed himself of course, and so had I; I was quite bare, my neck I mean, and of course I had my hair properly dressed, as we should here in Vienna to go to an assembly. We drove there at half-past ten, that was soon enough, for who thinks of going to an assembly in Vienna before eleven o'clock? and all the company was assembled, and as long as I live I shall never forget it, all in their furs, some even in sheepskins, and boots and spurs, just as they go in the streets. As I and my uncle were taking our places, the people called to each other '*Schau's die Schwab'n! Schau's die Schwab'n!*' (Look at the Swabians!) My uncle, who understood Polish, translated to me all they said of us, the bandy-legged fellows! Jews and gipsies are there in abundance



—gipsies (oh, it is scandalous) in whole gangs. They live in a state of misery that is not to be described, even when something is done to better their condition. But in that country each throws the blame upon the other. The nobleman says the peasant is lazy, and the peasant says the nobleman has nothing for him but a whip. And then sometimes the Jew's turn comes. The Jews, ah, I assure you this people—"Here the Austrian eloquence of our talkative companion, whose innate antipathy to Hungarians and Galicians, excited by applause, ran on in a stream as fluent as molten wax, was interrupted by another description of oratory, that of the waiter of the Klosterneuburg inn, as he opened the door of the coach, and invited us to get out. We did so, and hastened to the convent.

The tradition respecting the foundation of this convent that it was endowed by Leopold the Holy, in commemoration of his having here found the lost veil of his consort the beautiful Margravine Agnes on an elder-bush, was repeated to us, as it is to all the thousands of travellers who yearly knock for admission at its gates. In the treasury of relics we were also shown a piece of the elder-bush, a rag of the veil, and a fragment of the skull, under whose protecting roof the thought of such a foundation was first hatched. The legends of the Catholic church are really sometimes inconceivably paltry. What a fuss they have made of that princely veil, whose loss was at once so very simple and so very insignificant! In a picture they have even represented a troop of baby angels busied in restoring the veil to the Margravine. And to found a convent on such an incident! The thing would be absurd, even if the veils of our Christian ladies had the mystic significance of the Mahometan veils, the loss of which might be supposed to include the loss of half their womanhood.

Put out of humour by these reflections in the relic-room, we requested to be shown the splendid library, that we might have something reasonable to look at; but the first book that fell into our hands was *Chronica Austrie* by Johann Rasch, and the first remark that struck us on opening it was, that Noah must have been archduke of Austria, because when the waters of the deluge had subsided, and he as sole lord and ruler of the earth had taken possession, Austria must have been included. On a closer examination of this remarkable book, I found among other ante and post diluvian occurrences, not mentioned in any other history, a complete list of Austrian rulers in direct descent from Noah.

No less than forty princes (heathens) were enumerated, then several Jewish. Then the chronicler observes, "Heathen princes again ruled in Austria, and certainly not fewer than seven." To these succeeded the Christian rulers Rolant, Raptan, Amanus, &c., a hundred princes in all, whom the crazy chronicler had invested with princely honours, down to the Babenbergers, eleven in number, and the Hapsburgers, fifteen.

The author of this book, a remarkable one in a psychological, if not in an historical point of view, was a teacher in the Scotch convent in Vienna, and the most curious part of the story

is, that no joke is intended, but all is seriously meant. It is diligently compiled, and printed in the old, firm, careful, conscientious type of the last century. The exact date of every occurrence is carefully given: how long after the creation of the world, how long after the deluge, and how long before the birth of Christ. For example:

"In the year 1807, after the creation of the world in the 151st year after the deluge, and the 2156th before the birth of Christ, Tuisco brought a great people with him from Armenia, Germans and Wendes, among whom were twenty-five counts, and about thirty princes."

All the various readings of the princes' names, their sundry aliases, are also carefully noted. "In the year 2390, after the creation of the world, 734 after the deluge, lived the German Hercules, Hercules Alemannicus, also Hercule, Aergle, Argle, Excle or Arglon, the 'Hero with the fierce lion,' which he leads in a chain, and bears as a cognizance in his shield."

The whole is illustrated with pictures, and the coat of arms of every prince is given. Abraham's is a golden eagle in a black shield, placed obliquely.

Many historiographers have laboured for the glorification of the old house of Austria, but none have gone about their work in a way to be at all compared to Johann Rasch's. Can it be that in his time (he lived at the beginning of the 17th century) people were so far beclouded in the fogs of vanity and self-esteem, as to give currency to his book?

A further search in the magnificent rooms appropriated to the library of this convent showed that some really interesting books were to be found in it: Haufstangel's lithographs from the Dresden gallery, Salt's View of India; Denon's work on Egypt, and other splendid works of that description.

The Incunabula and manuscripts have all been lately bound in Russia leather, which is said to preserve them from the worms. There are some old missals and breviaries, and a costly edition of Pliny, on such indestructible paper, with so tasteful yet so clear a type, and with so solid a binding as in our times are no longer to be seen. The Incunabula must be very old, for the numbers of the paper, and the superscriptions are made with the pen. The old heathen sage Pliny was painted in gay colours in front of his work, with a glory like that of a saint round his head, writing his *Evangelium*, like St. John; proof enough how highly, even in the middle ages, the monks valued the classic works of the ancients.

There are also a great number of old German poems and legends. I took out one and found it gnawed by the mice. "Eh, eh," said the father, who was showing me around, "some wicked animal has been at our books again! It's very illegibly written. I can't read these old letters, and I don't care to read them, I like to read a plain good print!" Then stepping to the window, he hummed a melody which some organ-grinder was playing in the street below, and observed, "That is a pretty song. It is from the *Puritani*." I rummaged further in the mouse magazine, and found another old dump book. It was called "On the German War of



Hortleder," thus in Austria is entitled the war of Charles V. against the protestants. We may acquire a very sufficient notion of the contents of this book by only reading the title. It is alike characteristic of the manner of carrying on the war, as of the spirit of the times which dictated both the war and the book. It runs thus: "Of the German war of Hortleder, with the dispatches, intelligence, instructions, complaints, supplications, written commands, summonses, counsels, deliberations, justifications, protestations, and recusations, replies, details, alliances and counter alliances, orders and testimonials, letters of consent and dissent, challenges, admonitions, truces, battles, fights and skirmishes, with one word the causes of the German war." The mere reaping of this title makes one feel quite Holy Roman and German *empire-ish*.

Klosterneuburg, as it now stands, is one of those stately giant erections, reared at the command of the greatest architect Austria ever saw on the throne—Charles VI. It is projected in the same grand style as all other architectural works of that monarch, and like many others also unfortunately (or fortunately?) not completed. Want of money, the sudden death of Charles, and the wars in the succeeding reign of Maria Theresa, prevented the completion, which was subsequently often attempted, but never achieved, as money no longer flowed so freely as under the administration of the former monarch. Much has been done, however, of late; the library is new, a magnificent staircase has been built at the cost of many thousand florins, the great marble hall is finished. The giant hall which has long remained as the workmen left it a hundred years ago, it is hoped, will be cleared as soon as the new church, which the convent is bound to erect in one of its parishes in the suburb of Hitzing, shall be completed. The cost has been estimated at 100,000 florins, but it will not be less than 150,000. The convent has the patronage of not less than twenty-five churches.

Klosterneuburg is particularly rich in vineyards, and their produce flows from the tuns of all the houses of public entertainment far and near. Hence it has acquired among the people the nickname of the "running tap," (*zum rinnenden zapfen*), just as Gottweih, on account of its abundance of ready money is called "the jingling penny" (*zum klingenden pfennig*); and even as the fathers of Molk are called the "lords of the jolly pecks" (*die Herren vom reissenden Metzen*), on account of the many fertile cornfields they possess.

The Emperor Charles VI. wished to make Klosterneuburg his usual summer residence, and built the convent for a chateau. Near the cells of the monks there is a range of magnificent apartments called the emperor's apartments, which are of no manner of use to them, but on the contrary, a great burden. The chief cupola of the building is surmounted with an imperial crown, and the lesser ones with the archducal hat. The imperial crown and the gigantic cushion on which it rests, is an exact copy in iron of the real crown at Vienna. Within, it is roomy enough to contain twenty men, and beams are stretched across to give it greater firmness. The precious stones are great

bosses of iron plate, painted blue and red, in which there are small windows or doors whence a wide prospect may be enjoyed.

The Archducal hat on each of the other cupolas has here more significance than the crown, for Klosterneuburg is the principal convent of the archduchy, and is the guardian of the veritable hat itself, or rather, calls it its own. The monks maintain that the hat belongs, not to the imperial house, but to the convent, and when homage is to be rendered to the emperor as archduke, he must borrow the hat of them. The Archduke Maximilian dedicated this hat "*ex devotione*" to St. Leopold, the patron and immortal proprietor of the monastery. On the occasion of receiving homage, the loan of the hat to the new emperor, or archduke, is attended by a number of antique ceremonies.

Two imperial commissioners, generally noblemen of some old Austrian race, such as the Hardegg, Schonborns, &c., come on the appointed day, escorted by a detachment of cavalry in a state equipage drawn by six horses, and are received before the gates of the convent by the whole chapter with the "reigning prelate" at their head. In the courts of the convent, the "*Burgerschaft*" of the town of Klosterneuburg parade in uniform and armed. After a friendly welcome, the illustrious guests, attended by the whole company, go to St. Leopold's chapel, where they hear the service and sing a *Te Deum*, after which the "reigning bishop," in full pontificalibus and grasping the golden crosser adorned with precious stones, admired by travellers in the treasury of the convent, repairs to the throne-room where he gives audience to the imperial commissioners and demands their business. The commissioners in the old style make a speech to the "well beloved, pious and faithful," and declare therein that a new lord and ruler is minded to invest himself with the emblems and glories of majesty, wherefore he requests the convent will lend him the old hat. Then the bishop rises and gravely declares that he sees no reason to the contrary; whereupon the chapter willingly and submissively grant the request of the illustrious supplicant.

Here ends the first act of this important drama, and to gather strength and courage for the second, the party adjourn to the banquet-table, where the "Running Tap" shows itself no niggard, and many a glass is emptied to the prosperity of the old house of Austria.

After the banquet, the parties proceed to the delivery and reception of the hat; but in the first place, its genuineness and identity in every respect must be ascertained. The imperial commissioners draw out an old paper on which it is described in detail. The great blue sapphire on the top, in the centre the pearls, rubies, and emeralds, the sable tails, every thing is closely examined and certified, and then the hat is packed into its red leathern case, locked up, and carried down to the gate by the dean, assisted by two priests.

Here the case is delivered to the commissioners, who place it in a litter borne by two mules. The litter is followed by twelve of the Austrian "noble guard," all scions of ancient race; then come the commissioners in their carriage, then the empty carriage of the bishop,



and behind it a part of his flock, the bürger guard of Klosterneuburg on horseback with their trumpets. The latter, and the empty carriage, only go as far as the Scottish gate of Vienna, where the national guard is stationed to relieve them and convey the hat to its destination. The return of the hat to the convent is conducted in similar style, but with somewhat less ceremony.

The archduke St. Leopold is the patron and protector of the Austrian archduchies, but Nepomucene and Florian are also supposed to watch over their safety. Leopold is buried here; the enamel-work on his monument is admired by all travellers, as in duty bound, although the place is so dark that scarcely any thing can be seen of it. But the beautiful stucco-work of the church really deserves the highest admiration, and I do not think that any thing so perfect is to be met with elsewhere in Germany. Such luxurious fulness of form, such correctness of drawing, such a solidity of workmanship, which, after the lapse of a hundred years, holds and looks as if it had been done yesterday, and such taste in the division and arrangement of the groups, make it really

unique in its kind, and do the highest honour to the Augustine chapter of Klosterneuburg, if they had really a hand in the matter. I must confess that after I had seen all the splendours of this convent I felt as if I had enjoyed a banquet. Two gentlemen who were my fellow-passengers in the Stellwagen on my return, owned to similar feelings, only there was this difference between us, they had really dined. They had dined with the prelate and were full of his praises. On the way they pointed out to me a monument raised by a former prelate in commemoration of a great danger from which he had escaped. He was driving past the spot, when an explosion in a neighbouring Turkish redoubt, hurled some thousands of cannon-balls into the air. One of these balls passed obliquely through the roof of the bishop's carriage without doing him any personal injury, and, in memory of this preservation, he had had this ball riveted on the pointed summit of a column, with an inscription explaining the motive for the erection of so singular a monument, which seemed to me to announce more plainly than any thing else I had seen, the prodigious importance of a Klosterneuburg prelate.

THE END.

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